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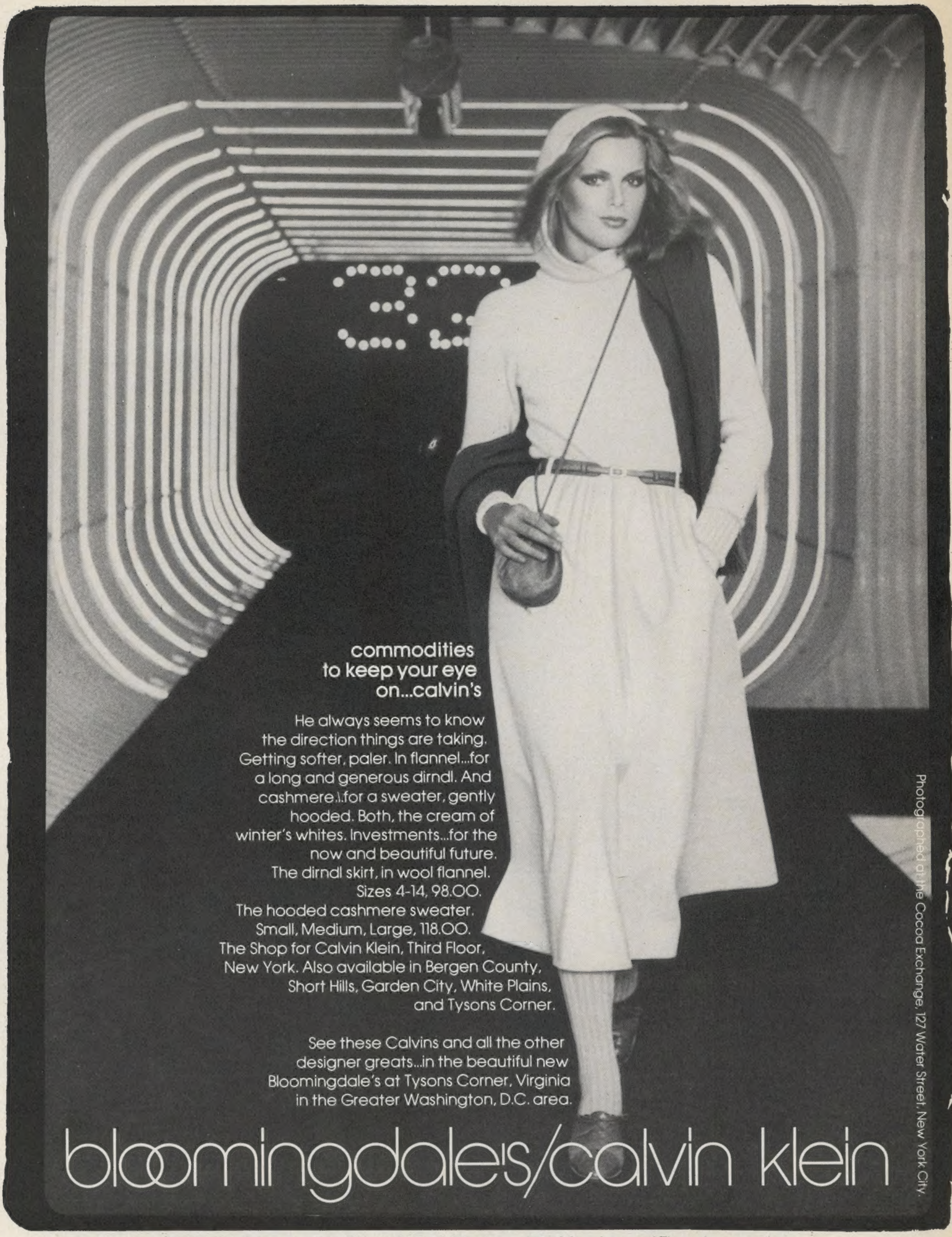
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OCTOBER, 1976

(INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR)

VOGUE



CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM

COVER: **Terrific-looking—and casual—at night:** Jacqueline Bisset (her next two starring roles, The Deep and The Greek Tycoon) wearing the kind of makeup that should be worn today—makeup that promotes healthy skin. The one here—Existence Cream Makeup in Cork from Helena Rubinstein's new Existence skin-care collection—keeps the treatment going. (More about the line, page 172.) Also from Helena Rubinstein, Skin Life Deep Moisture colors: Glazed Plum eyes; Peach blush; Sheer Clear Glaze over Gentle Red lips. Makeup, Ariella; hair, Maurice Azoulay. Great P.M. look: the Lurex-ribbed dolman-sleeve sweater from Yves Saint Laurent (he put "gold" into the season!). To wear with one sensational jewel—e.g., jade earrings with platinum-set pavé diamonds. Bulgari Danaos Ltd. Sweater, about $100. At Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Boutique Femme, N.Y., and Atlanta; Montaldo's; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbor; Frost Bros.

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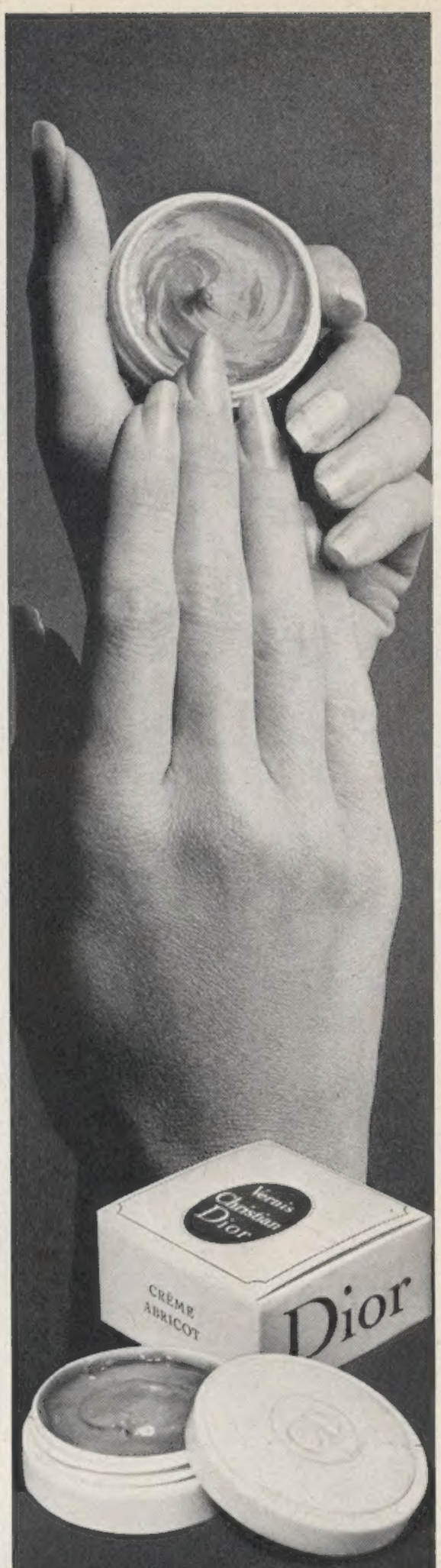
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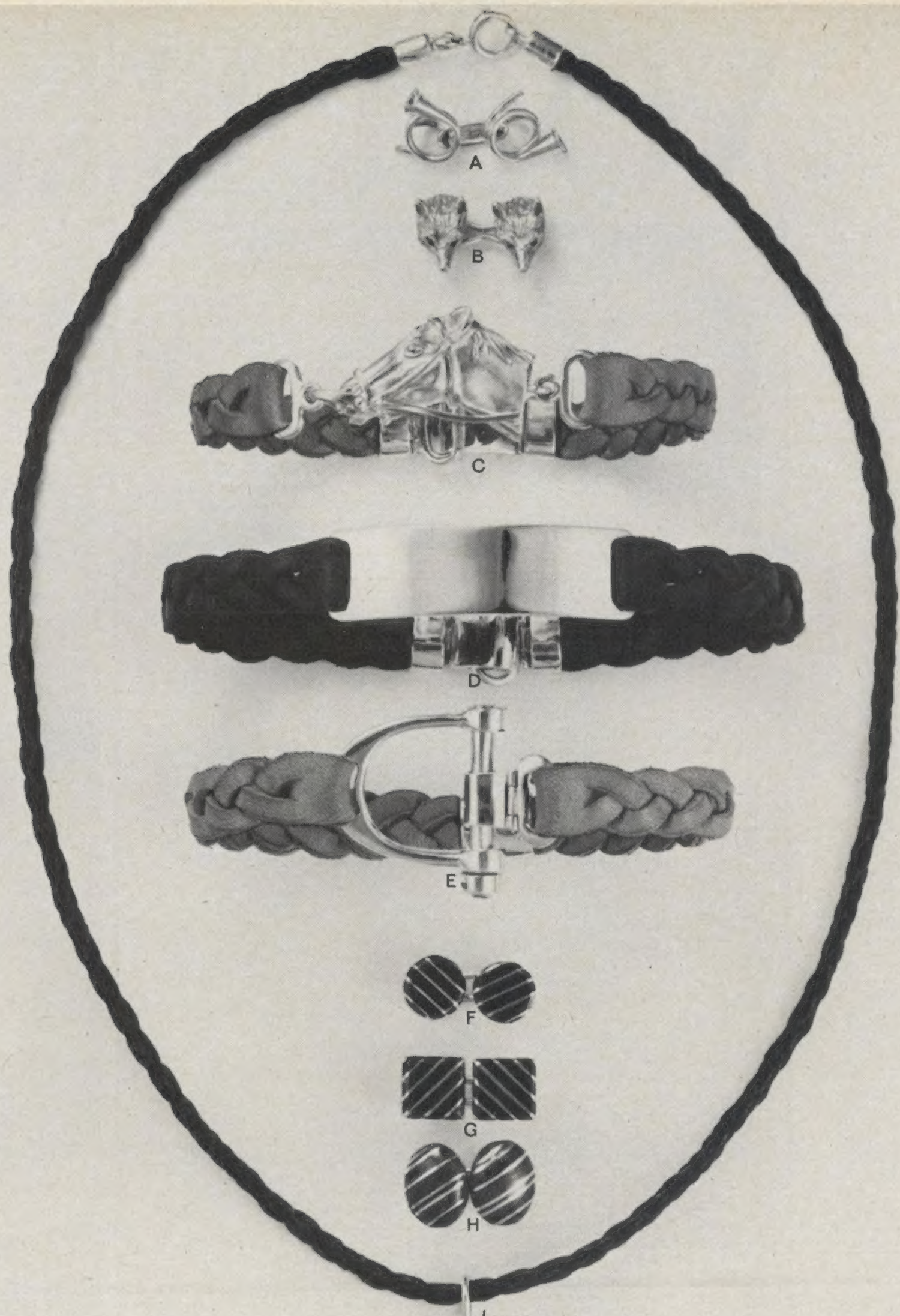
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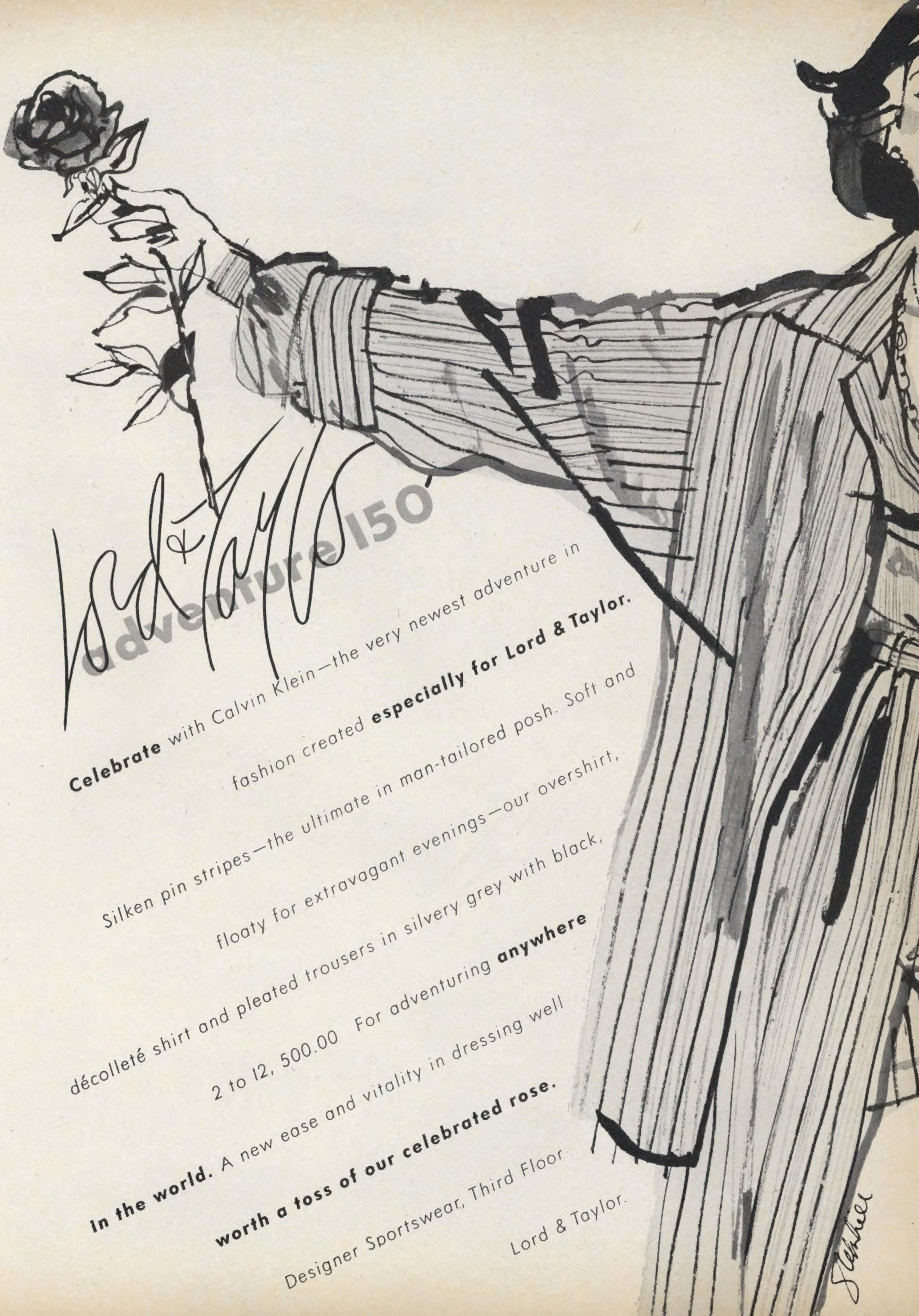
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Patina Eyeshadows. Two kinds, each gratifyingly creaseless and long-wearing.
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Perfect Makeup for Nails. Perfect because the base coat called Phase 1, helps the depth of color in Phase 2 to last and last. In cremes and frosts. Heather Wine and Wild Currant.



'ULTIMA' II
CHARLES REVSON

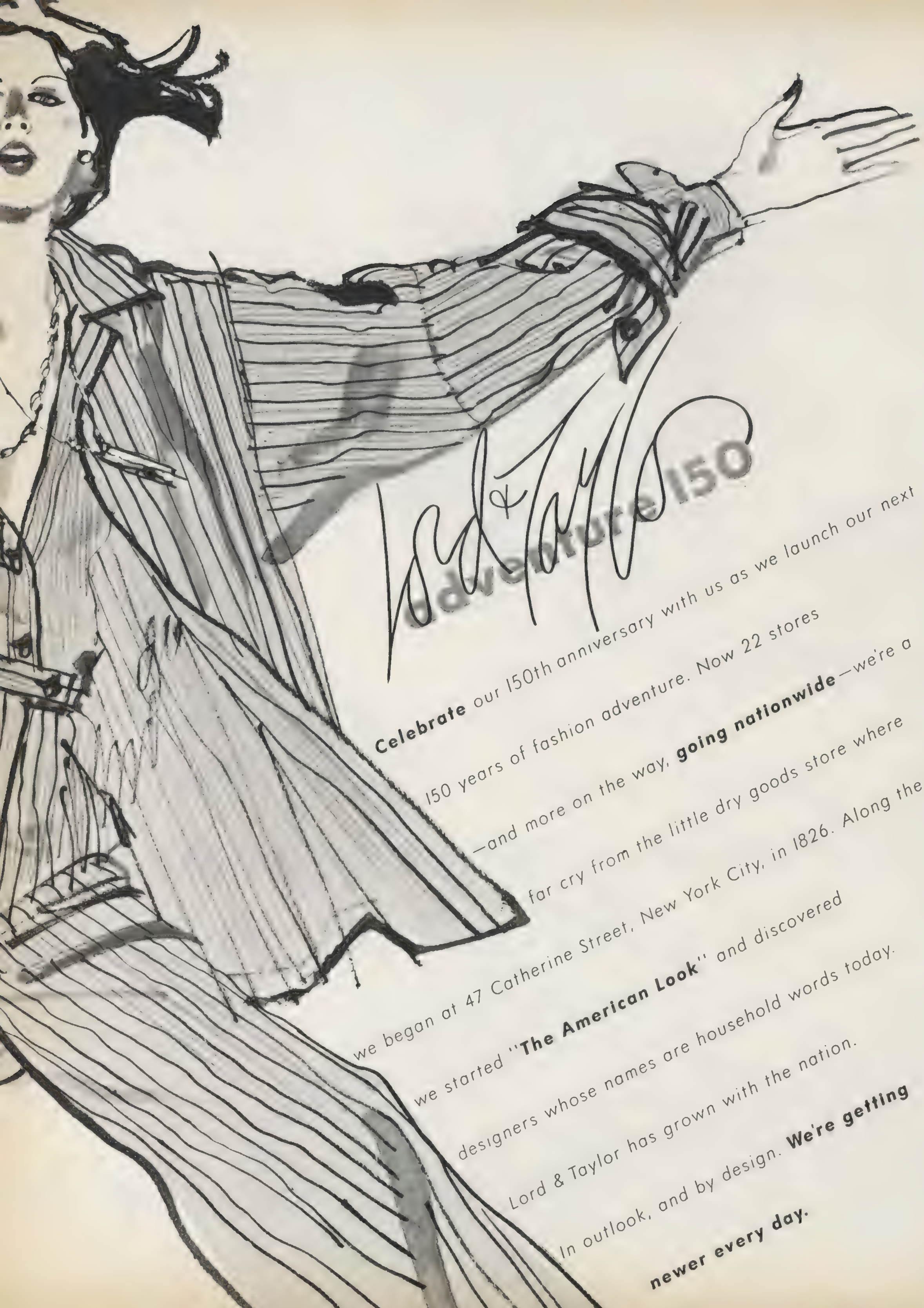


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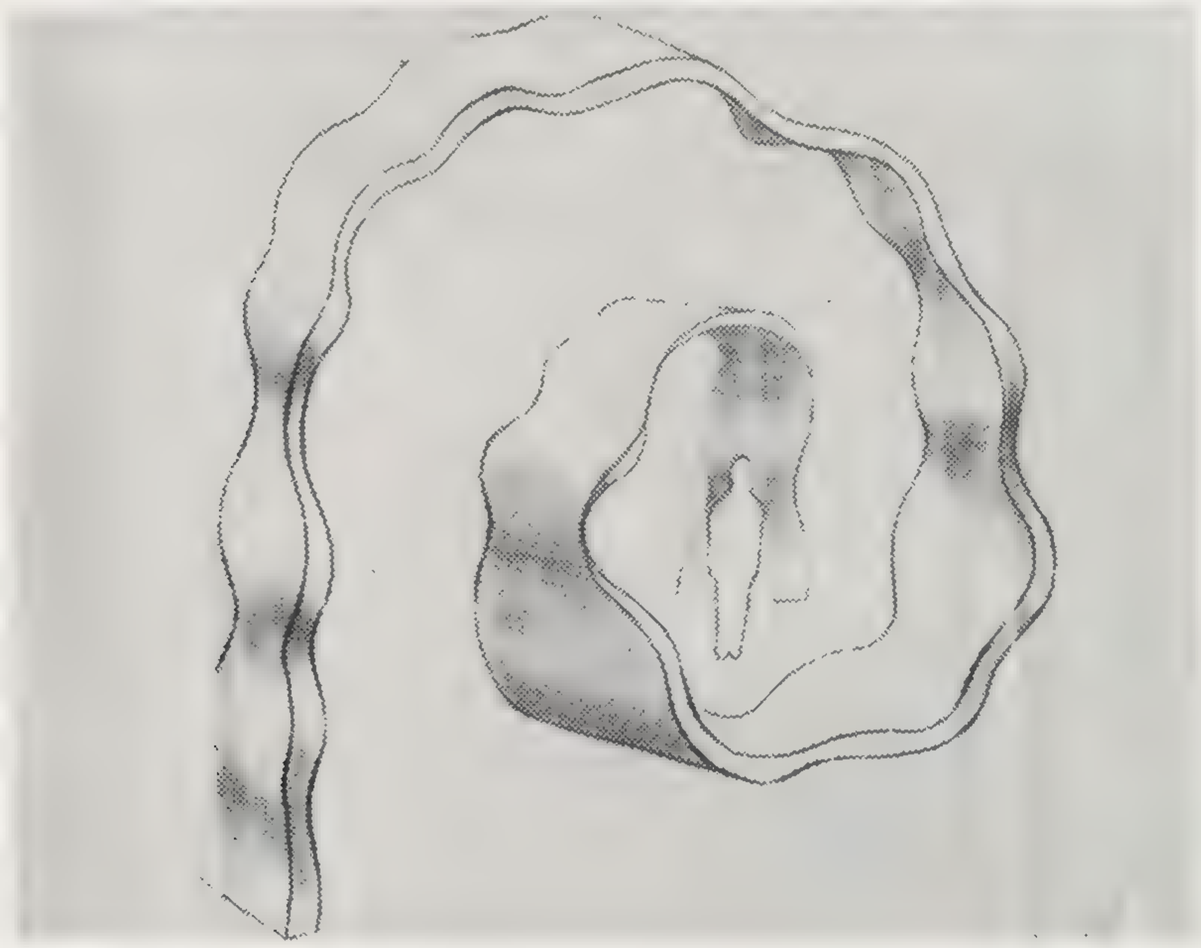
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bicentennial impressions

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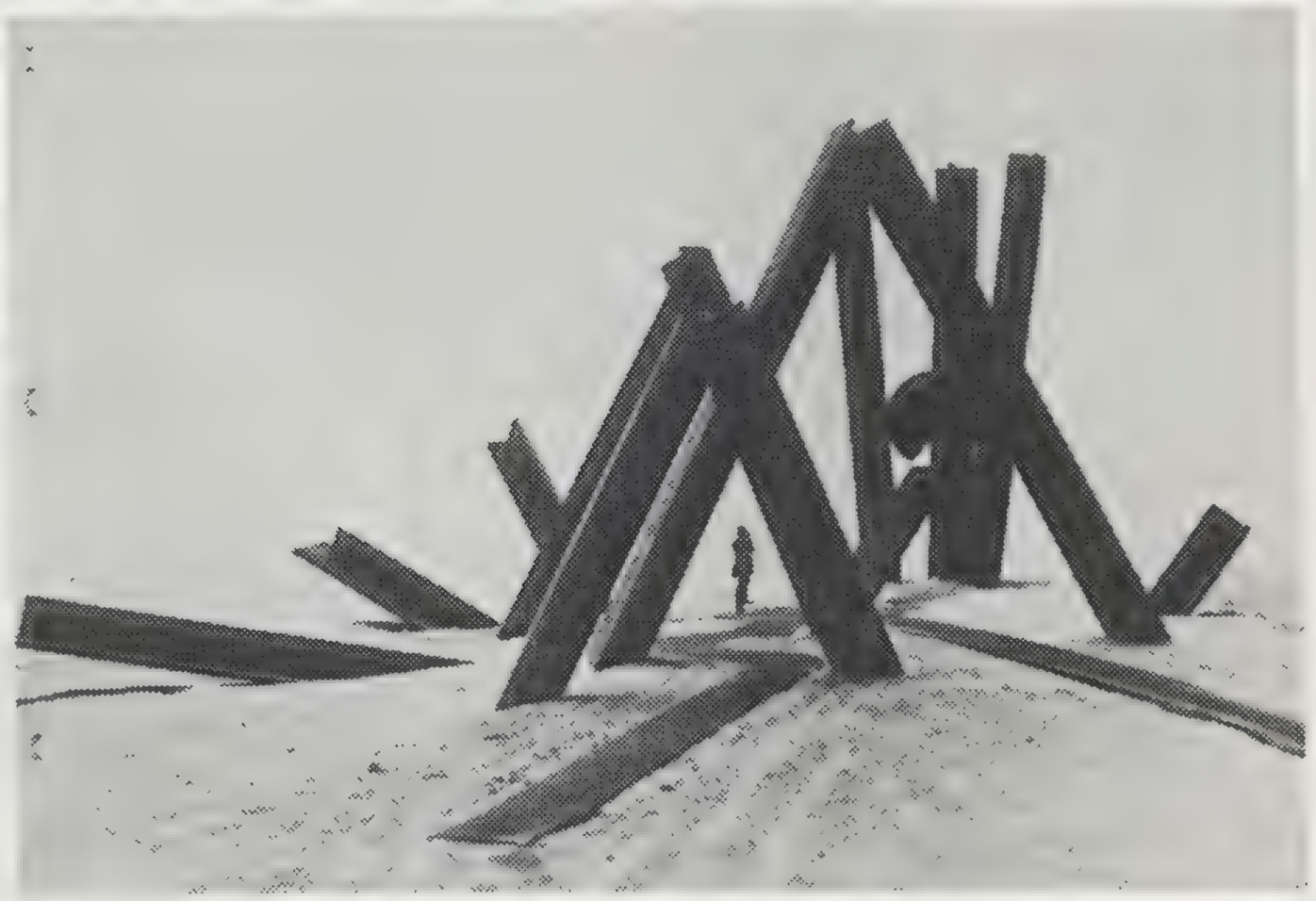
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bicentennial impressions

Nebraska's Bicentennial **SCULPTURE GARDEN,** involved the commissioning of ten American artists to create monumental pieces of outdoor sculpture to be placed at ten roadside park-rest areas across 455 miles of Interstate 80 in Nebraska. The grey wool flannel dinner suit created by **ADELE SIMPSON.** Terribly chic and feminine with rainbow sequined shell. Sizes 6 to 16, $580. **HOVLAND-SWANSON** now open in Omaha's Regency Fashion Court, one of the nation's finest planned community developments of homes, shoreline apartments, offices and elegant fashion stores.

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George Baker's "Nebraska Wind Sculpture"—25' long x 15' high Kinetic sculpture located in a shallow bed of water near Kearney. Tenth in a series of ten.



bicentennial impressions

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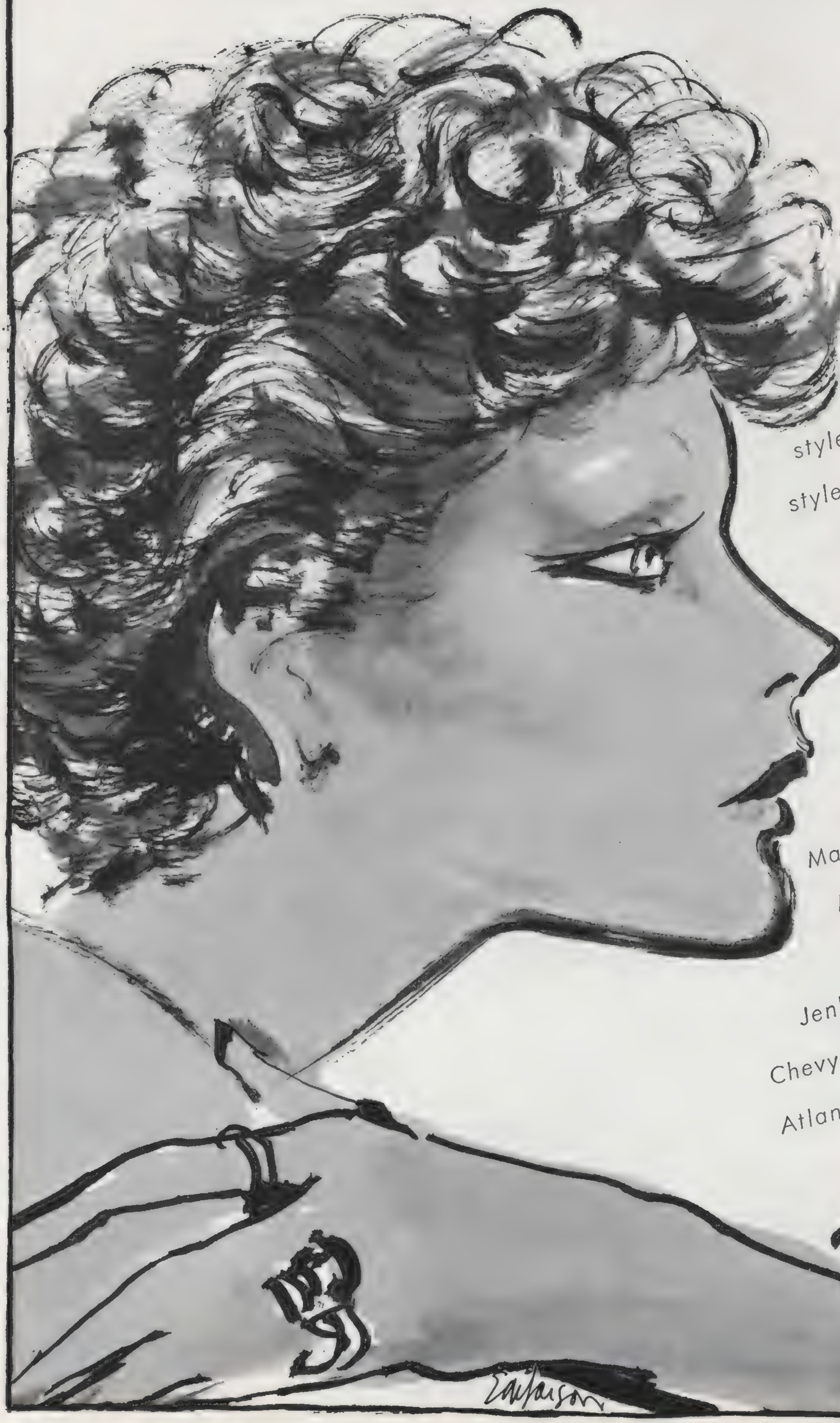
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Vogue Special

By Ingrid Bengis

Earthquake: how do you keep life together when your town is gone?

Almost two months after "The Earthquake" destroyed the medieval hillside town of Gemona at the epicenter of the seismic circle which shook all of Friuli, Italy's northeasternmost province on May 6, 1976, over three hundred people have been buried in Gemona. A commemorative service—marking a month in which shock, mourning, and exhaustion combined to form the common realities of daily life—has passed. The sense of immediate emergency is over. Yet the real crisis created by the earthquake will not be over for years: the problem of how to re-create a community with roots almost a thousand years old, a community for which the sense of place is so profound that it becomes an extension of family love.

The Friulians have always lived on familiar terms with disaster, and their attachment to this piece of ground for which they have been obliged to struggle through centuries of foreign occupation, two World Wars, and—within the last ten years—a flood and an earthquake is silent and tenacious.

Immigrants who leave the region to work spend their lives dreaming of the return to a village in which their roots have been sunk. The ultimate aspiration is to come back and build a house of one's own or to take over the family home, as has been done for generations, to have the same neighbors, watch the same vines ripening, drink the same grappa, and celebrate the same festivals in the squares where the same cathedral overlooks the same valley.

The cathedral was destroyed by the earthquake, though, as was the square at the heart of Gemona. But the grip of imaginative life is stronger than any reality. "We will build our houses all over again," someone in Gemona says. "On exactly the same piece of ground." The words are repeated over and over again. As for the cathedral, it is not uncommon to hear someone ask, "Have you seen our cathedral? You must see it," and then take out a postcard of Gemona in which the cathedral is still standing. It is as if the word "was" doesn't exist, as if the past that held life together before could invisibly blend with the future in which it will do the same once again.

* * *

The road up into the *cèntro storico*, the medieval center of Gemona, is blocked off now. Only vehicles of rescue and reconstruction are allowed to pass: army trucks, bulldozers, ambulances, an occasional car. Above the barricades, the road curves slowly upward around the hillside, past the campsite where German soldiers are bivouacked, and up toward the old city, where the road becomes narrower and the houses older.

Here, everything is deserted, a ghost town looking as if it had been bombed repeatedly in wartime: a heap of rubble to indicate where a house once stood, a wall tipped precariously with a long crack in its side and half the roof caved in, an abandoned doll with a broken arm, a crushed kitchen table, loops of exposed and dangling wiring, fallen beams, a still-made bed. The dust rises up from the ruins. The only people around are German and Italian soldiers, like a giant occupying force tramping through abandoned streets, wearing helmets and masks, carrying beams, digging in the rubble, manning bulldozers.

"It's only the roof that blew off," the man says from his cot

The sounds of German fill the central square of Gemona. A soldier shouts out instructions in German and does not understand when spoken to by an Italian soldier. From behind the shutters, not a single face peers out. Time contracts. Memory strains against the facts: these soldiers are here to help.

There is something shocking about the sight of these soldiers, and these bulldozers reaching into and carrying away the debris of collapsed houses, leaving behind nothing but empty space, devoid of any suggestions of its former life. The facade of a building, even if there is nothing behind it, implies an entire existence, implies somehow the possibility of reconstruction. A win-

(Continued on page 96)

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Still, it's an unpleasant shock to realize that people think you're older than you actually are. You can't help being a little sad if you believe you've let the look of youth slip away. Then it's time to discover the beautiful benefits of a unique beauty fluid, a secret known to enlightened women from Bangkok to Sydney, who look their very youngest, no matter what their birth date. Beauty connoisseurs discovered this remarkable fluid, with its wealth of pure moisture, along with tropical oils and other emollients, to soothe away dryness. The mysterious fluid is known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.



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(Advertisement)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

"She came out when the ground started to shake and the roof fell on her"

dow intact, a wall intact, a bell tower intact; on such meager evidence, hope can thrive along with imagination. But once the bulldozer has passed, nothing remains but memory.

At the central piazza, even an ambulance is forced to stop. The doctors proceed on foot. The buildings around the piazza are only partially demolished: the soldiers are removing whatever can be salvaged, propping up the walls which threaten to collapse. Someone has taken the trouble to tack up again the historic plaques that used to designate buildings of significance; but now the buildings they describe are ruins and near ruins.

A plaque is secured to the remains of a collapsed archway, to the half-buckled wall of a church. Everything is identified. The Palazzo Communale, built in the sixteenth century. The Church of Santa Maria della Grazie, twelfth century. Even the signs indicating *ristorante, farmacia, bibliotèca* have been preserved, whenever possible. It is a surreal world in which the names remain, but no longer denote objects.

At the end of a path where the sheer face of the mountainside meets the periphery of the town, there is a house remote from soldiers, trucks, and bulldozers, surrounded by rubble on two sides, by a vineyard covered field on the third, and by the mountain in back. In front of the house is a tent large enough for four, where a man with a red stubble of beard and azure eyes is lying on a cot.

The man's wife, wearing an apron, comes out of the tent to greet the two doctors who enter the tent and attach a bottle for intravenous feeding to its central pole. The doctor asks how the man is doing and suggests that he might be better off in a hospital or down in one of the sixteen *tendopoli*, the tent communities which now ring Gemona.

"We want to stay here," the woman says. "The animals are still here. The ground is still here. The children are here. And so is the house."

"It is only the roof that blew off," the man says from his cot. "We can fix it."

"We will be all right," the woman says. "We lost his sister, though. She came out on the terrace when the ground started to shake, and the roof fell on her. If she had stayed inside. . . ." Suddenly, she changes the subject, turning her head so that her husband won't be able to hear. "My husband is very depressed," she confesses. "He talks about hanging himself. He drinks, but won't eat. He worries where the money will come from to rebuild the house. We have no money. Four neighbors are dead. There is only one like us who is left."

The woman points down the path to a house where the second floor has collapsed, leaving the first floor, held up by one column, intact. The furniture remains on the first floor, in its usual position, as if life could be made to continue there. A man is standing on top of a pile of debris, patiently removing, shingle by shingle, whatever can be salvaged from the collapsed second floor.

The doctor suggests that staying way up here, isolated from everyone, in a place where it is difficult to get help in an emergency, may not be good for the children. Perhaps the mother would not mind if they came down to the tents every day to play with the other children for a few hours. Perhaps playing with others will distract them from the shock of the earthquake.

The children are six and ten. Holding hands, earlier in the day, they walked down to the piazza where for the first time since the earthquake they were taken down into the valley for the afternoon. The mother says that if the doctor wants the children to continue going away for the afternoon, she will not object. But her reluctance to be separated from them is obvious. She feels safer having them close to her.

"So you want to stay here for now?" the doctor says.

"Yes," the woman says. "I know how to give him the injections. He is better off here."

"Is there anything else you need?" the doctor says.

"No," the woman says.

"Water?"

"Oh yes. If it is not too much trouble, not too much work for you."

"No," the doctor says. "We will bring water with us tomorrow."

He packs up his supplies and walks back down the path.

* * *

The cluster of tents which surround Gemona are named after neighborhoods that no longer

(Continued on page 100)



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

"To build in the same place makes no sense. The town will be destroyed again"

exist. Each family occupies its own tent; each group of tents forms a community or *tendopolo*. It is here that the ongoing attempt is made to preserve the fundamental structures of a normal life.

Laundry is strung between the tents. Meals are cooked. The mother of a deaf-mute, who like the animals sensed the earthquake before anyone else, sits caressing her silent son's face. In one of the *tendopoli*, children are busy preparing a performance called "The New Perfume of the Rose." A young man is playing "Yes Sir, That's My Baby," on the accordion. A young woman teacher dances the tango with an eleven-year-old girl. The boys play soccer and circle games. All of them are gathered on a patch of dirt in the shade of a willow tree, surrounded by tents, army trucks, bicycles, and laundry.

There is a sense here of the human will as being all powerful, capable of re-creating in its entirety the world that has just been obliterated. In a section of town that was only partially demolished, a miniature village built by hand stands, untouched by the earthquake, alongside of a house that was less fortunate. Beppo, who built the miniature village, says that he wishes the village could grow and become the old Gemona once again.

A woman, when told that one day soon she will have a new house, says with a mixture of sadness and stubbornness, "I don't want a new house. I want the old one."

A peasant, with rough hands and a red face, after drinking some grappa with friends, begins to weep. "For a thousand years those buildings survived," he says. "And the paintings in the Cathedral. All those paintings. You should have seen them. They were so beautiful. They were our treasures."

* * *

"It is impossible to rebuild Gemona as it used to be," the contractor says. He is tall, aristocratic, with the finely cut features of the north, a passion for Friulian history, and a great pride in the simplicity, integrity, and endurance of the Friulian character. He sometimes lives in a twelfth-century palazzo near Udine and loves antiquities, including a small chapel on his property which was built in 1492. He also constructs highways, and his company is likely to have the contract for the reconstruction of Gemona's roads.

"We must study the ground to see where the seismic faults lie," he says. "Then we can build a new town on level ground, a town that is resistant to earthquakes. We couldn't possibly build a road as narrow as the one they used to have, a road that curved every which way. What we can do is build a straighter road wide enough for a truck and a car to pass each other.

"If each house has to be built in the same spot where it was, if no one is willing to surrender an inch of ground or live in anything but the house they used to

A woman says, "I don't want a new house. I want the old one"

have, then the road, too, will have to be in the same place. And we can't do that. Do you realize how long it would take?

"To build in the same place makes no sense whatsoever. The town will just be destroyed again. A town is not a museum. One can build a modern town, but not a medieval town. People don't realize when they talk about having Gemona back again that winter comes early. How could we rebuild Gemona in time for winter? Tents are fine for the summer, but what about when it becomes cold?

"If we construct prefabricated temporary housing, people will at least have a house, some house, in which to spend the winter. Then, in the meantime, we can begin to rebuild the factories, so that there will be enough work to keep people occupied. That way they won't have to abandon Friuli, or drink away a feeling of hopelessness. And after that, what we will need is a long-term plan."

This man is speaking in all sincerity, convinced that this is genuinely the best solution for Gemona. Yet one cannot help thinking of sterile urban constructions with straight roads wide enough for a car and a truck to pass each other, cannot help comparing that with the intimate stillness of Gemona's narrow climbing roads, its ancient stones. Perhaps it is true that what was cannot be again. Yet the thought of something so radically different, something that tears at the roots established

(Continued on page 102)

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

"During the crisis, the women turned out to be much stronger than the men"

over so many generations, is wrenching for everyone.

There is another thought, too. In the province of Benevento, southeast of Rome, temporary barracks were set up to provide temporary housing for the victims of an earthquake in 1962. Those barracks are still standing. Nothing has replaced them. The temporary has become permanent; an interim solution was the only solution. Will the same thing happen to Gemona? And if not, how can it be avoided? The question looms large, complex, and unsolved.

In a portion of the old city about halfway down the hillside and near the partially destroyed castle, it is necessary to walk past a half-destroyed archway. In the courtyard beyond, almost everyone is occupied extracting roof tiles, beams, stones, posts, whatever is salvageable from the rubble. Everything is stacked up in neat piles. People stop to say hello, wipe the sweat from their

"You fool," she shouts. . . . "We all have grief. Worse than yours"

faces, and go back to work.

A man staggers out of a barn. He is drunk. Friulians have a reputation for being hard-working and also hard-drinking. The climate is inhospitable; and, when most Italians farther south are having their morning coffee, the Friulians are drinking grappa. The man says, "There is no hope anymore. Look! The cantina was destroyed and my cow was killed. What else is there?" He begins to weep. A woman holding the hands of two young children walks over to where he is standing.

"You fool," she shouts at him. "You and your cantina. We all have grief. Worse than yours. But there's no point in crying about it." She turns to the visiting psychiatrist. "He goes off by himself all of the time. Won't speak to anyone. We said he could stay with us, but he refuses."

"He's depressed," the doctor says.

"All right, he's depressed," the woman says. "None of us can sleep at night. The children all have nightmares. My husband can't eat. What's so special about being depressed? You have to keep on living. If he at least stays with us, he won't think so much. But he stays awake all night, wandering around, crying, and shouting. And then he wants to be alone."

"Maybe he doesn't want to disturb you."

"We don't mind. He can disturb us. But he should stop feeling sorry for himself."

The man comes over, leans on the psychiatrist's shoulder, then puts his arms around him. The doctor holds him. "I will give you some pills to take at night, so you can sleep," the doctor says.

The man nods. "My cow. The cantina." And begins to cry again.

Later the psychiatrist tells me that during the crisis, the women turned out to be much stronger than the men. "Maybe it is because the women feel free to show grief," he says. "In our culture, a man still isn't expected to cry. So the men keep it in, drink, and finally explode. Most people manage during the day. But at night, sometimes you can hear the babies crying out in their sleep. The old people leave their tents and wander around in the fields. Some of them don't even remember the earthquake. All they can say is, 'I want to go home.'

"In some ways it is easier for the older generation, though. They are accustomed to hardship. The younger people, many of them are not as rooted as their parents were. Now, when things have become a bit more quiet, they have time to think, and there is nothing to distract them. Many of them are helping out with the reconstruction. But it is important to keep them busy. Otherwise, we will have a new problem on our hands very soon. I am a walking pharmacy these days. Too many people with difficulties for me to treat them. And we don't even have a hospital anymore."

Over lunch the same day, a nurse whose house was destroyed looks at things differently. "There are no more *manicomios,*" she says. "There is no more hospital. Before the patients came to us. Now we go to them in the tents. Even the secretary of the hospital works in blue jeans. And everyone has a first name. In this now, we are all alike."

* * *

It is this mingling of hope, which escalates into a sense of the miraculous and stubborn determination alternating with hope-

(Continued on page 158)

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Vogue

HAIR NOW

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CLIVE ARROWSMITH

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Color now: The way haircolor is being used today . . . to warm up, liven up natural haircolor. In other words, radical color change (by radical, we mean a color change that involves excessive bleaching or dyeing) is out. **Rule-of-thumb for haircolor today:** It should look as good while it's growing out as it did the day you had it colored . . . the line between "natural" and "color" should be that subtle. Which means **the way color is applied to the hair has changed.** The way it should be used, the way it is at the Cinandre hair salon in New York, see the sketch, *left*—at full strength and maximum time on the ends of hair only. Then, color is worked up toward the roots. As it is, time and solution strength are reduced until natural color is left at the roots. Cinandre, 11 E. 57th St., N.Y. (212-758-4770).

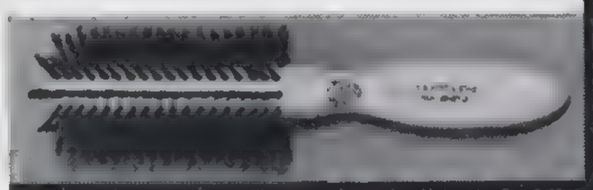


Three versions of the kind of hair we're talking about—wavy for day, the way François did Margaux's hair, top. . . . Parted on the side and loose, above. Or sleeked back, left, and tucked behind ears. Both styles, Suga at Bergdorf's.

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WHICH BRUSH?



For long, thick hair--a brush that really gets through it: a half-round, strong-bristle brush.



For a man with thinning hair--a flat, soft natural-bristle brush. The two here, Kent of London.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

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Vogue HAIR NOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

Paris: great hair looks to wear right now


Thin silk-wrapped strands pinned into hair at Ungaro


The big look for evening: smooth, sleek hair


Seen at every collection: straight, straight hair

JACQUES MALIGNON

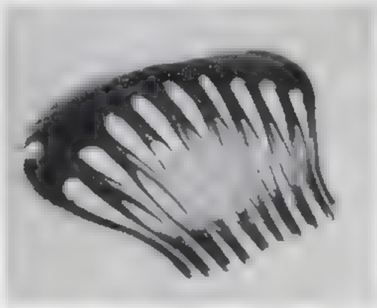


Paris hair report . . . the news: 1. The look we loved at Ungaro—thin **silk-wrapped hair** strands. . . . **2. Braids**—the best at Yves Saint Laurent—either wrapped in a chignon or left long in back and bound at the end with satin ribbon or a silk tassel. . . . **3. Sleek hair** worn super straight. . . . **4.** And the new **neat look of a perm.** . . . **To keep your eye on:** One thing you're going to see a lot of, especially at night—charming little accessories for your hair—pieces of thin gold cording or silk flowers, for instance.

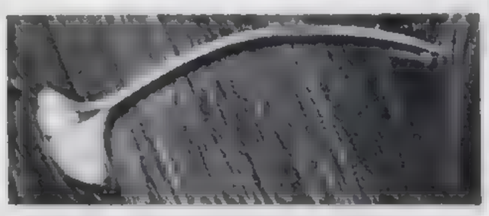

Above, the gold-lamé turban-wrapped head at Yves Saint Laurent

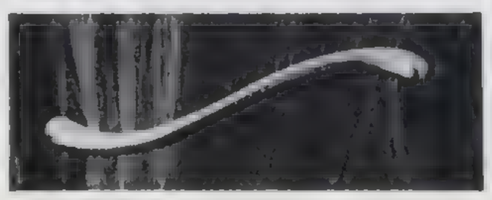

The neat new look of wavy hair, left and above left: well-cut in a perfect, precise shape.

If you collect pretty things for your hair, consider one of these: the sterling silver comb *(above)*, or spare silver barrettes *(right)*. By Angela Cummings for Tiffany. Comb, $50. Barrettes: top, $36; one at the bottom, $38.



TO THINK ABOUT THIS YEAR: CHARMING HAIR ACCESSORIES





REYNOLDS ROLLES





If you don't think your hair has been looking up to par lately—if it looks limp, flat, dull—think about the shampoo you've been using. It may be the culprit. . . . **One example of the kind of shampoo you should be using today,** Jhirmack Gelāve Gel Shampoo, *above right*. The 3 things it has going for it: it's made *natural organic ingredients* that are *acid-balanced* and supplemented with *nucleic acids* (the backbone of all our protein) to prevent brittleness and dryness. **To use along with it**—pHinalé, an after-shampoo treatment, *above*, that promotes hair's health by reconstructing hair cuticle to de-tangle, reduce split ends, and give limp hair extra body . . . and to do all that, all you need is a fingertip-full. Both, available at your beauty salon.









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The beautiful and lasting perfume specially created for the American woman

Evyan Perfumes, Inc.

Evyan's salute to the Women of America



With admiration for the great contribution American women have made toward the phenomenal growth and accomplishments of our country

---from the pioneer days, to the space age

We Salute you!

Because a woman's age should not be read on her face...

The newest ancient make-up in the world.



G-Sen Mat Satin. The unique and original ginseng make-up based on the oriental healing herb.

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France's renowned cake mascara



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Vogue Beauty Checkout

15 things you never knew about your makeup: here's how to read the label

The men on Capitol Hill don't care about the shade of your lipstick, but they do care very much where the color comes from and what it's mixed with. The still-in-committee new cosmetics-ingredients labeling law is an attempt to get that important information passed along to the consumer so you can judge quality for yourself. That will be a first; because, despite our long and intimate experience with them, cosmetics remain the category of products in daily use about which we know the least.

You can judge cosmetics on a number of levels—performance, ease of use, safety, brand name, or for appeal to the senses.

But can you ever judge a cosmetic by its ingredients? Many knowledgeable people inside and outside the beauty industry say "No." Not yet, anyway. But you could learn.

One step in an education program has just been taken by the people at Redken Laboratories. It was they who, 14 years ago, first began telling us of the pH balance in skin and hair. Because their primary market is the professional cosmetician and cosmetologist, technological considerations have always been of interest to them.

Redken's new *Dictionary of Cosmetic Ingredients and Technical Terms* is aimed at the pros and is available to them at $1 a copy. But your hairdresser can order one for you or can let you study the salon's copy. We think it's worth the trouble, because there is fascinating information here on that fascinating subject—your looks.

Things to know about cosmetic-ingredient labeling

The Redken dictionary reminds us . . .

• **Number of ingredients** is not a sure index of quality or efficacy. An under-makeup moisturizer may require traces of 25 or more ingredients, a rinse-off protection conditioner can do a fine job with as few as 5.

• **Quality of ingredients** is not reflected in label listing. "Lanolin," for instance, may stand for wool wax (inferior); cosmetic lanolin (superior); pharmaceutical lanolin; or lanolin, anhydrous.

• **Under the proposed law,** components will be listed in order of relative quantity. You will know from seeing "water" first on the list that it is, proportionately at least, the main ingredient. But you will not know whether water makes up 98 percent of the product or 51 percent. (*Note:* As we go to press, the Eagleton Cosmetic Safety Amendment is before the House of Representatives, and there is a possibility that the final ruling will allow for alphabetical listing of ingredients.)

• **Natural ingredients** have a reassuringly familiar ring. This does not mean they are superior to synthetic materials. Cosmetics scientists use ingredients of animal, vegetable, and mineral origin. There are **proteins from animal sources, natural oils from plants, mineral pigments, and dyes.** These usually are subjected to washing, distillation, or other means of purification, but are unaltered chemically, They are referred to as "natural organic" ingredients.

"Naturally derived" materials are those that are in some way altered chemically for greater effectiveness. Proteins, for example, must be broken down into a smaller molecular size in order to be effective in reconditioning the hair.

The third category of ingredients is "synthetic" materials. These have no natural equivalents and perform tasks in a cosmetic for which no natural organic or naturally derived material is available. They do the job as if they were created for it. They were.

• **Preservatives** insure that when a product is opened it is sterile and able to withstand the onslaught of microbes to which you expose it. When cosmetics were made at home, or for quick, limited distribution, preservatives were not necessary. Too, our predecessors were less fastidious than we when confronted with molds and rancidity. They also were ignorant of the nature of microbes. Now, you should recognize that each time you open a jar, **everytime you use your finger to touch or apply a product, you introduce a host of microorganisms into the product.**

Cosmetics are manufactured under sterile conditions, but conditions of use must be considered, so preservatives are added. ▽

A FEW SURPRISES FROM THE DICTIONARY . . .

Allantoin—Healing agent originally derived from the root of the comfrey plant, used in medicines more than 300 years ago. Used in cosmetics and medicine, it stimulates healthy tissue formation.

Caramel color—Obtained by heating sugar. Caramel has been used as a soothing agent in skin lotions because of its water-attracting capacity.

Castor oil—Obtained from the castor bean and used as a film-former. Mixture of natural fatty-acid esters with excellent keeping properties against rancidity. Used in cosmetics and medicines as soothing emollient for skin.

Egg oil—Natural mixture of fat-soluble emollients and emulsifiers extracted from whole egg. Deodorized mixture of fatty-acid derivatives, phospholipids, and cholesterol extracted from whole egg. Provides excellent emollient properties. Protects against dehydration and has lubricating and anti-friction properties on the skin.

Hydrolyzed animal protein—Hydrolyzed collagen protein used as a reconditioner and moisturizer. Under proper conditions, animal protein can be hydrolyzed (broken down to the correct molecular size) to be effective as a reconditioner for the hair and the stratum corneum of the skin.

Plantain extract—Extracted from the plant and used today as it has been for hundreds of years for its soothing effects. Extract of *Plantago major* long noted as a natural astringent and antiseptic with soothing and cooling effect on blemishes and burns.

Spermaceti—An emollient formerly made from natural wax of the sperm whale. To protect the sperm whale from extinction, the cosmetic industry now uses spermaceti duplicated in the laboratory. This complex mixture is valued for its gloss and thickening ability.

Squalane—Moisturizer and emollient derived from shark-liver oil. This natural component of human skin lipids, or oils, helps prevent loss of water through the skin. It lends suppleness to the skin without giving a greasy feel.

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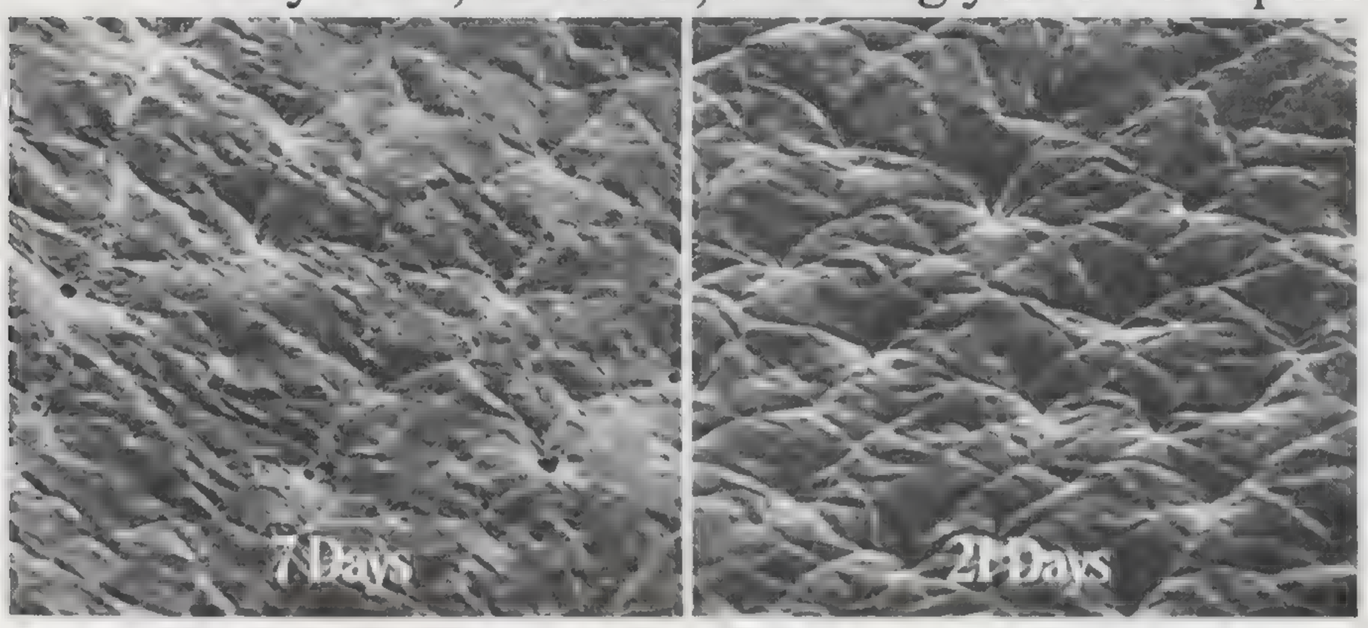
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Other cosmetics offer the promise of better-looking skin.

We offer the proof.

Visible Difference is a moisturizing and texturizing creme. It is the result of two long years of intensive research and clinical testing conducted by the Laboratories of Elizabeth Arden.

They were, however, two long years well spent. For we believe that Visible Difference is truly a remarkable skin care product.



And here are the reasons.

To begin with, those pictures you see on the left, which look like the dark side of the moon, are micro-photographs of human skin castings after using Visible Difference for 7 days and after using it for 21 days.

Even to an untrained eye, there is an obvious difference. The skin on the right is now pillowed and cushioned with moisture. To the naked eye, this remarkable change in texture makes the skin look more luminous and velvety.

20 Cell-Layers Deep

At Elizabeth Arden, we also conducted moisture-penetration tests. They showed that Visible Difference moisture actively penetrated up to 20 cell-layers of skin, where new skin cells are actually formed.

Finally, we conducted tests among several hundred women of all ages and all skin types. We asked them to use Visible Difference for 21 days. The results were amazing. Most of the women tested said their skin looked smoother and had a better texture after using Visible Difference.

So that's it. Visible Difference has been proven to be a great product in the laboratory and with consumers. Now, all that's left is to prove it to yourself.



From the Laboratories of
Elizabeth Arden



GENNY. BEAUTIFUL!
Italian in origin, superlative in any language. The silver-etched dress to revel in, from the house of Genny for The Salon.

BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE
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For the connoisseur of life's pleasures. The tunic softly layered, by the house of Basile for The Salon.

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Are those jars full of hope you bought now just a lot of empty promises?

Let Lancôme give you something to believe in.
Hydrix.
A product that keeps our word.

You see, your skin is rich in its own natural moisture.

Yes, even dry skin. But that moisture tends to evaporate. That's what causes skin to look older, less supple, less vibrant.

That's why we created Hydrix.

A unique emulsion cream formulated to bond in your skin's natural moisture. It acts to control, soften, and freshen your skin for up to twelve hours with just one application. Because Hydrix works from the inside out, it lets your skin breathe.



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Lancôme.
We'll change your mind about your face.



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The bath that draws you closer together.

You have come to your senses now. Tonight, in your own perfumed and private sanctum, there are just the two of you. The only two who matter at this perfect moment.

Tonight, you who have shared so much pleasure and pain together, so much passion, so much tenderness, will partake of yet another sharing, another mutual joy, another fragile but enduring fusion.



And how inevitable that this basic communion between you should be inspired by one of the most basic elements in the world: water. Water: to warm you, to gentle you, to caress you—singularly and together. Water: to make you float through time—towards each other. Water: to enfold and hold you, to be as sensuously tactile as your hands upon each other.

You touch in a new way. For this bath is a touching experience. Your fingers trace a delicate pathway across a silken shoulder, down a responsive spine. The fragranced soap runs in rivulets down the beautifully balanced globe of a breast, down a tapered thigh.



And suddenly, the walls of your bathroom fragment, fall away and dissolve.

And you have traveled backward to other times, other places. And become a sybaritic duality, sharing a bath together within the templed walls of ancient Egypt, amidst the marble arches of The Roman Empire, synthesized in the ritualistic and grave sensuality of a bath house in fourteenth century Japan. Other times, other places, where bathing was a daily renewal of soul and psyche, part of the art of social intercourse, as well as a bodily awakening.

You speak to each other with your hands, your eyes, your mouths. You bring to each other the understanding of shared silences, as well. You cleanse each other scrupulously, fastidiously, as if performing a lovely rite that makes you one. And it all happens with three new and natural adjuncts to this intimacy of caring and sharing: Benandré Soap, Benandré Bath Crystals, and Benandré Bath Gelée. To draw a bath that draws you closer together.



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A perfume.
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It's the story of my life.

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for Heinrich, my first love,
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the South of France, for the Son
of the Pretender to the Throne
of a country I cannot name.

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for my life in art with
Michelangelo and David.

A very erotic oil, oil of
Guaiac wood, from the
jungles of the Argentine,
for Domenico, my guide
through Gran Chaco, the
famed 'Green Hell'.
It's light, buoyant and alive
and wildly romantic
and very adventurous.



Hope Fragrance Collection by Frances Denney



Photographed by Giuseppe Santoro

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And FBS has the clothes to pack up and go with:

1. THE SPLENDID BLOUSE. A sheer wisp of luxe chiffon. Flowered. Wrapped. Sliced open sleeves. An opulent chiffon blend of 75% silk and 25% cotton in black with assorted bright floral printings. One size. BL-105, $34.25. THE SPLENDID PANTS. Flowing. Tie belted at the dropped waist. Rich rayon challis in black, teal green or coral. Sizes 3 to 13. PA-112, $26.50.

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3. THE TRENCH PLAN. The super cotton corduroy wrap coat. Double breasted. Notched lapels. Wrap belt inset in back. Slash pockets. Back yoke. And the lining is quilted on top. Simply the kind of coat you'll get lots of mileage out of. Brown, rust or air force blue. Sizes 5 to 15. CO-103, $75.

4. THE GLAMOUROUS WRAP of crinkled cotton gauze spilling over with a flutter shawl collar. Trumpet sleeves. Black, rust, burgundy or French blue. Sizes S, M, L. BL-115, $26.25. THE GLAMOUROUS STRIPES. A marvelous gypsy skirt splash. Striped. Ruffled. Bordered. Crinkly cotton gauze in red with purple and pink or brown with black and browns. Sizes S, M, L. SK-108, $37.50.

5. THE READY TEDDY. A slip. A sleeper. A super sensuous teddy with a little camisole top and snap crotch. Luxe ivory nylon satin with taupe embroidery. Sizes P, S, M, L. GO-113, $23.25.

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Is he this kind of man: aware enough to know it's mind over macho? Comfortable enough in his own skin to give ballet the same chance he gives football? Understanding enough to hug you soft and close when you cry—and to kiss away your tears? Humorous enough to laugh at this mad, mad world—as well as at himself? Terrific in the boardroom—and even more so in the bedroom? Uninhibited enough to hold your hand in public? Gentle enough to be entrusted with the most delicate of human beings: a child?

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by Malia

Evening Fantasy. A remarkable hand screened print in imported polyester. Available in Memories of Green as seen above. Sizes 6-16. About $85.

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When you open your closet and decide what to wear, you're making a decision about expressing yourself.

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Which is why we would like to introduce you to our stationery. Crane stationery.

It is considered to be the most tasteful way a woman can dress up her words in the world of stationery.

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Next time you visit the finest store you know, ask to see Crane stationery. Then your best thoughts will never have to worry about not having a thing to wear. Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Massachusetts.

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We've been taking your words seriously for 175 years.



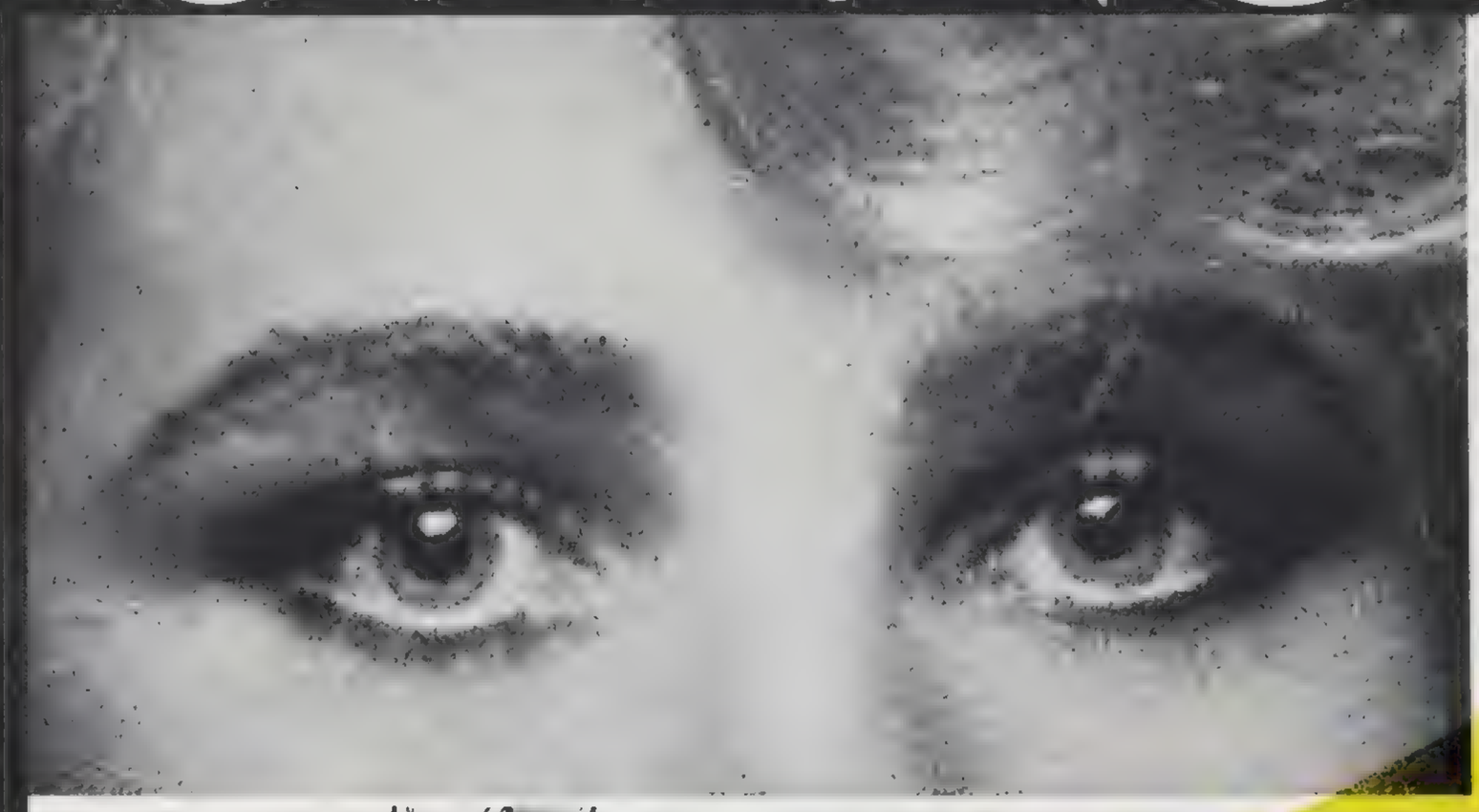
PARIS

cacharel

Saks Fifth Avenue

BEAUTY NOW

Seen in Paris at the Couture Collections: new makeup color... and a new focus—it's on the mouth. At Yves Saint Laurent—red, red lips, so sharp, so clear... this year you can't get away without owning a good lip brush and a lip pencil. Tip: the best—most practical one is a neutral lip-colored pencil. It works with everything, including clear gloss.



In: Natural-looking brows that aren't penciled or over-tweezed. Best example, *left* . . . the new look of Margaux Hemingway's thick, dark brows—lightened and thinned at the outer edge only by Pierre Michel in New York.



SUSAN DADE

the best nail tool

. . . and difficult to find—the double-tipped wood stick, *right*, with a real-bristle nail brush on one end (to clean under, around nails) and a slanted rubber base at the other for pushing cuticles back gently. The one illustrated here, imported from France, is $2 (plus 75¢ handling). . . . To order from Boyd's, 655 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021.



A great addition to any man's shaving kit: his favorite cologne...in all the grooming-accessory forms—after shave, deodorant, soap, whatever he uses. The newest one to try—woodsy, mossy, amber Geoffrey Beene Grey Flannel Cologne ...so super-successful, Geoffrey Beene has doubled its size (now, there's an 8-ounce version) and added the scent to a natural spray, shaker talc, and soap.

alternative to sweat pants for problem spots, *above* . . . stretch-jersey "shorts." They help tone muscles that need it—abdomen, hips, thighs. These, from Gilda Marx, $21 postpaid. To order, send waist/hip/thigh measurements. Body Designs by Gilda, 2080 Century Park East, Century City, Calif. 90067.

New look of makeup in Paris... terrific ways to brush up your face, your nails



REYNOLDS ROLLES

MARTHA VOUTAS



If you're thinking about a present for a man—think about this: the new citrus-scented Gucci Pour Homme . . . "buckled" and banded in their signature red/green stripe. It comes in cologne, air spray (the one photographed here, 4 oz., $29), after shave.

The skin brush to invest in, *left*—the man's badger-bristle shaving brush. To use whenever you use soap on your face . . . soft, easy-on-skin, durable—it's no wonder men have used them for years. Best selection at Boyd's—from $10 to $100. Note: The more badger, the more expensive the brush—e.g., the one here, $75. Boyd's address, above.

15-MINUTE BEAUTY REVIVER

. . . to do before going out in the evening—it's better, more refreshing, than a quick nap. Begin with three minutes under a tingling lukewarm shower. Instead of soap, use a bracing body cleanser (one we like—Shiseido's Bubble Body Cleansing) and a washcloth or sponge to wake-up circulation. Rinse off in cool water. Wrap up in a towel, fill the bath with water at room temperature, and add your favorite scented skin softener. Take a minute as the bath fills to slather moisturizer on skin from throat to hairline, and—a must—put on some music. Relax in the bath for five minutes. The way: Close eyes, concentrate on breathing in and out through your nose. Each in/out breath counts as one. Count one to ten; repeat twice more. Pat dry. Finish with a body lotion and your favorite scent.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140



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Helena Rubinstein / The Science of Beauty

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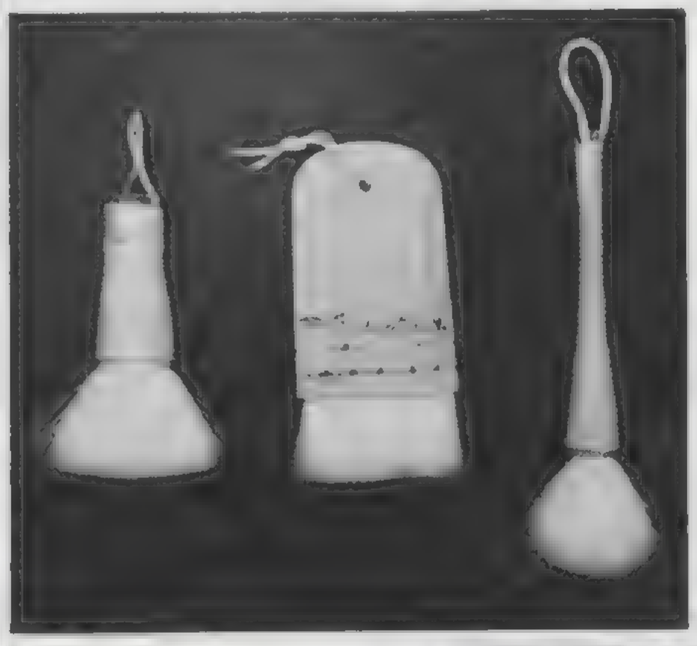
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Vogue BEAUTY NOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138



Three beauty-accessory charms: the pretty Japanese goat's-hair brushes, *above . . .* for applying makeup. *Left to right:* The short, thick-bristle brush with a flat end for contouring ($2.50); the flat narrow brush for brows and shadow ($2); the perfect, soft, round powder-blush brush ($3). To order (add 75c handling), from the U.N. Gift Center, United Nations Headquarters, New York, New York 10017.

Paris hair bests

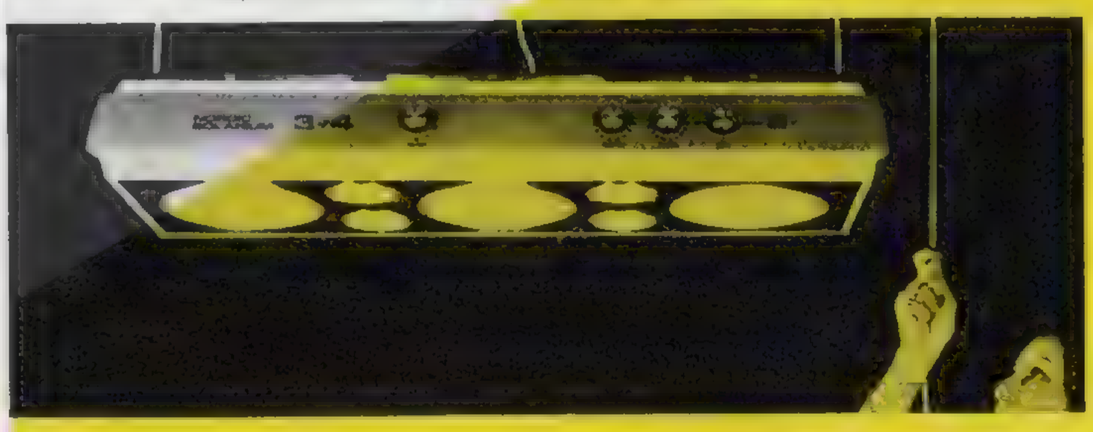
Three versions of the look of hair at night at Yves Saint Laurent—sleeked back, knotted and braided with a thin gold cord (right) ...rolled, braided, and tied with a black silk tassel (left) . . . or, instead of a tassel, a multicolored glass butterfly tied with a black satin bow (inset, above)—we saw it throughout his collection.



JACQUES MALIGNON

Instant pickup for skin—a rinse-off facial mask . . . it tones, brightens, temporarily tightens skin literally in minutes. One to use—that works—for all skin types: Geminesse Living Proof Hydracel Masque formulated with transparent clay. Which means it cleanses skin, too.

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THIS MONTH'S BEAUTY FIND: TO KEEP IN YOUR DESK AT THE OFFICE OR TO TAKE ON A WEEKEND —PALM-SIZED SOAP, BELOW, IN ITS OWN PLASTIC CASE WITH A BUILT-IN DRAIN. THE ONE WE'RE TALKING ABOUT— ESTÉE LAUDER'S PRETTY GREEN ALIAGE SOAP BOX.

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Vogue-Rated

TIP-OFFS

What to see, read, listen to, and watch for

movies

BY REX REED

★★★Bugsy Malone
A bright, innovative, and madly delicious musical spoof of 'forties Warner Bros. gangster movies, entirely sung, danced, and performed by children. Written and directed by screen newcomer Alan Parker, the movie is as original and lively as anything I've seen in films in longer than I care to remember; and, although it might not suit every taste, it will leave many smiling.

There's something of the precocious *Our Gang* comedies in the parody, though most of the children (the oldest of whom is thirteen) never succumb to the cutes. To see them in the clothes of the period and to hear their rapid tommy-gun delivery of the racy, colorful dialogue also recalls Damon Runyon. The songs of Paul Williams are clever, tuneful pastiches themselves. The dance numbers, whether tap solos or kicking chorines, are constant delights.

There is something of a plot—warfare between rival gangs—but nothing that would complicate an old Cagney flick. Much of the action is set in Fat Sam's Grand Slam, a speakeasy hidden behind a bookstore, where the floor show provides ample opportunity for all kinds of musical production numbers, as well as for some hilariously inept auditions.

The only known player is Jodie Foster, who raised eyebrows as the pubescent hooker in *Taxi Driver*. Swinging her kimono, buffing her nails, and purring: "C'mere, lover boy, and smear my lipstick," she's a Mae West doll in Joan Blondell pomade. (When the big boys send her out of the room, she stops the picture cold with her deadpan putdown, "I'll go manicure my gloves!") You have to see it to believe it.

Fat Sam, a pint-size Little Caesar who douses his hoodlums with a seltzer bottle when they get out of line, is played with great gusto by a Brooklyn terror named John Cassisi, selected for the role because of his "aggressive personality." He, like the others, fills the tall order brilliantly. The special effects and the deft small touches that give the film its charm are executed on a considerable scale, which is even more remarkable when you discover the final budget was only a million dollars. Adults with years of experience have done much less with much more.

There is no violence, only simulated imitations of adult horrors that should make us all wince: splurge guns that fire whipped cream, armored cars and bulletproof getaway trucks driven by bicycle pedals, assassinations in Italian restaurants and barber shops, and finally a full-scale mobster war after Dandy Dan tries to muscle in on Fat Sam's sarsaparilla racket.

The Art Deco sets are luscious, the kids all look like jellybean replicas of Greenstreet-Bogart-Lorre-Garfield and the Warners' stock company; and when you hear all that sporty talk about shakedowns and payoffs from such tiny bow-ribbon mouths, your heart is likely to hum with huggable good humor. Proof that, when they're talented, children should not only be seen but heard and applauded.

★★Burnt Offerings
Karen Black and Oliver Reed can't understand why such a swell old mansion rents so cheap. "The house takes care of itself," croaks its odd owner (Eileen Heckart). "It's practically immortal," cackles her mad brother in the wheelchair (Burgess Meredith). So they take a summer lease, inviting salty Aunt Elizabeth (Bette Davis) along for the fun. Dead plants come to life. Mom goes into dreamy trances. Pop tries to drown their son in the swimming pool. Auntie's blond pageboy turns to grey weed and there's a pain in her back. Before you can say voodoo, the house takes on a new shine, while a tenant is sapped of strength and begins to age wearily. Clocks misbehave. Rooms fill with gas. Doors lock mysteriously. The pool becomes a menacing inferno of danger. And *Burnt Offerings* builds skillfully into a powerful study in paralyzing shock.

Another new Director of the Month, Dan Curtis, leads his willing victims through a film of inwardly churning horror and visually breathtaking splendor with enormous style and ease. Bette Davis gets her best role in years, throwing her head back and giving out with her famous hoot, chain-smoking filter cigarettes and dangling fashionable jewelry, then plunging into ravaged and hideous agony and death with an ancient look of frozen terror on her masklike, map-lined face. She pulls out the stops; and I, for one, was dazed by her artistry.

This is an unusual, offbeat, and amazingly gripping horror film that suffers from script trouble (some of the lines are pure clinkers, and I couldn't resist a howl when, in the midst of the gloom and impending doom, Karen Black turns to Oliver Reed and says dumbly, "This is as good a time as any to start on your doctorate!"). But it grows on you, like a fungus, and you go away knowing you've been to the movies.

★★Special Delivery
They told Cybill Shepherd to get out of Peter Bogdanovich movies, and that's exactly what she did. The movie—about ex-G.I. buddies with butterfingers who blow a bank robbery and the one who gets away and hides the stash in a post-office box under Cybill Shepherd's window—isn't much; but it's nice to see that the girl isn't afraid to try her wings away from the nest.

The robbery takes up too much time and watching those inept G.I.'s who think they can survive the gymnastic feats of strength and daring when they are all so ill-prepared (one is half-blind, another has a bum leg, a third is practically deaf) made me wonder if anyone read the script. But when Cybill Shepherd enters perkily, the film gains fresh energy and picks up its dragging heels: she's trying strawberry instead of the old vanilla, she has a nice way with a line when nobody tells her how to say it, and she's never looked happier or more secure. I think the girl's gonna make it.

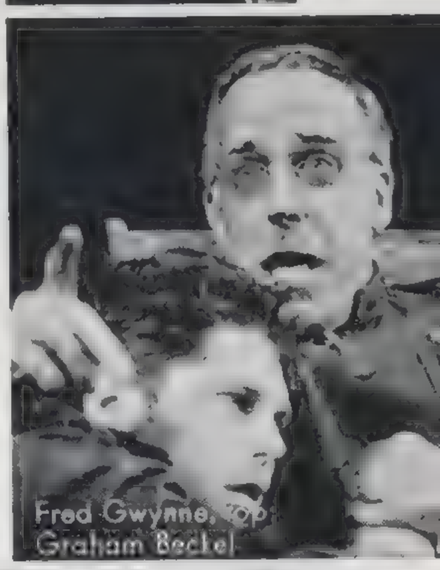
theater


Baxter Harris
Diane Ladd

KENNEDY CENTER PHOTO BY RICHARD BRAATEN

★★★ The most important American playwright since William Inge (*Picnic*), that's Texan Preston Jones. The proof: his three-play, three-nights-to-view *A Texas Trilogy*, in which small-town desolations illumine national, spiritual, esthetic impoverishments. On Broadway now; wrenching performances pictured here.—L.L.


Lee Richardson


Fred Gwynne, Top
Graham Beckel

books

BY ALLENE TALMEY

★★★First, You Cry
By Betty Rollin (Lippincott). Unique, impressive, this book is about reality, love, marriage, the Other Man, and breast cancer. About going a mite crazy after the operation. About how do you tell your mother? "A dressing room at Bloomingdale's is no place to find out that your only daughter is missing a breast."

Clever, beautiful, a knock-out on-screen television journalist writing her own stuff for *NBC Nightly News*, Betty Rollin at thirty-nine is an adept at success, but she flunked Bravery. In fact, four weeks out of the hospital, she jumped out of her three-year

(Continued on page 150)

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Vogue Tip-Offs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

marriage and into a Philadelphia love story. She left Arthur Herzog, III, author of *The Swarm* and *Earthsound,* while he was at the dentist, for David, rich romantic, much in love with her before her marriage. David lasted nine months.

Now, divorced, back in New York, thinner, sexier, a springing star at NBC-TV, Betty goes out with Arthur, but unsteadily. Not exactly what the book jacket boringly announces—she "speaks to the darkest fears and deepest feelings of women everywhere." Nuts!

During the first weeks home when Betty Rollin allowed herself to get out of control, she returned to the comfort of her analyst, who told her: " 'You're in mourning. You have had a death in the body.' " It helped enormously. She stopped her nervous, constant chatter that she used to prevent thinking, to bulwark against despair and hidden anger.

Although Arthur and her friends had rained "quality pity" on Betty in the hospital where she received them looking like Ophelia but sounding like Ernest Borgnine, she had an unquenchable need for *more* pity outside the hospital. (Who wants pep talks?) "Pity is delicious."

At home, Rollin dreaded going to bed, dreaded sex. " 'It's not you, it's me. This won't go on forever,' " she told Arthur, knowing that the scene was being played backwards, dismayed that she was not having the usual sexual problems, anxiety over rejection by her husband. The trouble was almost too simple: "I no longer found me attractive." In time she damn well did, for "Vanity persisted like a tic." Three days out of the hospital, she went off to a party, first stuffing her empty bra cup with two stockings.

A little brusque, amusing, honest as pain, *First, You Cry* reveals fear, understanding, spirit, and relieving cowardice. The essence of Rollin: "Bravery, my foot!"

★★The Grass Is Always Greener over the Septic Tank

By Erma Bombeck (McGraw-Hill). Although I thought I had long had it with mad housewives, Erma Bombeck has changed my mind. She is marvelously funny, direct as a hypodermic, a virtuoso in the field of suburban living. She explains the hazards of Halloween. The bigger beggars then arrive from the city, driving themselves, with signs on their bags reading, "Personal Checks Accepted," and "so intimidating that if your 'treat' wasn't acceptable you could conceivably lose your health through pain."

Mrs. Bombeck also knows about wives loopy with loneliness in the subdivisions. "It was a condition and it came with the territory. You talked to your plants and they fell asleep on you." Not a zany, not droll, not daft, not a fantasist, not kookie, Mrs. Bombeck is a realist, dealing in facts, in bottom-line emotions and blatantly bloody funny about them most of the time.

And ferocious. The suburban heroine finds out from an insurance salesman that she is covered by a policy consistent with what her husband "considers to be her value to him"; it is a "basic $96-burial no-frill-no-fault-burial-policy." The insurance man adds: " 'Basically what this means is that when you go, they prop you up in a Christian Science reading room, play a record of Perry Como singing 'Don't Fence Me In,' put you on a public bus, and God knows what happens to you.' " Lovely stuff.

★Sons Come and Go, Mothers Hang In Forever

By William Saroyan (McGraw-Hill). Irritating, cadenced, excessive, amusing, *Sons* consists of wispy memoirs, partly good grit and partly slop, for Saroyan refused to use a sieve.

Almost seventy, Saroyan swells around here as a violent, drinking, hearty-laughing Armenian peasant born in Fresno, California, a lover of women and humanity, a man, he believes, as simple as his sentences. He is really as complicated as a rocket.

A gambler, Saroyan has carelessly fooled around with his talent ever since the melodic success of his early plays, *The Time of Your Life* and *My Heart's in the Highlands.* (He has written forty-four books, including memoirs, novels, plays, short stories.) That flooding exuberance rages through *Sons,* showing itself pompously, mindlessly in such sentences as "The secret is many things, which in the end are beyond accounting." On the other hand, he can pare: "In one minute she was in the apartment, in my arms, and on the floor."

Erratic pleasure lies in Saroyan's barrel of anecdotes, juicy as thawing winter apples. In 1929, he sent his short story "The Hush from Brooklyn to Gallup" to a small magazine that lost it for twenty-five years and then returned it to him. "I read it

(Continued on page 156)



Photographed by Peter Meltzer

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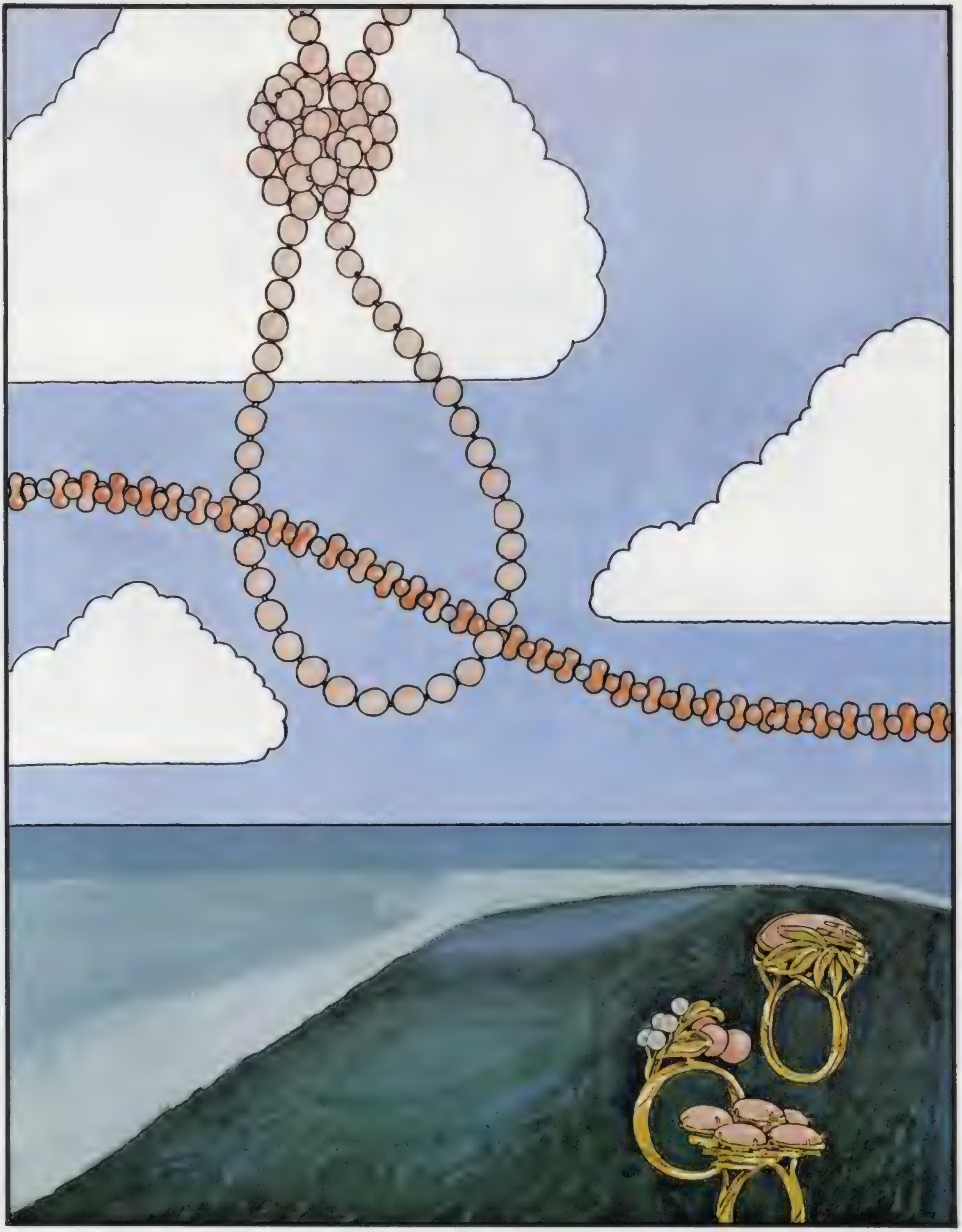
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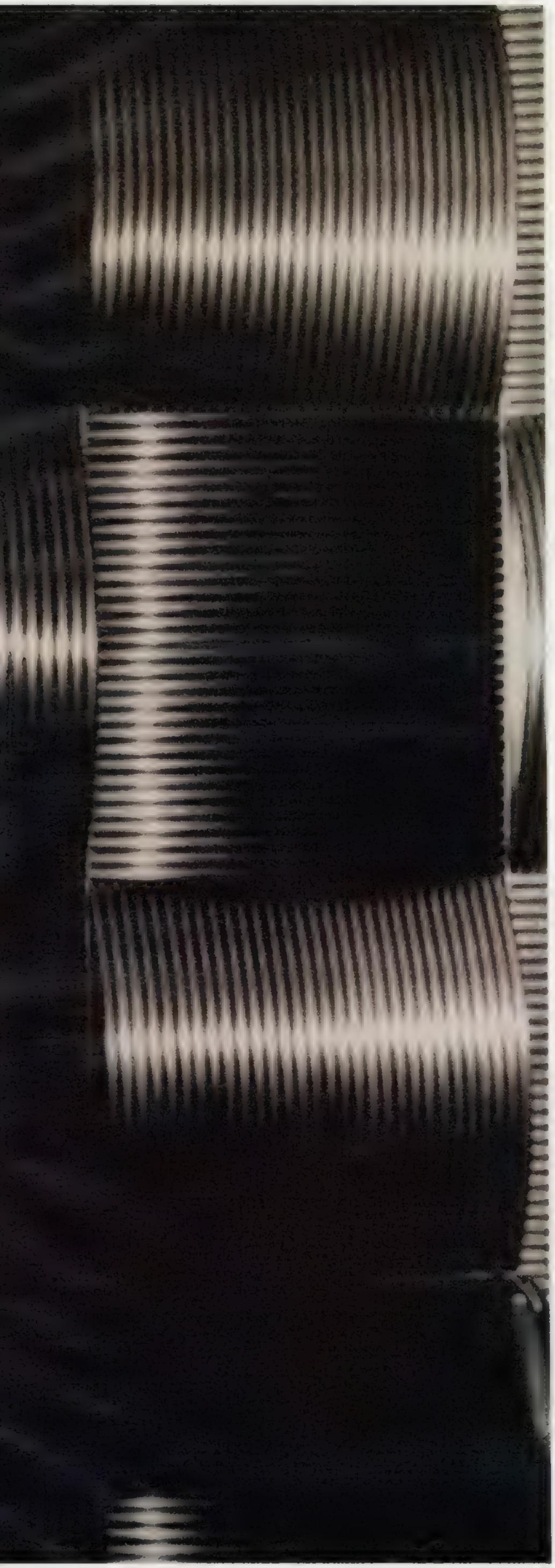
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Vogue Tip-Offs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

and felt, Ah hell, it was better than this when I sent it."

To describe Hollywood fully and in the round in the 'thirties, he remembers the story of a writer's wife found by her husband "half-dead from some kind of sexual assault.

" 'For God's sake, honey,' the writer asked, 'Who did it?'

" 'Who did it?' his wife screamed, 'your fucking agent did it, that's who.' "

"Whereupon the writer said, 'What else did Eddie have to say?' " Straight Saroyan.

art

BY BARBARA ROSE

★★★★The Natural Paradise
An examination of the roots of the mystical attitude that runs as an underground current throughout the history of American painting is the ambitious theme of an exceptional exhibition opening October 1 (through November 30) at The Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Assembled by MOMA curator Kynaston McShine, the show surveys the origins of Romantic subjects in nineteenth-century "sublime" landscape art; it also makes a conclusive case for native American roots of such later visionary artists as Mark Rothko, Barnett Newman, Clyfford Still, and Jackson Pollock.

Finally, an exhibition with a real point: *The Natural Paradise* is a pleasure for the public and a genuine contribution to the growing understanding of the originality of American art—an originality to which MOMA, in its early years as the principal purveyor of European modernism on this side of the Atlantic, was essentially blind.

The question of what is American about American art is answered partially at least by this insightful reinterpretation of recent American abstraction within its distinctive native context.

The Natural Paradise is a fresh perspective on works of art of unquestionable quality; I hope the show indicates a new sense of responsibility on the part of a major museum to look beyond the history of art to the history of ideas—the exciting and relatively unexplored territory where the real news of the 'seventies will be made.

★★★★Monet in Manhattan
Any extensive exhibition of paintings by Claude Monet, the Impressionist whose influence still reverberates today, fifty years after his death, is an event of note. Beginning on October 27, the Acquavella galleries in New York will exhibit sixty-eight major paintings by Monet, including a number from seldom seen private collections—a selection covering all six decades of the painter's prolific career.

A benefit for The New York Hospital, the show includes examples from several "series" by Monet—*Views of the Saint-Lazare Station, Haystacks, Poplars, Houses of Parliament*—and culminates with Monet's last and in many ways his most influential series of paintings, the fabulous *Water Lilies.* A forerunner of "all-over" composition as well as of serial imagery, Monet's work remains a source of vital interest for artists, as well as for all others who love painting for its own sake.

★★★Two Centuries of Black American Art
The rewriting of the history of American art has, it seems, only just begun with Bicentennial reappraisals. Although most Americans are unaware of its existence, the art of American Blacks in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is the subject of a major historical art survey on view at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art through November 21, when it will travel to Atlanta, Dallas, and Brooklyn.

Beginning with early, and for the most part anonymous, Afro-American craftsmen, the exhibition covers the "Negro Renaissance" of the 'twenties and 'thirties and brings us up to date with contemporary Black art, some known and some relatively unknown. Hardly the last word on the subject, the exhibition is nevertheless a solid first step toward the understanding of the contributions of Black artists to America.

★Salute to Daumier
Celebrating the recent bequest, by museum trustee Dr. Armand Hammer, of the largest private collection of Daumier prints in the world, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art is exhibiting choice lithographs from the newly acquired collection, as well as a number of rare Daumier sculptures. The show, titled *Honoring Daumier,* is a preview of the major Daumier retrospective planned by LACMA for 1979, the centennial of Daumier's death. It is hard to imagine any place more fitting than Los Angeles as a repository for Daumier's savage social satire. ▽

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For further information about the MULTITONER, write Nicole Ronsard, 987 Lexington Avenue, New York 10021.

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(Advertisement)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

"The animals . . . on the day before the earthquake, were restless and frightened"

lessness and despair, that moves like sea changes over the people of Gemona.

It is not the first time that the region was destroyed by an earthquake. Every three or four years for the past thousand years, the ground has opened up. And, every time, people have rebuilt. It is a kind of reflex to do so again. The landscape is at once gentle and angular, irregularly pierced by shafts of light that reach out into the valley over the tops of the Dolomites, looming directly behind the village, surrounding it on all sides.

The delicate trellised grapevines on their wooden posts extend from the valley all the way up the slopes of the mountain until it becomes sheer cliff, scarred and pitted now where pieces of it have broken away. The vines were more resistant than the houses; the clusters of grape buds are still on the vine.

And people still tend the vineyards, still feed the animals, feeling a kind of renewed bond with the creatures who, on the day before the earthquake, were so restless and frightened that many of them refused to give their usual milk or eggs. The bond with nature is an intimate one: the animals are part of the family. And people still go for evening walks along the roads now lined with rubble.

Alongside of almost every collapsed house, a tent is set up. The tent is used only for sleeping. Food is cooked in a small prefabricated barrack, eaten under a plastic canopy held up by two posts. Whatever furniture was saved is carefully covered. Families gather together at mealtime to eat the homemade polenta, homemade salami, San Danielle prosciutto, and drink the homemade wine of which they are immensely proud. Their sense of hospitality, of the home as an ultimate sanctuary, is still profound. A guest is honored to be invited for "our polenta, the specialty of our region." Over and over again, people refer to "our Friuli," "our Gemona," "our language," "our people," "our salami." It is a sense of things which has inevitably sharpened since the earthquake.

"It's rare that a day goes by without the earthquake returning . . . a mini-quake"

With the loss of all real possessions came an increased need for identification with the common possessions, the common historical bonds which seemed to be indestructible. The pride in the Cathedral and in the monuments of Gemona is even greater now that they have been destroyed. And people who once thought of themselves as having "grown out of" what used to be considered as "narrow provincialism" are now all proudly Friulian.

In an upper-class home, a heated discussion takes place over the use of the Friuli language, which is, in fact, more of a language than a dialect, harder than the language of the south, influenced by waves of invasion and by proximity to the German-speaking countries. The children in the family, now grown and with children of their own, accuse the parents of neglecting to speak Friuli at home. "We should have spoken this first, before we learned Italian," says one son. The mother, outraged, shoots back, "I did. We always spoke Friuli until you asked us to stop. You said it was vulgar."

The uncle listens with a sense of lifelong passions at long last justified by history. A Friuli nationalist who fought on the sharp-shooting Alpine brigade in defense of the monarchy during the war, he has a patriotism that sometimes escalates to a point where it hints of a nationalism which has historically gotten out of hand. For years, his family has listened with a kind of familial forebearance to the uncle's exaltations of Friuli, its nobility and strength of character. Now again they hear him as if the words are newly fresh and significant.

This sense of profound nostalgia for a life that has vanished is seen everywhere. Sometimes it escalates to the danger point, verging on a kind of xenophobia, though mostly it acts as a tender saving grace, a sense of life that sustains in the face of loss.

A young woman, walking up a road at sunset, says that she takes the same walk through the ruins of Gemona every evening. "Smell the perfume of the flowers," she says, as she passes the collapsed house of a friend. "And listen to the birds. The sunsets

(Continued on page 160)

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

"One of the doctors said, 'It was as hot as this the day of the earthquake. Unusually hot.' . . . Everyone looked at the mountain. . . . Everyone was waiting"

here are always beautiful. In the evenings, when I see a few lights scattered around the town, I feel better. At night it is hard to sleep. I do not want to take pills. I want sleep to come naturally. The lights help me. They mean that there is still a Gemona."

In the undamaged backyard of a classic old house in the valley, a canopy, surrounded by palm trees, rose bushes, and oleander, has been set up. A dozen teenagers are gathered around a table beneath the canopy. They are wearing immaculate skirts, shirts, and pants, most of it donated by the Red Cross, the government, and private individuals from all over Italy who have offered assistance to the Friulians in every possible form. There is even a schedule posted in the central office of the Commune listing places that have offered to provide residents of the earthquake zone with housing and food at the seaside for two weeks during the summer.

A history teacher stands in the garden, at the head of the table, giving the students, who are in their last year of high school, instructions for their final exam scheduled for two days from now. She is speaking Friuli and talking about Friulian history. The students have come from the *tendopoli,* from individual tents, and from those newer homes which escaped destruction.

One young woman arrives late and is greeted with gasps of delighted surprise. She has just gotten out of the hospital with a crushed arm. Memories pass over the students' faces, though not a word is said about the earthquake. There is a kind of unspoken agreement not to allow thoughts of the earthquake to break the delicate fabric of attempted normality.

The instructor smiles at the students, affirming the bond of familiarity among them, the intimacy of a shared memory of tragedy. The students are attentive; it is the attentiveness of adults who have achieved some profound level of understanding about the nature of human relations. When they disperse, it is quietly. They walk down the road in small groups, occasionally waving to a friend on a bicycle.

Several students walk to a nearby café (the only one in the area that was left standing) for coffee. The café is filled with Italian and German soldiers, a common sight in Gemona now. Smoke fills the room. A mother sitting at a table holds her baby in her lap. A nurse who is staying in one of the tents at the civil hospital spoons a bit of sweet coffee into the infant's mouth, laughs, and lifts him in her arms. The soldiers lean over the bar. One of the teenagers says, "I have to study tonight. I hope I will pass."

* * *

It is rare, even now, in Gemona, that a day goes by without the earthquake's returning, a shadow of its former self, a mini-quake that lasts only a minute or two but is as unpredictable in its intensity as was the first, and acts as an ever present reminder that the idea of normality is a transient blessing. The students know it; the peasants know it; the doctors and nurses and children and old people know it. So do all of the hard working people who stand in the midst of rubble trying to reconstruct their homes.

One hot afternoon more than a month after the initial quake, a group of doctors, nurses, and social workers, most of whom live in Gemona and comprise the psychiatric staff of the Gemona Civil Hospital were sitting around a small metal table outside of the tent that doubles as a station for psychiatric and social services and a home for several nurses whose homes were destroyed in the earthquake. The tent community which the civil hospital now occupies is only a stone's throw from the abandoned new hospital where, at the time of the earthquake, construction was just being completed.

The hospital stands seven stories high, the highest building in the entire valley, a white elephant that will never be occupied but which stands now as an instant monument to the misplaced ambitions of Gemona, ambitions that in a flash of time have become anachronistic. Although the hospital itself was not destroyed, the top of it leans. And no one in Gemona would ever consider staying in a tall building again, for the tall buildings, still scarce enough in the region, were the ones from which it was impossible to escape.

On that afternoon, ten people clustered around a metal table were eating pasta, breast of veal, and salad from tin plates. Everything had been prepared in the *tendopolo's* central outdoor kitchen where soldiers and members of the community jointly fix three hot meals a day. At the center of the table was the obligatory bottle of wine.

Someone at the table was telling a story. Everyone laughed. One of the doctors said, "It was as hot as this the day of the earthquake. Unusually hot. These hot days. The earth just can't hold the heat." Everyone looked at the mountain. Almost half a day had passed without the ground's trembling; and a kind of tension of expectation had built up, a tension as familiar as every other aspect of life in the earthquake zone. Everyone was waiting.

When the bottle of wine was finished, someone brought out grappa. It was almost three in the afternoon when the jolts finally began. One jolt. Two. And a third which sent the empty wine bottle tipping over. At that moment, the doctors and social workers and nurses were exactly like everyone else in Gemona: the expression of paralyzed terror, of unconquerable nightmare and naked memory returned to each face. When the ground stopped shaking, there was silence at the table. No one moved or spoke. The tension of expectation was gone. But so was the moment of pleasure.

"It was almost three in the afternoon when the jolts finally began. One jolt. Two. . ."

The next morning, one of the nurses said that the quake had registered eight on the Mercalli scale. "That night," she said, "the ground shook the same way all night and through the next day." She did not say, "the night of the earthquake." Just "that night," as if all time dated from then. It is like the answer to the question, "How are you?" that has become customary in Gemona now: "Siamo qui." We are here. We are alive.

But after being alive, then what? In Gemona now, it is necessary to live from day to day. Yet the pressures of the past and the needs of the future exert their inevitable weight. The shape of everything is uncertain. And yet, in the heat of the day, while the earth is still trembling, one cannot help thinking, "What about when winter comes?" ▽

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Vogue Answers Your Beauty Questions

Mascara dilemma . . . good news for nails . . . getting fit fast

Q **I have fragile, baby-fine eyelashes, and all the mascaras I've tried lately seem to damage them. Is this because they're all "waterproof" mascaras? Would a water-soluble mascara be gentler? Have you any other suggestions?**

A It may not be the mascara itself so much as the way it's applied that is causing your problem. In our opinion, a cake mascara with a brush is the gentlest type of mascara—because you can control exactly the amount you're putting on, which you can't do with some liquid mascaras and applicators. As for waterproof versus water soluble—it's probable that a water-soluble preparation is easier to remove, and therefore a bit easier on lashes. In any case, you might try a new, gentle cake mascara made by Chanel that is rich, creamy, comes in 3 shades, and is water soluble. (The same house makes an excellent eye-makeup remover.) Or—if swimming and water sports play a big part in your life, you might want to consider having your lashes dyed.

Q **I have a tendency to bite my fingernails in moments of stress, so they look awful most of the time. Would sculptured nails help to break this habit? Are they safe to wear—not harmful to skin or to real nails?**

A According to the makers of Mona Sculptured Nails, which are new and successful, wearing them will help you break the nail-biting habit if anything will; they're no fun to gnaw. More important, wearing them gives your own nails time to grow out naturally under the sculptured ones. After they have grown out, you can decide whether to remove the Mona Sculptured Nails and go with the natural ones—or to stick with the Mona nails (which are actually stronger, longer-lasting, take polish beautifully). Few, if any, wearers seem to have had any unfavorable reaction to them; but if you are prone to allergies and the like, the makers suggest consulting your doctor—or "wear-testing" one nail for 24 to 48 hours.

Even if your own nails are bitten to the quick, it's possible to have long, gracefully-tapered facsimiles—by carefully following directions in the Mona Sculptured Nails kit. Nails are buffed a little first with an emery board. A Silver Nail Form stands in for the non-existent tip (or extends the existing one) until you can build up the sculptured nail and let it dry. This you do by stroking on brushfuls of a special liquid first, then the Mona white powder (for the tip), then clear powder (for the body of the nail). When all is done, dried, and hardened the Silver Nail Forms are slipped off, and the Mona Sculptured Nails are filed to whatever shape and length you fancy . . . and that's it. Available at Bloomingdale's. (For further information, contact Hamlin Kingsley Ltd., 1160 Third Ave., N.Y.C. 10021.)

Q **I'm looking for a rugged, pared-down health spa. No frills—I want a place that will get me in shape fast.**

A The Ashram, a "mini-spa" in Calabasas, California, now 2 years old, is described by its founder, Anne-Marie Bennstrom —a famous name in fitness circles—as "the smallest, toughest, most austere retreat in the country," offering "the most grueling week of self-imposed discipline ever undertaken." Barbra Streisand called it "a boot camp without food." The Ashram takes 6 to 8 guests a week, has 6 staff members to guide them, and literally works the stuffings out of them; though weight loss isn't the primary goal here, the average guest loses 8 to 12 pounds during the week. Waistlines, butts dwindle. . . .

(Continued on page 164)



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Vogue Answers Your Beauty Questions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

The day is a relentless progression of hikes, walks, jogs, exercise sessions (some in the pool), Yoga classes, more walks. Occasionally there's a brief rest period, a sunbath, or a frugal raw meal. "No frills" is putting it mildly—there's not only no rose on the breakfast tray, there's no breakfast, except fruit and tea. Lunch and dinner are only slightly less skimpy. There's no cooked food, no coffee; no manicures, pedicures, herbal wraps; no dressing up (sweat suits and terry togas are provided). What there is is a beautiful forest setting, an expert, supportive staff, and—when the week is over—a giant feeling of health and self-mastery. The cost is $600 per person per week. Write: The Ashram, Calabasas, Calif., 91302. Telephone (213) 888-0232.

Q **I have troubled skin. If I went to a great skin-care salon, what would they do for me? How much would it cost?**

A We put your question to the experts at the Payot Paris Salon in New York, one of the outposts of the famous Dr. G. Payot, of Paris. . . . "What we do depends on the extent of the problem, and whether it's mature or adolescent. If there's a real skin disorder or disease, we refer the person to a dermatologist. If not, we give the skin a good cleaning, removing makeup and foundation, then analyze it through a lighted magnifying glass. Skin analysis is very important—an acne skin can be normal, oily, dry, or sensitive, or a mixture of oily and dry. People with troubled skin often cover it completely with astringent drying lotion, so you may get an oily skin with a dry surface.

"Then, at the salon, the face is softened by massage, a softening cream, and a light ozone steaming. This opens pores, sterilizes skin—everything is softened and purified. (If the skin is very troubled, we don't do the massage.) Then comes the deep-pore cleansing; the esthetician frees the sebaceous ducts by gently, correctly squeezing them with cotton. You couldn't do this at home—it's just too hard to do this on yourself.

"Then comes a clearing lotion, so mild it can be applied around eyes. Then a masque, or a combination of masques—because you might have an oily T-zone with dryness around eyes and forehead. The drying masque is a clay-borax type that tightens pores; it's left on for 10 to 15 minutes. The moisturizing masque is nourishing and very gentle. The drying masque is removed with a cool spray of sea salt, minerals, and distilled water. It flushes the masque off, and the coolness closes the pores.

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Q **I live and work in the city. I walk a lot, but feel the need of some more vigorous exercise—and jogging doesn't appeal, somehow. Would bicycling be a good plan?**

A Bicycling would be great, in our opinion—it's particularly good for slimming hips and thighs, strengthening stomach muscles, and improving overall fitness. To confirm our view, we consulted an authority, A. Georg Fleischer, M.D., Assistant Professor of Clinical Rehabilitation Medicine, New York Medical Center, Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine. "Bicycling is fine," said Dr. Fleischer, "especially as it's a bi-lateral type of exercise—like swimming, running, and jogging—producing reciprocal activities of the body, instead of being a one-sided exercise, like tennis. The bi-lateral, reciprocal activities are better." Dr. Fleischer has a few words of caution for the beginning bicyclist: "Sit straight and easily—don't become swaybacked; don't be terribly forward flexed (crouched), either. Don't try to cover great distances too quickly. Start on level areas and move to hills; initially, use the lower gears to lessen effort."

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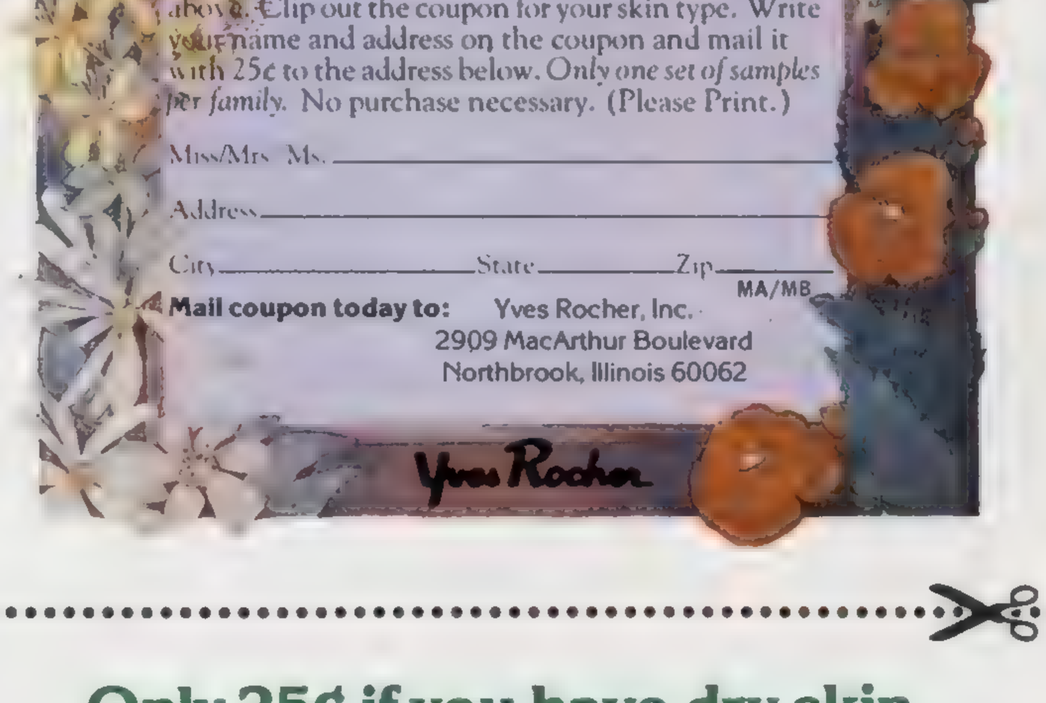
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Vogue Food

By William and Chesbrough Rayner

Ready to cook: two party-tested dinners

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Bill Rayner says he married a chef; she says he's one. No matter who's cooking, guests eat well where the Rayners live. Here, two dinners from their book "Gourmet Cooking by the Clock," published by Signet in 1963 and still ticking. More about Rayner living on page 256-259.*

MENU

ARTICHOKE HEARTS VINAIGRETTE
HAM À L'ORANGE
SPINACH WITH CHEESE
SCALLOPED POTATOES
STRAWBERRIES AND WHIPPED CREAM
LIEBFRAUMILCH COFFEE

Artichoke Hearts Vinaigrette

six servings

2 slices bacon
1 hard-boiled egg, chopped
6 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons vinegar
6 pitted green olives, diced
Salt and pepper
2 7-ounce cans artichoke hearts, drained
6 lettuce leaves

Fry bacon until crisp, then drain on absorbent paper, crumble. Combine olive oil and vinegar, season with salt and pepper. Just before serving, add egg, bacon, olives to dressing. Stir thoroughly and pour over artichoke hearts, which should be served on lettuce.

Ham à l'Orange

six servings

3-pound ham butt
Cloves
6-ounce can frozen orange juice
12-ounce can apricot juice
Brown sugar
½ cup brandy

Remove string casing from ham butt. Stud ham with cloves and place in large roasting pan. Prepare orange-juice concentrate according to directions on container. Add orange and apricot juices to roasting pan. Cover and cook on top of stove over medium heat for 1 hour and 15 minutes or 25 minutes to the pound. Check periodically and add water if liquid boils down. Remove ham from roasting pan, reserve juices in pan, and add brandy. Coat ham with brown sugar. Place rack in bottom of pan to elevate ham above sauce. Place ham on rack. Cover and roast at 375° for 20 minutes. Serve ham covered in sauce.

Spinach with Cheese

six servings

3 10-ounce packages frozen chopped spinach
4 ounces sliced American cheese

Boil 1-inch salted water and add spinach. Cook, covered, 10 to 12 minutes and drain in colander. Place in shallow ovenproof baking dish. Slice cheese in long thin strips. Lace cheese on top of spinach and place under broiler until cheese bubbles.

Scalloped Potatoes

six servings

3 pounds large potatoes
2 large yellow onions
Salt and pepper
Milk

Peel and slice potatoes into ⅛-inch sections. Peel and slice the onions into ¼-inch sections. Place the potatoes and onions in alternate layers in a 2-quart casserole dish. Season each layer with salt and pepper. Pour milk over all until visible through the top. Bake, uncovered, for 1 hour and 15 minutes at 375°.

Strawberries and Whipped Cream

six servings

2 pints fresh strawberries
1 pint heavy cream
Brown sugar

Wash and hull strawberries. Whip cream until soft peaks form; add brown sugar according to taste, about 1 tablespoon; continue beating until peaks are stiff. Serve strawberries topped with whipped cream.

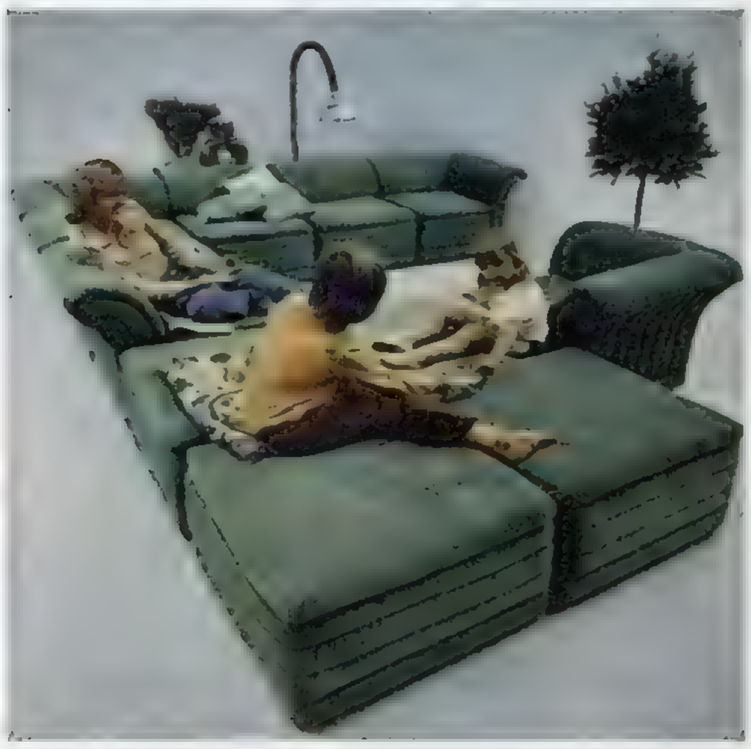
(Continued on page 170)

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Vogue Food

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168

MENU

EGGS ROMANOFF
ROULADES DE BOEUF
BRAISED BELGIAN ENDIVE
WITH MUSHROOMS
VANILLA SOUFFLÉ WITH WHIPPED CREAM
BORDEAUX COFFEE

Eggs Romanoff

six servings

6 hard-boiled eggs
6 tablespoons best-grade caviar
6 lettuce leaves
1 ripe tomato, thinly sliced

Shell eggs, cut in half, remove yolks. Fill whites with caviar. Chop yolks and sprinkle over caviar. Serve on lettuce leaves with sliced tomatoes.

Roulades de Boeuf

six servings

1 pound fresh spinach
6 slices club steak, pounded thin
6 slices Swiss cheese
2 8-ounce cans tomato sauce
1 tablespoon butter
2 white onions
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce

Rinse spinach under cold water, remove stems, and chop spinach coarsely. Place 1 slice Swiss cheese on each steak and top with a portion of spinach. Roll each beef slice like a jelly roll and tie at both ends with butcher's string. Put beef in large ungreased casserole and add tomato sauce. Cover and bake at 450° for 20 minutes and then at 400° for an additional hour. Peel and chop onions and sauté in butter until translucent. Add onions and Worcestershire sauce to sauce for last 10 minutes of cooking.

Braised Belgian Endive with Mushrooms

six servings

12 medium heads Belgian endive
1 pound mushrooms
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cup chicken broth
Butter
2 tablespoons flour
½ cup milk
Salt and white pepper
2 tablespoons grated Gruyère cheese

Snip off bottoms of endive and stem mushrooms. Place endive in a greased baking dish and season with salt, pepper, and pour over ¾ cup chicken broth. Butter a piece of waxed paper and place over casserole. Cover with casserole top and tear away excess paper from sides. Cook at 400° for 1 hour. Prepare Gruyère sauce by melting 2 tablespoons butter and stirring in flour; when thoroughly combined, add milk and ¼ cup chicken broth, continuing to stir over low heat until smooth. Season with salt and white pepper. Allow to thicken slightly and add grated Gruyère cheese. Sauté mushrooms in butter until lightly brown. Remove endive with slotted spoon and place in serving dish. Add mushrooms and pour over Gruyère sauce.

Vanilla Soufflé with Whipped Cream

six servings

4 tablespoons butter
8 eggs
2 cups milk
4 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons vanilla
½ cup granulated sugar
Powdered sugar
2 cups heavy cream

Melt butter in a large double boiler. Separate eggs, placing yolks in small bowl and whites in a deep narrow bowl (it makes it easier to beat). Warm milk, but do not boil. Combine flour with melted butter and gradually stir in hot milk, cooking slowly until thickened; add granulated sugar. Remove from heat and beat in egg yolks and vanilla. Allow to cool. Butter two 2-quart soufflé dishes and coat with powdered sugar. Beat egg whites until stiff and gently fold into vanilla sauce, pour into soufflé dishes. Place soufflé dishes in a shallow baking pan of hot water and bake at 350° for 40 to 45 minutes. Beat heavy cream until stiff and refrigerate until ready to serve with soufflé. ▽

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Contact lenses? Plastic surgery? Run for exercise? Ask the doctors: In 3 good new books, they answer all

ON CONTACT LENSES . . . *Robert J. Morrison, O.D., holds professorships at New York Medical College and at the Pennsylvania College of Optometry. He holds the patent for the soft contact lens and has fitted contacts for H.S.H. Princess Grace of Monaco, Barbara Walters, Carol Channing, and a bunch of notable others.*

The Contact Lens Book *is a complete guide to the whole subject of vision and a survey of the devices and techniques now (and soon-to-be) in use, as well as a care manual. $6.95, HRL Publishing Corporation, Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York.*

ON CONTACT LENSES

Do you mean then that if the eye is healthy, anyone can wear contacts and that they can correct anything that glasses can?
Almost. Recent developments in contact lens technology have made it possible to correct nearly anything which can be corrected by a pair of glasses.
But what about those people who are either very nearsighted or very farsighted and have to wear those thick glasses. Are contact lenses a problem for them?
No, generally speaking, the stronger the correction required, the better the contact lens works.
Why is this so?
There are two principal reasons. The proximity of the contact lens to the eye (and therefore to the problem to be corrected) improves the vision more readily than do glasses. And, most importantly, the person who has had to wear the extremely thick glasses is so delighted to be rid of them that he is strongly motivated to adapt as quickly as possible to the contact lenses.
I have heard that motivation is everything. Do you agree?
Of course it helps. If you keep your contacts in a drawer and don't try to wear them, you will never learn to enjoy them. But motivation is not the biggest factor.
What is, then?
The doctor has to fit the lenses right. In my opinion, that is much more important than the motivation of the wearer.
Why?
Can you imagine yourself as highly motivated to wear a pair of shoes that do not fit? They won't, no matter how hard you try! You will never achieve comfort if the fit is bad.

ON RUNNING FOR EXERCISE

George A. Sheehan, M.D., is director of Electrocardiography at Riverview Hospital in Red Bank, N.J. He also runs the grueling Boston Marathon each spring and holds the world's record for the fastest mile run by a man over 50. Now he has collected his to-the-point thoughts on running, health, and the quality of life in a quirky, holding paperback, Dr. Sheehan on Running. *$3.50, World Publications, Mountain View, CA.*

Why is running the best exercise?
1. It is the easiest to do. Running requires a minimum of equipment, no companions, and no athletic ability. It can be done almost any time and any place. **2.** It is a physiologically perfect exercise. Running uses the large thigh and leg muscles in rhythmic fashion at a personally controlled rate. This is the requirement for safely developing cardiopulmonary function. **3.** It has predictably good results on the body and mind. Running has been proven to (a) increase cardiopulmonary fitness, (b) reduce weight, (c) lower blood pressure, (d) decrease the cholesterol and triglycerides associated with coronary disease, and (e) help psychological stability.
Why is running not the best exercise?
Only 10-15 percent of people are natural runners who will stick to it. Others who are more athletic and muscular will run only as part of another sport. Those who tend to be more broad than long will not run at all. Sport to them is walking, cycling, skating, skiing, or swimming.
How will I know if running is my exercise?
If you ran in school, tend to be narrow rather than wide, have small wrists and weigh in pounds twice your height in inches, you will probably like to run. . . .
What shoes should I use?
. . . . The ones I have used and recommend are the Puma 9190, Adidas Country, Nike Cortez, or Tiger Corsair, and the New Balance Trackster III.
How should I start my running program?
. . . at a conversational pace—a speed at which you can talk with a companion. And the first 10 minutes should be even slower to allow you to reach your second wind. In the beginning, this may mean only a brisk walk or . . . 50 paces walking, alternating with 50 paces jogging. . . .
How far should I run?
. . . . Start with 5-10 minutes every other day and work up to 30 minutes 3-4 times a week. This will achieve most of the results enumerated in question one.

ON PLASTIC SURGERY

Founders and directors of the New York Plastic Reconstructive Surgery Group and founder-members of the International Academy of Cosmetic Plastic Surgery in Switzerland, Ralph Leslie Dicker, M.D., and Victor Royce Syracuse, M.D., have written a book that should be read by anyone contemplating this surgery. Reading Consultation with a Plastic Surgeon *is the next best thing to having one. $9.95, Nelson-Hall, Chicago, Illinois.*

I have a double chin. Can it be corrected? Is this a part of the face-lift?
The operation for the double chin, which is caused by a fat pad, can be corrected with a submental lipectomy (removal of extraneous fat and skin). The incision line spans about one and a half inches in length just beneath and behind the chin. . . . The ready access to the area and the resultant youthful appearance following it warrant having the double chin corrected by this incision, which heals as a fine line hidden from direct view of the chin. The surgery is most frequently performed separately, not in conjunction with the face-lift, although this is certainly not a hard and fast rule with plastic surgeons.

This month's big beauty news (see the cover)



REYNOLDS ROLLES

What goes on under makeup—what makeup should include today: *treatment*—formulated to effect *and* to promote healthy skin and not to interfere with its natural functions. The newest example of what we're talking about: Helena Rubinstein's Existence Treatment and Makeup Collection . . . "an enormous success in Europe and the reason it is now available here," says Helena Rubinstein president, Peter Engel. "Many American women were literally importing these deluxe skin-care products to the United States, so, by enthusiastic demand, we have introduced the collection here on a very selective basis." Every one of the six products *above*—including the cream makeup used on our cover this month—is formulated to: smooth, pH balance, increase moisture content, and stimulate skin. The ingredient that does it—the one used throughout the collection—lipo-glyco protein complex, which, according to Jack Mausner, Ph.D., vice president in charge of research and development, donates protein energy to skin—an important source of new-cell formation. Of these products, the two we think are among the best of any we've seen: Existence Concentrate—the pure treatment ingredient for intensive dry-skin care. And Existence Eye Cream. It does everything the other products do in a special fragrance-free, sheer, easy-to-spread formula—the three things to want, to look for in an eye cream. Concentrate: .65 oz., $35. Eye Cream: .40 oz., $15. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Bullock's; I. Magnin, San Francisco; Wanamaker's.

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Vogue HOROSCOPE

By Francesco Waldner

FROM OCTOBER 1–OCTOBER 31



Barbara Walters was born on September 25th, 1931. With the Sun and Venus in Libra and Mercury in Virgo, her profession is made to measure. Mercury, "the messenger of the gods," governs all kinds of communications—by word, wire, or television—and gives quick thinking, glib, accurate expression, and an immediate grasp of any situation. Libra makes her balanced and charming; Mercury—intellectual, analytical, and highly efficient. Mars in Scorpio sometimes leads to impulsiveness. The last years, with Saturn in a bad position, were not easy for Ms. Walters. Now those difficulties are over, and she will enjoy success and satisfaction in her work and private life.

Aries MARCH 21–APRIL 20

A very positive Saturn aspect allows you to concentrate on long-term projects and perhaps take on more responsibility. This trine aspect will mean, for many, top achievement, a knack for leadership and authority. To maintain this position, you must be disciplined and self-controlled; otherwise, you can't wrest Saturn's rewards. Neptune, a good remedy for life's hard reality, gives you élan and a sense of fantasy. A certain irritability remains from an unfriendly Mars influx; be careful and more diplomatic on the 1st–2nd, 15th–16th, and 27th–29th. **My advice:** Use excellent days on the 17th–18th and 25th–26th and a delightful Venus aspect from the 21st to set your love life straight.

Taurus APRIL 21–MAY 20

October has its tricky moments, but you can easily overcome them if you work hard and watch for financial opportunities. You are going to be luckier than most and less likely to suffer hardships than people born under other signs. In a time of crisis, your considerate manners pay dividends. Difficulties this month lie in your private life; troubles with your family won't be resolved in a minute. Most important is to protect your love life; Venus is negative until the 20th. **My advice:** Make your best use of good Moon aspects on the 1st, 19th–20th, and 27th–29th; be patient on the 2nd–4th, 17th–18th, and 30th–31st.

Gemini MAY 21–JUNE 21

The month's outlook is most favorable. Put through profitable deals with the help of an excellent Mercury aspect which begins on the 11th. Now is the right moment to make a clear, logical decision; advice from elderly people could be useful to your work or study. From the 21st, with Venus in opposition to your natal Sun, a romance could cause complications in your private life. Misunderstandings are in the air: be diplomatic on the 5th–6th and 19th–20th with loved ones and business friends. Your lucky days: the 2nd–4th, 21st–22nd, and 30th–31st. **My advice:** Check all documents and bills carefully before you sign.

Cancer JUNE 22–JULY 22

This is a period for you of popularity, great activity, and personal success. Clever speculations or lucky hunches could make you money. Some sudden event may force you to make an important decision; take the 5th–6th to do so. Your helpfulness will win you a reliable friend and bring further opportunities for gain. Venus is at her best. Many Cancers will have a most important encounter and a happy love affair; romance and lovely hours come on the 23rd–24th. Less favorable: the 7th–9th and 21st–22nd. **My advice:** Involving other people in your affairs could be dangerous.

Leo JULY 23–AUGUST 23

A strong Mars influence until the 8th and a positive Mercury aspect from the 11th help you to handle your affairs with energy and intelligence. Other influences warn you not to make sudden changes; consolidate your present position and don't complicate relationships at work. You have critical days on the 2nd–4th and 10th–11th; your sentimental life is somewhat cloudy until the 20th. An event could spoil the 23rd–24th; but then the worst is over, and for the rest of the month—and on until the middle of November—you will enjoy Venus' excellent influence. Successful days are the 7th–8th and 25th–26th. Avoid quarrels on the 30th–31st. **My advice:** Don't live dangerously.

(Continued on page 176)

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Till Then,
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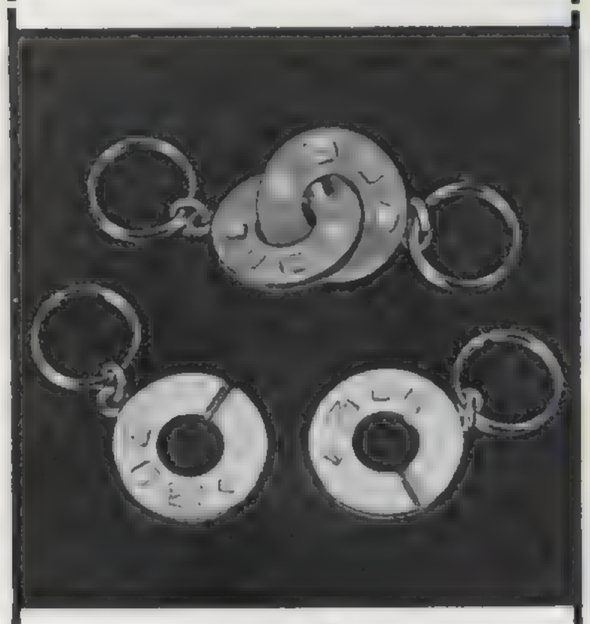
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Vogue HOROSCOPE

Continued from page 174

Virgo AUGUST 24–SEPTEMBER 23

A pleasant social life, interesting relationships, and unexpected happenings lift your spirits, make for a happy month. You are likely to benefit quite substantially through a new or renewed association. Try to put an end to a disagreement over an affair from the first of the year, and don't worry unduly on the 12th–14th and 25th–26th. Good influences guide your emotional life until the 20th, then some difficulties arise. Opportunities for work or business come your way on the 1st, 10th–11th, and 27th–29th. **My advice:** If you approach matters in a positive way, your life will go ahead happily.

Libra SEPTEMBER 24–OCTOBER 23

Very good influences lend impetus to your undertakings. Be active and do your best to build up a solid base for further plans. Family ties will be tested even more than in the past. Use this period's peaceful atmosphere to clear up certain points; relatives won't object. Your loyal cooperation wins friends. On the 1st and 15th–16th, however, you may have to deal with difficulties and suspicion. Don't be surprised if you receive a negative answer on the 27th–29th. Socially, this is a very good time. Lovers will enjoy the 2nd–4th, 12th–14th, and 30th–31st. **My advice:** You can make progress in all your activities now, particularly through property transactions.

Scorpio OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 22

Business prospects are very satisfactory; and, thanks to new and successful ideas, you have a good chance to expand your activities. From the 9th, with Mars in your sign, great self-control will be necessary to avoid clashes. Don't react too sharply on the 2nd–4th and 17th–18th, and show understanding for others' needs. On the 30th–31st, your aggressiveness could cause serious consequences, but an excellent Venus influence promises a wonderful time. You will be very much involved with love; special days are the 5th–6th and 15th–16th. **My advice:** Don't be too impulsive; take care of your health.

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 23–DECEMBER 21

Now is the time for hard work. An interesting enterprise makes good progress, promises well for the future. An older person's experiences will be of great value; and the last third of the month will bring new business contacts, surprising encounters, and a stimulating social round. The Moon protects love and friendship on the 7th–9th and 17th–18th; for shopping, visits, entertainment, and all kinds of communications use the 2nd–4th, 21st–22nd, and 30th–31st. This is a good moment to take on long-range projects or to sign a new contract. **My advice:** With Neptune in your sign, your nerves need pampering. Take a rest and consolidate your health.

Capricorn DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 20

Make up now for delays or for little difficulties in September so you can make good use of new possibilities. October is most positive for intellectual and special interests; if you do tasks in your usual responsible way, progress and security await you. An interesting offer comes toward the end of the month. Be calm on the 7th–9th and 21st–22nd, when the Moon is critical. Mars is positive from about the 10th; before then a quarrel could occur. You have a harmonious sentimental life, with delightful hours on the 10th–11th and 19th–20th. **My advice:** Be sociable and see friends on the 5th–6th or 23rd–24th.

Aquarius JANUARY 21–FEBRUARY 18

A new plan, perhaps born in September, develops; you receive unexpected help from an organization or from people who are interested in your work. Aquarians who made recent changes must concentrate all their forces on a new job. From the 11th, a very positive Mercury influx makes you especially smart, brings successful ideas. From about the 10th, Mars will be negative and you must be careful to avoid quarrels and difficulties with co-workers and family. Check your temper on critical days, the 10th–11th and 23rd–24th. On the 13th–14th and 21st–22nd, Venus brings harmony to your sentimental life. **My advice:** Be diplomatic with old people who don't share your opinions and don't be upset by little difficulties.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

Great activity and fresh impulses mark the month, with favorable aspects for contacts abroad, for travel, and for making acquaintances. Insist on getting a clear decision to an important matter. Your private life brings you great satisfaction and pleasant, surprising events. An unforgettable encounter could become the basis for long-lasting happiness. Until the 20th, Venus shows her best side, then becomes a bit capricious the last ten days. You have many good opportunities on the 15th–16th and a lovely weekend on the 23rd–24th; less favorable days are the 12th–14th and 25th–26th. **My advice:** Realize now a long-hoped-for plan and rid yourself of doubts.

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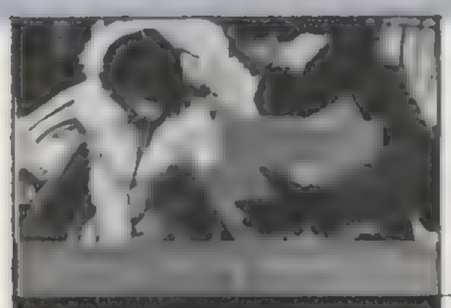
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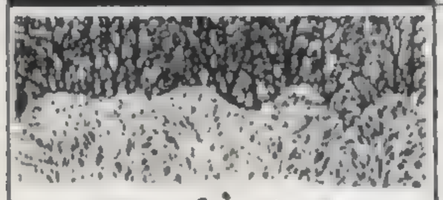
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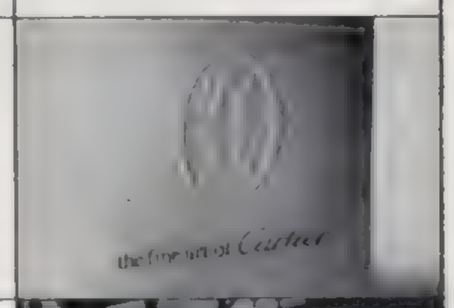
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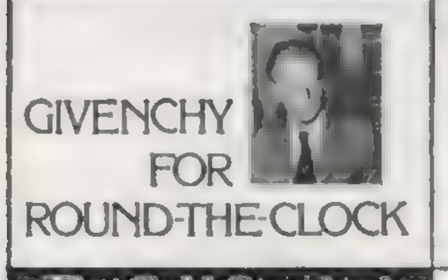
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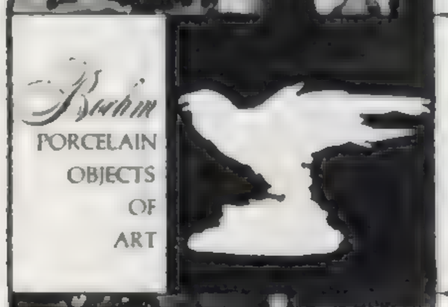
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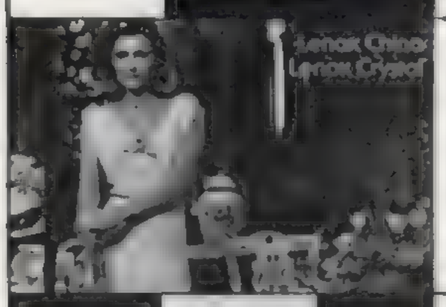
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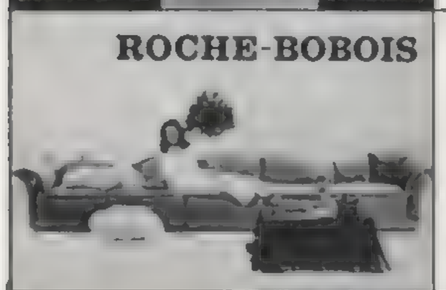
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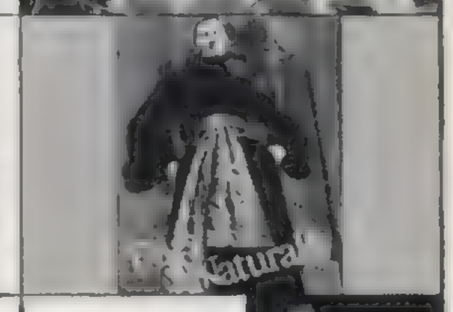
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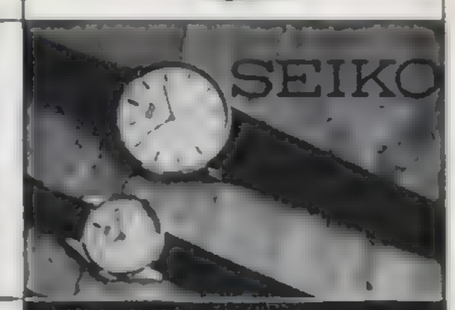
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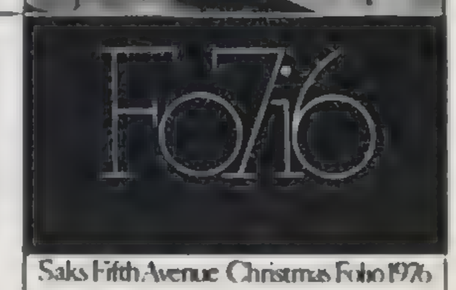
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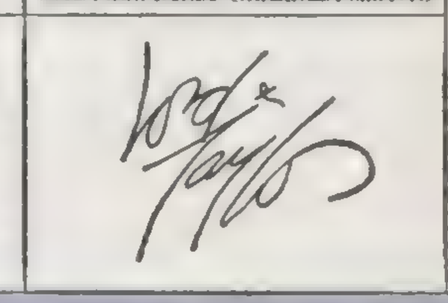
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Vogue Travel By Despina Messinesi

Loll in South Pacific's languor-land, a place of special tenderness

At last it dawned on me: "Polynesia" comes from the Greek, means "many islands." This distant French territory made up of some one hundred and thirty islands covers an area about the size of Western Europe. Tahiti, the largest of the French Polynesian Islands, with Papeete, its largest city, where the international jets land, is where today's South Seas exploration begins.

Tahiti belongs to the group called the Society Islands, so named after the British Royal Society, who, in 1768, commissioned Captain Cook to observe the passage of Venus between Earth and the Sun. The spot where Cook set up his observatory today is called Point Venus.

You feel that God created the Society Islands with a particular tenderness. All, rising in placid lagoons, are circled by protective coral reefs. At night, Pacific waves breaking on the barrier coral banks sound a powerful accompaniment to the lyrical lap-lap of the water on the beach. The waters outside the reef are an intense pencil-blue; surf frames the lagoon in a perpetual froth, white and fluffy as beer foam. Transparent as a pane of glass, the lagoon itself ranges through liquefying aquamarine, robin's egg blue, peacock green, glass blue.

Returning to Papeete after sixteen years, I found a building boom that shocked me, but only temporarily. The newness spreads only a short span of this small-big city, the Government seat of French Polynesia. The air terminal stuns by its efficiency, is minutes from the center city and the new impressive hotels.

Today, along Papeete's waterfront and sheltered bays, you see thirty-five-foot boats anchored, flying American, French, English, Canadian, and Australian flags; many of them are on circle tours of the world.

By 6:00 A.M., the roads already are full of people motoring to work. What fun to see girls wearing helmets over long blowing black hair riding motorbikes.

Everybody looks dressed for a beach excursion, Tahitian prints, of course. Brilliant colors. Wonderful skin, the color of melted bronze. Thick lips. Glorious smiles. Ripples of giggles. And the black, black hair, waist-length or longer, like a black satin back-panel. Bare legs and the square brown toes that appear exaggerated in Gauguin paintings. No matter what age, women show lots of skin; girls in shorts, minis, T-shirts, or décolleté cottons, sometimes long skirts. It's color, color. Straw hats, worn by men, banded with shell necklaces.

Who can complain about the new double waterfront avenue leading into the city when it is divided by a green lane of blooming flamboyants? All along the roads, hedges of bougainvillaea, hibiscus, all shades of ti bushes—orange, wine-red, yellow—then beyond, shaggy banana trees, the Matisse-cutout shaped breadfruit-tree leaves, and dangling fruit the size of watermelons.

Cars spin down the white ribbon of road built of coral. Small Renaults, Peugeots. *Les trucks*, the local bus system, careen along the roads, obligingly stop-signaled by passengers. Conveniently marked on the sides, buses list the hotels as well as the districts.

The Tahitian greeting is a kiss on each cheek. This happens on buses, in the market. As a traveler, you get used to kisses, when being introduced, when saying goodbye. Tahitians speak, of course, Tahitian, a language made up of five vowels and eight consonants. You can't understand a word. Each vowel is pronounced, each syllable ends in a vowel. Most also speak French, a rare few speak hotel-English.

Traveling, you swing into the rhythm. Hotels begin serving breakfasts at 6:30 in the morning. The same system runs across all the islands: a buffet with fruits—platters of papaya with piles of green lemons (limes to us), grapefruits the size of honeydew melons, slices of pineapple. Then, choose from dishes of croissants, sweet rolls, butter from New Zealand, jams, and honey; maids take orders for eggs, pancakes, pour tea and coffee.

Working and shopping hours run from 7:30 to 11:30 A.M.; then from about 1:30 to 5 P.M. At noon, the city is silent, empty. Banks close up at 3:30. On Saturday, shops shut down at noon.

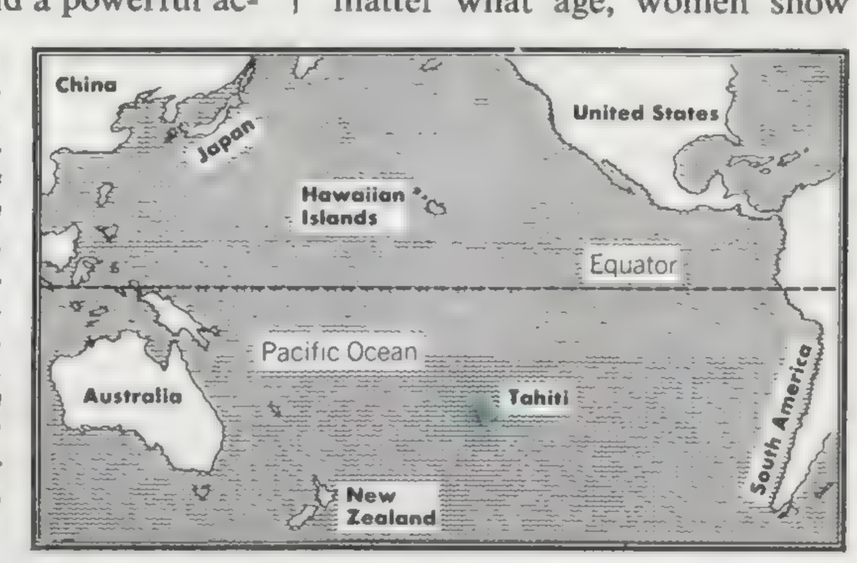
Although the temperature varies slightly, the winter season begins in June and ends in September. All year, the sun shines daily but obligingly hides under clouds at intervals. In Tahitian winter (our summer), nights turn cool, you need a sweater.

What do you do in Papeete?

(Continued on page 186)



On Mooréa Island: Club Med's setting for classical music



One of the Society Islands, Tahiti centers South Pacific (right); romantic ideas of this sea-locked play-place come from 1890's paintings of Frenchman Paul Gauguin, like the one (below) called "Delightful Day," Tahitians in their warm, stress-free habitat.



Courtesy Musée Des Beau-Arts, Lyon, France

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 184

It's a "see" place of shops and landscape. In the center of town, the waterfront and short streets, you find everything you would expect: banks; shops selling shells, mother-of-pearl trinkets, some black cultured pearls farmed in nearby islands; and boutiques, often run by Chinese.

The best place for pareos (the Tahitian wraparound), made into dresses (long or short), shirts, skirts, is at Marie Ah You on Rue Paul Gauguin, the street directly across from the Tahitian Tourist Office on the waterfront.

Be brave and enter other shops that look like warehouses with bolts of cloth; upstairs, they generally have ready-made cotton sundresses, wraparounds, shirts. Nothing sells for just a song; a long beach dress costs about $60; short ones about $20—naturally, depending upon the material.

At Papeete's Sunday sunrise market, crowds vie for the still-wet fish



"At night on Tahiti, Pacific waves sound a powerful accompaniment to the lyrical lap-lap of the lagoon"

On the waterfront, Tahiti Art makes hand-painted silks for pareos or dresses; a three-meter length, $60. Hand-painted caftans, cotton/synthetic, $40.

Around five in the afternoon, women, big, plump, earthy, sit along the curb sewing leis and flower crowns. Crowns look ravishing made of gardenias and ferns sewn on a base of pandanus, or of *tiare*—the strong, haunting Tahitian jasmine; their scent and look is bewitching. Crowns and leis range from $1.25 to $3.

The island of Tahiti, shaped like a frying pan with a fat handle, divides neatly into the west coast of white sand and the wilder east coast of cliffs and black sand. Do drive around the island.

Ten kilometers out of Papeete, you're in deep country: at Paea, twenty kilometers east, you pass the governor's residence and close by Marlon Brando's house, both densely walled in greens and opening to the sea.

An alley of palms, above yellow hibiscus, leads to the nine-hole Golf Club, the pride of Papeete, commemorated even on stamps. Few golfers use the course, those who do wear pareos, dive into lagoons to retrieve balls and cool off, cut a grapefruit or a coconut, when thirsty.

Nearby is the Gauguin Museum, already eleven years old. The newest addition, a building that opened in May, includes French contemporaries and three Gauguin paintings (the only ones on the island, the rest are all copies). Beautifully arranged, the museum traces Gauguin's life, shows artifacts of his Paris days, map of his travels, some of his sculpture, and many pages of his exquisite, neat handwriting.

Next to the Gauguin Museum is the Botanical Garden of Tahiti, founded by Harrison Willard Smith, its American benefactor.

Among the many luxe hotels in and around Papeete, there is the Maeve Beach, a long stretch of brown balconied rooms, with façades reminiscent of Aztec pyramids, facing a quiet sandy bay.

The bar, Café de Paris, a sort of turn-of-the-century atmosphere, after dinner becomes a lively disco filled with regulars who dance madly, greet and kiss each other. Downstairs is the Amiral de Bougainville (named for the eighteenth-century French explorer of Tahiti), the breakfast room, as well as bar, lunch, dinner place (snacks may be ordered at the pool)—all under a thatched roof.

In the formal restaurant, Gauguin, men dine in shirts, no ties, but women turn up in long, décolleté dresses, printed sheaths, a few in pants and silk shirts. It's so easy to dress up in Tahiti—just add a flower to the hair.

No matter where you stay in Papeete or the neighboring islands, luxe hotel doesn't necessarily mean luxe service. Tahitians don't like to work; why should they? They never rush, enjoy talking to one another while you wait, remain unconcerned. Of course, no tipping is allowed: in hotels, airports, restaurants. You can't crack the Tahitian temperament; it's best to smile, be patient, and wait.

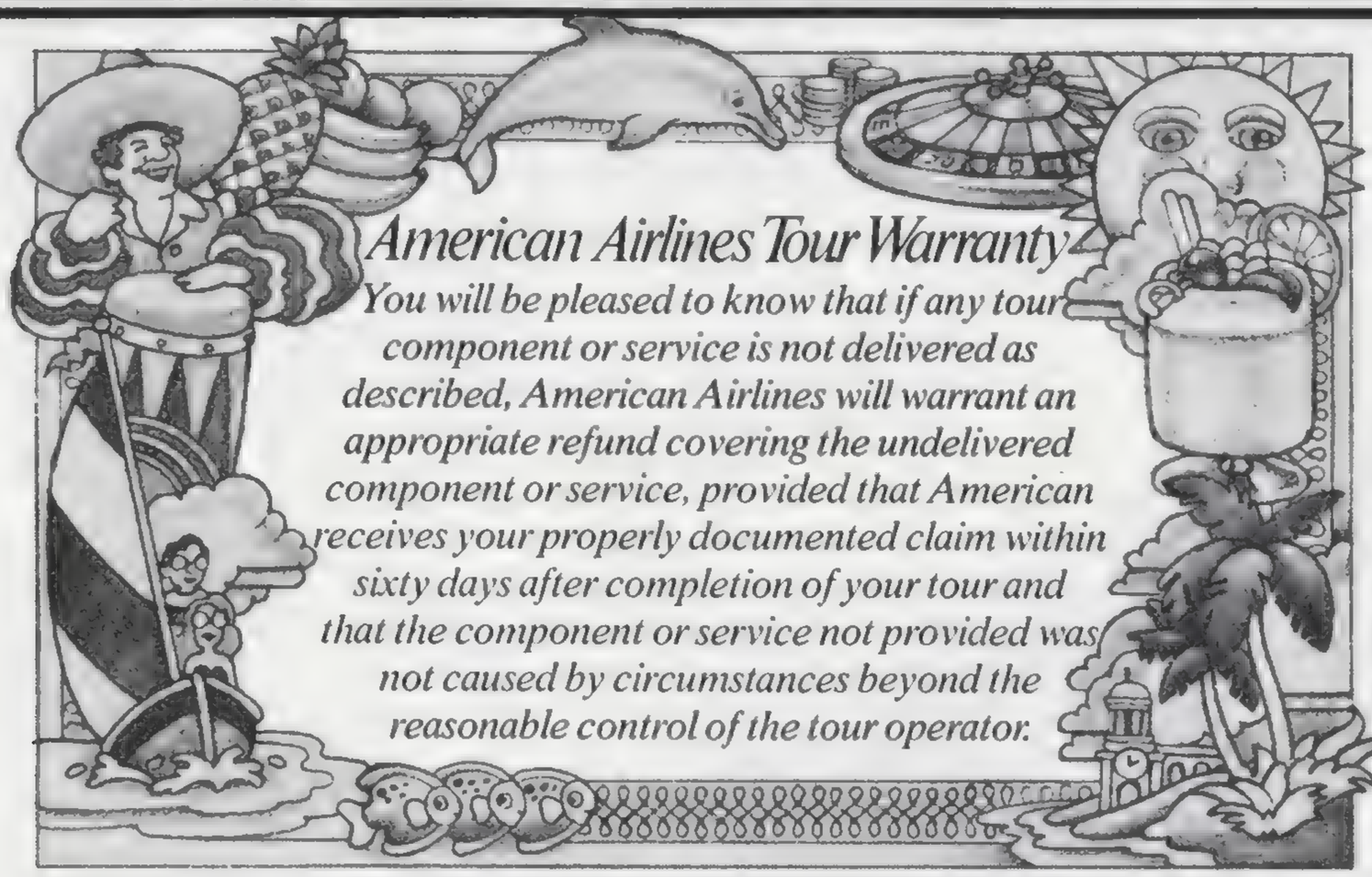
The two-year-old TraveLodge belongs to a chain of hotels well-known in the South Pacific. Four miles from Papeete and one mile from the airport Faaa (fa-a-a), the lodge's span of balconied, air-conditioned rooms overlooks a pool and a lagoon.

(Continued on page 188)

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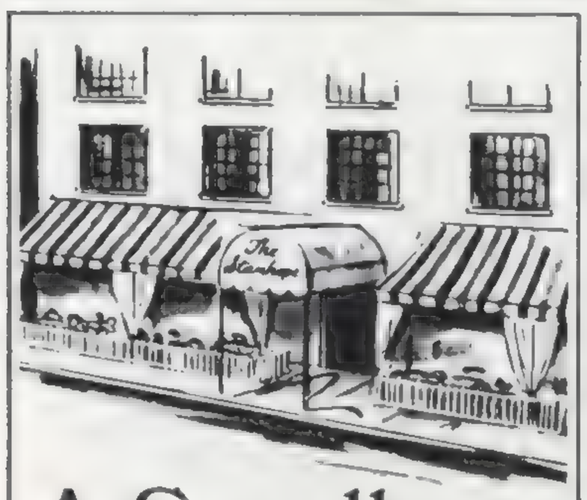
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Not an RFD mail box but Tahitian cache spot for French breads

On stilts, bridging the two lagoons, are seventeen thatched bungalows, with steps leading to the water. All have rooms with twin or double beds, single bed disguised as a sofa, desk, good bathrooms, plus refrigerators. Pool meals, coffee shop, dining room; two tennis courts, plus gear for snorkeling, water-skiing.

Hotel Tahiti, one of the first hotels (dating back all of fifteen years), a cottage compound about a mile and a half from the city, still preserves great charm. It's the South Seas you expect with a shaded open lounge.

Everybody looks beach-dressed in Tahitian prints. Women of all ages show lots of skin

Also under the same management, a compound of bungalows called Tahiti Village Beach Hotel, round bungalows with terraces on a beach, lies nine miles from Papeete and five from the airport. Mini buses link the two hotels twice a day. (Taxis in Papeete run astronomically high.)

Le Royal Tahitien, small two-storied blocks of balconied rooms with screened, shaded porches, each arranged like a sitting room; bar and pool overlook a black-sand beach. It's small, discreet, unpretentious, with a handsome dining room. (Two miles from Papeete on the east coast.)

Tahara'a Hotel, one of those hotels terraced on hills, with the lobby on the top and elevators to go down to the rooms, lies on the black-sand beach of the east coast. Exceptionally large balconied rooms overlook the pool; open bar terraced on the hillside.

In the middle of Papeete, across the road from the boats sailing to Mooréa is the new, small, reasonable Hotel Kon Tiki. Balconied waterfront rooms have unbeatable views, large bathrooms. The rooftop restaurant serves good food at reasonable prices; Moana snack bar is fast, convenient.

Papeete's restaurants: multi-national gusto

Eating in Papeete is no problem. Vaima, a café, restaurant, and *salon de thé*, on the waterfront is a pleasant place anytime, beginning with breakfast, when yacht people go, to late after-dinner drink.

Also on the waterfront, a bit away from the center, is La Pizzeria, definitely Italian. An attractive group lunches here, worldly French, Italian, Spanish.

Mooréa's Oponohu Bay is serene yacht anchorage; right peak was "Bali Hai" in film "South Pacific"



You eat good pizzas, hearts of coconut salad, breaded veal, charcoal steak with herbs (thyme, marjoram) cooked over fires of bamboo, which adds to the flavor.

On Avenue Bruat, off the waterfront is Pitate, one of the top restaurants in town, run by Acajou, a small Chinese dressed in starched white. Tables set under an awning or in the cool, darkened interior. Super: the Tahitian marinated fish salad, raw tuna or bonito with coconut milk, the half-chocolate, half-Grand Marnier soufflé. Across the street, Hachette, an excellent bookstore, with some books in English.

High above the city is La Chaumière, *the* restaurant where Tahitians entertain; the food is excellent, exorbitantly expensive. At a drop of a hat, Tahitians crack open bottles of champagne —at discos, dining, or as aperitifs.

There are masses of good Chinese restaurants. Next to the Bambou Cinema is Le Dragon d'Or, dark and lighted even for luncheon. Waikiki, run by Thérèse, imports chefs from Hong Kong. Pitate Mamao, run by a sharp young Chinese, is tidy, filled with daylight and people.

Places to eat traveling around Tahiti: Jean Chapiteau, a sort of roadhouse under a mango tree thirty kilometers away before the Golf Club. Seven tables; excellent fresh-water shrimps.

Next to the Gauguin Museum, about fifty kilometers from town, Restaurant du Musée Gauguin, run by Englishman Roger Gowen. Try shrimp or lobster curry; fried bananas with coconut milk.

On the east coast, Te Anuanua ("rainbow") is a small cottage

(Continued on page 190)

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complex and a restaurant. Edging the water, you look down at brilliant fish in a natural coral aquarium of brown and mauve.

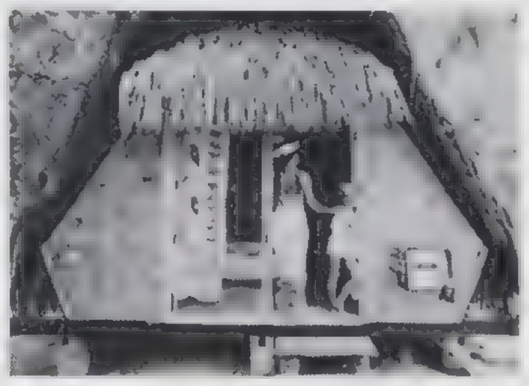
Opening up: Mooréa, island-next-door

Airstrips on the neighbor islands combined with new resort hotels have opened up many islands for years accessible only by boat and with minimum comforts.

The first was Mooréa Island, that eye-trap you see across the channel from Papeete. Boats sail across in ninety minutes and the passage is rough; now, Air Polynésie and Air Tahiti run shuttle planes across in about ten minutes. Flying across on UTA from Los Angeles to Papeete, most of the passengers seemed to be headed for the Club Méditerranée on Mooréa Island.



Bora Bora Hotel's overwater bungalow (above) is like your own island. On Mooréa, Club Méd offers cool thatched "grass shacks" (below)



Driving to the Club on *le truck*, you pass by Cook's Bay, a deep green like the mountains with jagged peaks it reflects; slopes like creased green velvet.

Copra dries on platforms. Chinese stores, general stores with everything. Then, a few colonial houses, which islanders say resemble those of New Orleans. Then comes Mooréa's second spectacular, Oponohu Bay, reflecting towering stone peaks. Boats lie motionless, nothing breaks the serenity, only the cracking palms, banana leaves, pandanus. Then, suddenly, the sun shines brighter, the lagoon glints as if pin-pricked, its color shifts to blue-greens, and you've reached Club Méd Village.

Climbing down from the bus to the singing of a Tahitian Club Méd song, each new guest is kissed on both cheeks and a flower crown is placed on his head. Then, he is taken to the bar overlooking the aquamarine lagoon and given the traditional welcome rum-punch drink.

Needless to say, the Tahitian pareo, the world-wide uniform of the Club Méd, is worn with more authority on Mooréa. Now, instead of the heavy cotton, they make them in thin voile in pastel prints, even lavender. Women, on the other hand, also look right in covered-up missionary dresses blowing in the breeze. Anything goes, shorts, bikinis.

Mooréa's Club Méd dining room gave me the joyous feeling of a great hall. The food is sensational: great platters of fresh island fruits—mountains of papayas, watermelons, oranges, pineapples; platters of sizzling fish, chicken, meats; every kind of salad; plus pastries, cheeses from France. You hear French, Italian, English, Spanish, Japanese. It's a babble of tongues and laughter. Different and special here is the range of guests—children, young couples, middle-aged, old.

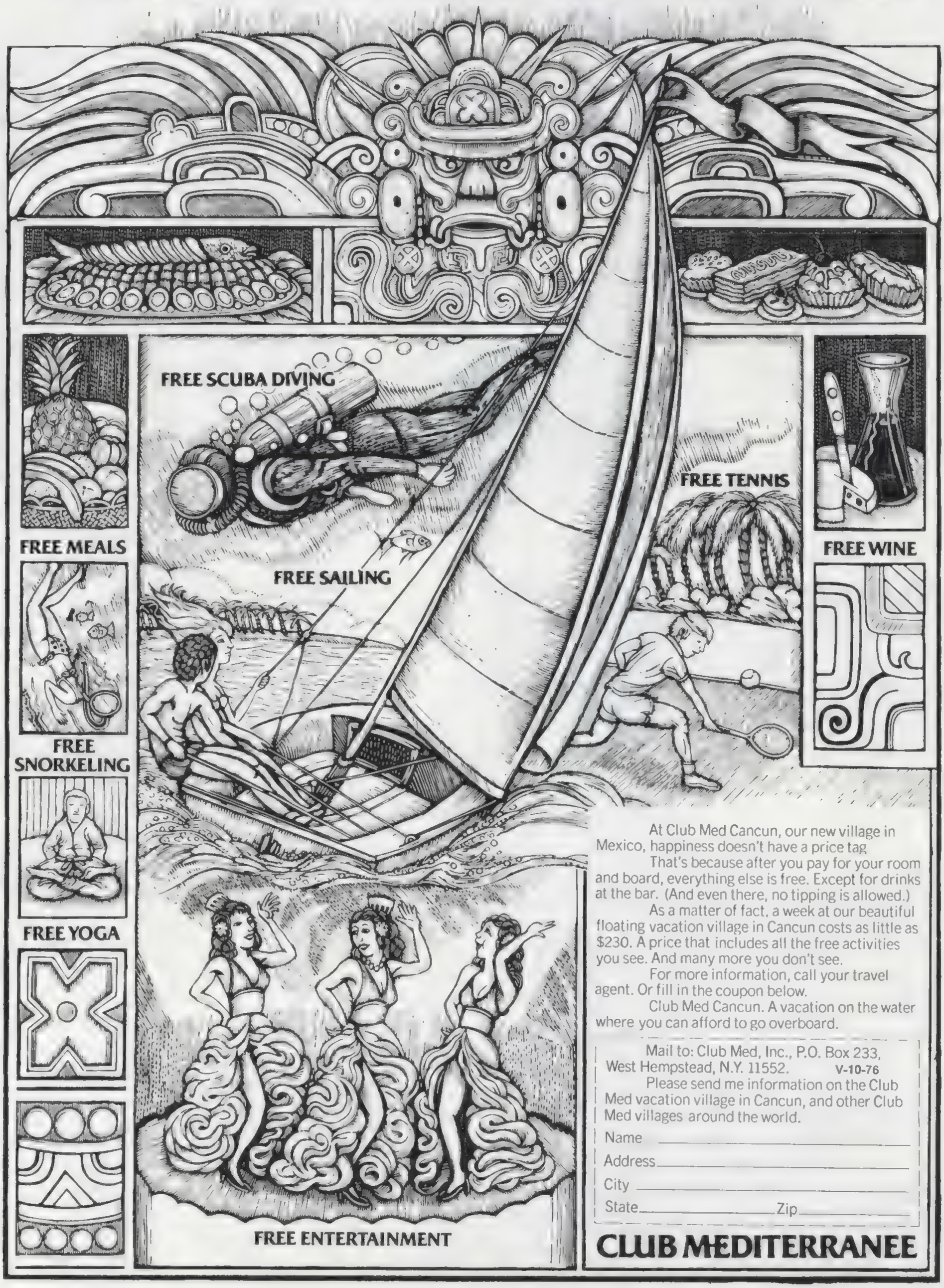
Sturdy Tahitians play and sing in the bar. At five, in a special hall, the delight of classical music. Across from the Club, still in the sheltered lagoon are three small green islands circled in beach where people picnic, sail, or swim, although the Club's beach of white sand is broad and sensational, shaded conveniently by enormous sea-grape trees.

The bungalows, small A-frames with thatched roofs almost touching the ground, are a masterpiece of design; the two-bedded rooms are marvelously cool because of their construction. Louvered walls on one side, side walls not touching the roof make for added breezes.

At the Mooréa Club Méd, as at the others, but even more so, snorkeling, water-skiing, deep-sea diving, every water sport is available, plus four lighted ten-

(Continued on page 192)

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nis courts, excursions to Papeete, Rangiroa, and neighbor islands. You can't go wrong here, the weather is perfect all year. Island hotels all provide free bicycles, snorkel gear, and outrigger canoes for the guests. All resort hotels have small boutiques selling pareos, straw hats, beads, postcards, and books.

Among the hotels on Mooréa, the Mooréa Lagoon, a complex of bungalows, spreads along a curve of beach with small scooped bays just big enough to hold two lounge chairs. The pace



On the Rangiroa atoll, fishermen ready their outrigger, nets

is languid. Dogs sleep on the sand stretched out like humans. Hens scuttle under the bungalows.

Framed in hibiscus hedges, the bungalows are cool, screened. Dressing rooms with washbasins, shower stall with a coconut shell for a soap dish.

The new excitement on Mooréa is the luxe bungalow complex Kia Ora Village, opening for Christmas on the east coast along a broad sandy beach. Large, new bungalows stand on carved tiki posts, have sliding glass doors, handsome bathrooms, terraces in back. Also a marina, a bar with a broad deck for drinks and snacks, a large formal restaurant for dinner. All this two miles away from the airport, which is behind a hill, a natural sound screen.

Mellowed with time, the Aimeo Hotel, the first on Mooréa, remains spick-and-span and stands on the celebrated Cook Lagoon.

On Mooréa, don't miss the ride into the interior to the belvedere where you see both bays, feel close to the razor mountain peaks. Stop at the *marae*, ancient temples built of coral and now looking mysterious shaded by enormous chestnut trees.

Huahine: fresh new island stay-spot

Huahine (who-a-hin-e), one of the most recent to "open," is a virgin island belonging to the Society Islands' leeward group *(Îles Sous le Vent)* and forty minutes' flight northwest of Tahiti aboard Air Polynésie.

From the airport you drive down a road slashed through coconut forests to a lovely complex of bungalows, the new hotel Bali Hai. The main long house leads to a circular bar at the water's edge and dining room.

Thirty-four cottages spread on the grounds, with lagoons filled with water lilies, bridges, frangipani, sea-grape trees trimmed to spread for shade.

Enchanting bungalows with ceiling fans stand on stilts. Amazing food prepared by Shorty, an American from Honolulu; local lobsters, flying fish fried like chicken, saltwater crab, parrot fish, purple-colored sweet potatoes, chips made from breadfruit.

Driving around Huahine, you go past vanilla plantations, tapioca groves, coffee plantations in white flower, kapok trees. Here,

A curve of beach with small scooped bays just big enough to hold two lounge chairs

too, a series of *marae*, Polynesian temples of coral. All have been restored recently by the Bishop Museum of Honolulu. Excursions to outer islands are the delight of shell collectors, who bring protective pants and tops to wear snorkeling over the coral.

Bora Bora: hammocks strung above the sand

Bora Bora—although the B is nonexistent in the Tahitian alphabet and Tahitians pronounce it Pora Pora—definitely is spelled Bora Bora. This *Île Sous le Vent*, fifty minutes by plane from Papeete, adds up to a series of delights. Arriving on Bora Bora, you land on an airstrip built on a palmy islet. The air terminal services the planes on one side and, on the other, is a boat terminal.

In time, you board a launch for thirty minutes in the lagoon, passing enchanting shores, empty of houses, edged only with palms to Vaitape, a village with a short main street lined with restaurants in thatched huts. The last leg is a thirty-minute drive by garden houses, fishing nets drying in the wind, to the Hotel Bora Bora.

Hotel Bora Bora stands on a sandy promontory in dense

(Continued on page 194)



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 192

palms. Neatly laid out along hibiscus-edged walks is the complex of bungalows, seventy-three in all, some in gardens, some on the beach with hammocks strung above the sand, and fifteen on stilts above the water (reached by boardwalks), definitely prized.

A big porch (with flippers and snorkeling gear) hangs over the water; steps lead directly to the lagoon. The room, arranged like a bed-sitting room, has two large beds, a fridge filled with everything, desk, a good-sized dressing room with a transformer that lets you use hair dryers and shavers.

From the bungalow, I faced the steep rock formation of the mountain, a small little island, and a Boston Whaler power boat guests may charter to motor to the small green lumps of islands.

Of course, Hotel Bora Bora provides bicycles and tours to the reef and rides on glass-bottom boats. For reefs, definitely wear a pair of ugly plastic sandals bought in Papeete at Bata.

In the glass-bottom boat, you glide above coral reefs, some shaped like brains, others like branches of cauliflower, some like thorns; and, in spots, it's like looking deep into a forest from a helicopter. The fish are fantastic.

Rangiroa: an atoll is a "doughnut" island

Rangiroa is an atoll (a circular coral island or ring of islets with a lagoon in its center), the largest atoll on the Tuamotu Archipelago northeast of Papeete, sixty minutes away by Air Polynésie.

The four-hundred-square-mile lagoon in the center of Rangiroa is green—melted emerald green. When you land, it's all flat, nothing grows taller than the coconut palms, which here are young and short. In a few minutes, you arrive at Kia Ora Village, a cluster of bungalows along the beach facing the lagoon. It's all coral and sand, groves of young palms.

Cottages are simple, with twin beds, windows all around, a dressing room with closet, shelves, washbasin that runs only cold water, but the shower does have hot. On an atoll, to have running water at all involves ingenious engineering. The Village provides bottled drinking water. At night, kerosine lamps light the porches of the bungalow. There is electricity inside, but it goes off during the night.

André, a French chef who arrived at the Tuamotus by way of Tokyo, prepares delicious food.

To all the islands, take paperbacks. You can trade them with other guests or with the hotel. Everybody presumes that you know how to snorkel. If you don't, ask to be taught. Take a radio. You get English news at nine in the morning. If you like music, take a player and tapes; Tahitian music after a few weeks becomes monotonous. Don't worry about mosquitoes; sprays you can buy there do the trick, all hotels have the coils that burn at night to keep bugs away. Take a flashlight. If you don't like the sound of surf when you sleep, wear earplugs. Also take a sleeping mask if light wakens you; curtains are not blackout ones on the islands.

Don't worry about clothes: bathing suits, a cover-up (can be a pareo); for evening, something long, colorful showing skin but not elaborate. In hotel boutiques, you can buy thonged sandals, hats, sun lotions—Coppertone as well as the Tahitian Monoi Tiare oil to use if you have a tan.

But just remember, do not grab unfamiliar shells. Here, the creatures may be alive and can suck fingers inside their shells. Imagine! But no snakes, nothing vicious in this gentle paradise. ▽

To the South Seas on the "Snoozer": Fly UTA



To be sure, it's a long eight-hour flight from Los Angeles to Tahiti, but flying UTA, the exceptionally cozy French Airlines, you snooze your way across South Pacific skies. After an 11:55 P.M. take-off from L.A., a stiff nightcap with delicious cold cuts, it's time for breakfast—or seems so. Racing the luminous sunrise, UTA taxies down Tahiti's runway. Violà, French Polynesia—green-blue lagoons, flower crowns, big warm smiles.

To beat the astronomical cost of a journey to distant French Polynesia, including hotel rooms, fares to other islands plus sightseeing, choose one of the UTA-Spacific Tours specializing in the South Pacific. To the roundtrip tour airfare Los Angeles to Tahiti, about $630, add $287 for twelve days during off-season, $312 during high-season. (May, June, and September, although rated "off" are some of the best months.) Definitely prepay $136 to cover your hotel meals in the outer-islands which, unlike Papeete, have no other restaurants. For, say, a "grand," what a trip!

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The Potion of Love.

And how it began in Saronno 450 years ago.



We know that she was young. Blonde. Beautiful. And that she was widowed. But did she create the original Amaretto di Saronno as a thank you for her portrait? Or was it offered as a gift to express affection for Bernardino Luini, the now famous artist whose painting immortalized her in 1525?

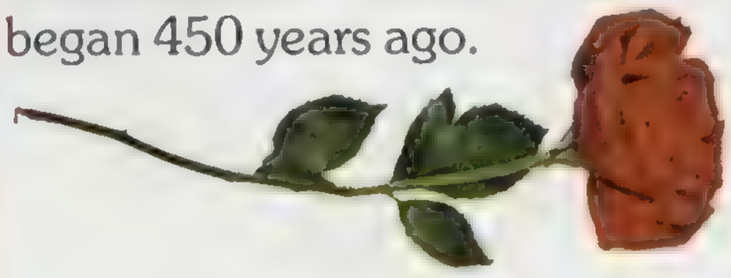
History has lost most of the answers—even her name—leaving us nothing but Luini's stunning fresco in the Sanctuary of Santa Maria delle Grazie in Saronno, Italy. And...her romantic liqueur. We still like to think Amaretto di Saronno is a liqueur that inspired a great love.



It's something for you to wonder about tonight as you discover its intriguing flavor and enjoy its provocative bouquet. This is Amaretto di Saronno. The original Amaretto. Brought here from Saronno, the village of love.

Only the Cognac region of France can produce the finest Cognac brandy. And only the vineyards of Bordeaux can ever produce a true Bordeaux wine.

So also, the finest Amaretto liqueur comes only from Saronno—where it all began 450 years ago.



Amaretto di Saronno.
We've left a rose alongside our name as a reminder of how it all began.



Discover the many other ways to use Italy's rare liqueur of love. Write for our free drink recipe booklet and food recipe booklet, "Gourmet Secrets." Address: Foreign Vintages, Inc., 98 Cutter Mill Road, Great Neck, New York 11021, Dept. 49D

Amaretto di Saronno.®

The Original Amaretto. From the Village of Love.

56 Proof. Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc. Great Neck, N.Y. © 1975.

Our soap is nearly perfect.



Before you plunk down $1.25 for a bar of Neutrogena® expecting it to be the finest, mildest soap you can buy for your sensitive skin, there's something you should know.

It won't last long. Not as long as most mass-produced bars that sell for a lot less. And some people, spending that much money for a mere bar of face soap, might consider that a fault.

But the reason Neutrogena doesn't last as long as other soaps is *also* the reason it is unique in its kindness to sensitive skin.

Neutrogena is made to dissolve easily – on purpose. Our soft-soap formula contains none of the additives that make other soaps last longer. Why? Because soaps that contain these hardeners also can be harder to rinse off your face, and can leave an invisible film on your skin which is potentially irritating.

Instead, Neutrogena soap's mild lather rinses away dirt and make-up, then rinses off completely, leaving your face feeling clean and refreshed, but without a soap film residue to alter your skin's pH balance and keep it from returning to normal.

You'll feel the difference the first time you wash with Neutrogena. Your face won't feel taut and dry or even itchy. It's like the difference between rinsing off water and rinsing off syrup. And this solubility is your assurance of safety and mildness for your skin.

Here's another assurance: Neutrogena Soap is tested as carefully as if it were a prescription drug. Its natural ingredients meet USDA Food Grade requirements, which means they're safe enough to eat. And in numbers of medical tests, Neutrogena has been used where other soaps could not be tolerated.

In fact, dermatologists, allergists, even plastic surgeons frequently recommend our soap because of its safety. Its mild, heavy-molecular formula is chemically-balanced to remove surface dirt and make-up without penetrating and deterging the sub-layers of the skin and robbing them of oils and moisture.

However, the true value of any soap should be judged by the way it cares for your skin. What makes Neutrogena only nearly perfect in the soap dish really makes it perfect for your complexion.



for sensitive skin care.

The Jaguar sedan.
A commitment to excellence.
A challenge to conformity.



Jaguars are, and always have been, strikingly individual cars. This is the result, not of any special compulsion to be different, but of a dedication to excellence that extends to every part of the car.

It is not enough, for instance, that Jaguar's engines be strong and powerful. They must also be smooth, responsive and very reliable.

It is not enough that the Jaguar sedan handles like a sports car, with all-independent suspension, four-wheel power disc brakes and rack and pinion steering. The car must also be uncannily silent in motion, even at the extremes of high performance motoring.

Nor is conventional luxury sufficient to meet Jaguar's standard. The Jaguar dash is covered with real burled walnut, the seats are faced in topgrain hides and the level of amenity throughout is remarkably complete. Even the thermostatically controlled self-adjusting air-conditioning system and the AM/FM radio, 8-track tape deck and stereophonic speakers are standard equipment.

Even the Jaguar warranty is an uncommon commitment. For 12 months, regardless of mileage, Jaguar will replace or repair any part of the car that is defective or that simply wears out, provided only that the car is properly maintained. The only exceptions are the tires, which are warranted by the tire manufacturer, and spark plugs and filters, which are routine replacement items. Even then, if they are defective, Jaguar will pay to replace them.

You may order the incomparable Jaguar XJ sedan powered by either the electronically fuel-injected, short-stroke V-12, or by the history-making double-overhead cam Jaguar Six, both with automatic transmission standard.

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For the name of the Jaguar dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

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Saratoga 120's











18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Cartoon Contest.



Enter our Saratoga 120's Cartoon Contest and you may find yourself $5,000 richer. First, take a look at the cartoons on the left. Simple idea. The Saratoga smoker is always holding up the works, because he's got so much more cigarette to enjoy. The caption is: "Wait 'til I finish my Saratoga."

Now all you do is give us the cartoon idea. If you can't draw it, describe it in writing. The winning entries will be selected by a panel of nationally known cartoonists. What counts is originality, suitability of theme, and how fast your cartoon reduces the panel to helpless spasms of laughter.

Our judges will select five top winners and each will receive $5,000 cash. The first fifteen runners-up will win $1,500 cash, each. And there will be 100 honorable mention awards of $125 each. Read the Contest Rules carefully, then send us your Saratoga 120's cartoon idea. Include the bottom panel from a pack of regular or menthol Saratoga 120's.

Entries must be postmarked by December 31, 1976, and received no later than January 14, 1977. So don't wait 'til you finish your Saratoga. Finish our Saratoga cartoon instead. And win!





SARATOGA 120'S CARTOON CONTEST
P.O. Box 2181, Westbury, N.Y. 11591
I want to be $5,000 richer!
So here's my Saratoga 120's cartoon entry.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ **State**_____ **Zip**_____
(necessary)

Saratoga 120's

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

1. On the entry blank above, or on a plain piece of paper no larger than 8½" x 11", draw or write your idea for a cartoon whose caption is "Wait 'til I finish my Saratoga." Print your name, address and zip code on your entry and be sure to include with it the bottom panel from a pack of regular or menthol Saratoga 120's.
2. You may enter as often as you wish. Each entry submitted must be different and mailed separately. Mail your entry to: SARATOGA 120's CARTOON CONTEST, P.O. Box 2181, Westbury, N.Y. 11591. All entries must be postmarked by December 31, 1976, and received no later than January 14, 1977. All prizes will be awarded and winners notified by mail. No entry will be returned or acknowledged.
3. National Judging Institute, Inc., will direct judging of all entries. Entries will not be judged on artistic ability or medium of presentation. Judging will be solely on the basis of: originality—novel or interesting situation (0-50 points); aptness—fitting to the contest theme (0-20 points); humorous appeal—amusing or comical (0-30 points). Winners will be selected by a panel of nationally known cartoonists from semifinalists chosen by National Judging Institute, Inc. All decisions will be final; and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
4. All entries become the property of Philip Morris Inc. and constitute permission for Philip Morris Inc. to edit, adapt, modify, publish and otherwise use, in any way it sees fit, entries received, without further consideration or payment to the contestants.
5. Contest is open to all U.S. residents 21 years of age or older, except employees and their families of Philip Morris Inc., its advertising agencies and National Judging Institute, Inc. Only one prize to a family. Winners will be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release. Liability for taxes is the responsibility of each prize winner. Void wherever taxed, prohibited or restricted by law.
6. No correspondence will be entered into about any particular entry. However, for a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to SARATOGA 120's CARTOON CONTEST WINNERS, P.O. Box 2490, Westbury, N.Y. 11591.

HEALTH

Are hysterectomies just a fad? . . . Can sugar be good to your teeth? . . . What is Kitchen Lung and how do you catch it?

HYSTERECTOMY: YES AND NO

Surgical removal of a woman's uterus is major surgery; yet the rumors and accusations fly that many hysterectomies are "fad" operations, are medically unnecessary, bring on physical and emotional complications, and are urged on women by unscrupulous doctors in pursuit of fast and easy fees.

Those who "view with alarm" point out some changes that can occur following hysterectomy include low estrogen levels, which are blamed for increased osteoporosis (thinning, fracture-prone bones), and atherosclerotic heart disease from blocked blood vessels. There also may be psychiatric aftereffects to hysterectomy, said Malkah T. Notman, M.D., of Boston's Beth Israel Hospital department of psychiatry. According to a Scottish study, after hysterectomy, three times as many women saw psychiatrists as those in a non-hysterectomy population. And an English clinician reported depression in 33 percent of a group of women within three years after hysterectomy—five times the rate of other women in the same group practice.

Taking an opposite view, a medical-journal article of a few years back stated: "After the last planned pregnancy, the uterus becomes a useless, bleeding, symptom-producing, potentially cancer-bearing organ and therefore should be removed." Doctors agree that hysterectomy may be essential to save life in the cases of some cancers and precancerous states. It also may be necessary to remove a uterus that is structurally defective or that bleeds uncontrollably and doesn't respond to other treatment. There are still other conditions, all serious, where hysterectomy is the way back to health.

Discussing hysterectomy in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, Philip Cole, M.D., of Harvard School of Public Health noted a 26 percent increase in hysterectomies in the United States during a five-year period. He thinks most of this increase is owing to more doctors' performing the operation for "preventive" reasons—"based on the rationale that if a woman is thirty-five or forty years old and has an organ that is disease-prone and of little or no further use, it might as well be removed."

Dr. Cole does not agree, but he thinks many obstetricians and gynecologists consider the uterus of a woman past childbearing age as a nuisance or as a foreign body. The possibility that the uterus just might develop cancer is these doctors' major reason for removing it.

Let us suppose, Dr. Cole suggested, that all American women who reach their thirty-fifth birthday—about one million each year—automatically were to undergo hysterectomies this year. About 3 percent of these women would avoid uterine cancer in the future. The 1.3 percent (thirteen thousand) of these women who would have died of uterine or cervical cancer would gain added years of life—an average of 14.3 years; but, in the process of routinely operating on these women, six hundred would die as a result of the surgery. The great majority of the one million thirty-five-year-olds would have had their hysterectomies without direct benefit.

However, Dr. Cole mentioned potential benefits if all thirty-five-year-old women were hysterectomized. Besides longer life for the group who would avoid uterine cancer, money would be saved by one million women who no longer would have to pay for Pap tests, contraceptives, or menstrual products; they wouldn't have to pay for uterus-related medical care (though women who have had hysterectomies still need general gynecologic care). A certain number of mentally retarded babies—those associated with older mothers—would not be born. And the expense of medical care for cancers that didn't happen would, of course, be avoided. But when all possible "savings" in money are added up, the amounts are only about half the dollar costs of the hysterectomy operations and related expenses.

Summing it up, John P. Bunker, M.D., of Stanford University School of Medicine concluded that hysterectomy where no disease is present—for birth control, prevention of future cancer, or to "improve the quality of life"—is medically debatable; but there's little question, he added, of the necessity for hysterectomy in treating cancer, fibroids, or uterine prolapse.

KEEP YOUR SWEET TOOTH: CHEW SUGAR

A natural wood sugar, xylitol—which is also found in strawberries, raspberries, bananas, plums, and prunes—may be in your sweet future as a chewing-gum ingredient that won't cause tooth decay.

In Finland, dramatically reduced rates of tooth decay and plaque formation were found in young adults who used X (for xylitol) chewing gum, compared with another group who used regular sucrose-flavored gum. In a diet study, subjects substituting xylitol for ordinary sugar had 90 percent reduction in tooth decay. Here in the United States, tests by the National Institute of Dental Research will determine whether X-gum reduces or prevents cavities in school youngsters, the most decay-susceptible group.

Xylitol tastes good, say those who've tried it. It has a lingering and refreshing taste when used in a dentifrice. Its moisture-retaining traits suggest other uses. And it can be absorbed without insulin, a fact that has medical researchers looking into its possible uses for diabetics.

But this friendly sugar isn't a sugar substitute for weight-losers; xylitol's calorie count is similar to cane sugar's.

YOU CAN CATCH IT FROM THE FRIDGE

A bacterium called *Thermoactinomyces* causes an allergic pneumonitis that sets off shortness of breath, weight loss, and even emphysema. Farmers get the disease from overheated hay and grain; then it's known as Farmer's Lung.

Homebodies, office workers, and other nonfarmers can get the disease, too, said Benjamin Becker, Ph.D., microbiologist and professor at Indiana-Purdue University in Fort Wayne, Indiana. He calls the ailment Kitchen Lung and explained that it comes from refrigerators, humidifiers, heating systems. The bacterium thrives in warmth (about 130 degrees), needs both moisture and nourishing dust, produces millions of spores that bring on disabling breathing symptoms. The drip pan beneath your frost-free refrigerator, with a little water, a little dust, and a warm, throbbing motor, is a perfect place for spore-forming.

You can halt the lung-wrecking action, said Dr. Becker, merely by washing the drip pan once a month with detergent. Washing may not eliminate the organism, but it stops production of trouble-causing spores.

HERBAL HIGHS AND HOW THEY CRASH

Physicians are worried about an increase in emergencies resulting from use of herb teas, herbal cigarettes, and capsuled herb preparations. Some are used as "health foods," others are promoted as substitutes for marijuana—a "legal high." But pharmacologist Ronald K. Siegel, Ph.D., of UCLA School of Medicine reported in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* that many of the leafy products contain potent drugs that can set off physical and mental repercussions.

Some mint cigarettes, for example, carry effective doses of atropine and scopolamine, drugs that affect the nervous system. Other cigarettes carry extremely potent concentrations of nicotine. Some herb capsules contain a jolting dose of caffeine. Scientists at Rutgers University pointed out that sassafras tea, long a folk remedy and now returning to popularity, may be a health hazard, too. The tea's active ingredient, safrole, has been banned by the Food and Drug Administration as a food additive, though sassafras tea is still sold. Herb teas also are suspected of changing the rates of absorption for certain drugs, making some prescribed medicines ineffective. "Herbal" doesn't mean "harmless."

* From She Touched Me used by permission

...and suddenly nothing is the same*

Chantilly

HOUBIGANT

A gift of a diamond is treasured the more because your jeweler can show you many
exciting pieces that are moderately priced. De Beers Consolidated Mines Ltd.

Why you chic little sheik you!

A diamond is for now.

OBSERVATIONS to know about . . . fashion news, tips, what's going on . . .

OBO

RINGS: THE THINGS. . . . EARRINGS AND FINGER RINGS, TO BE EXACT. THE NEWS: 1. THE NEW FINGER RING . . . the look of heavy gold SIGNET RINGS (almost as massive as a

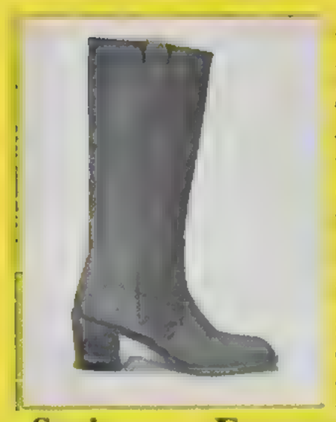


EMANUEL SCHONGUT

man's) set with carved stone seals, engravings, etc. Available at Eve Jewelers, 794 Madison Ave.; Lambert Bros., 545 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.; Tiffany, Bulgari, and Cartier all have wonders! THE NEWS: 2. A WARDROBE OF 14-k. GOLD EAR HOOPS (for pierced ears) from the thinnest "baby-size" to large and splendorous. . . . All (it's so rare to find a "wardrobe") available at Slavick's California; Stowell's, Boston; Corrigan's, Texas.



2 ● ● ● REYNOLDS ROLLES



THE ROMANCE OF THE RAWHIDE BOOT . . . In the fourteenth century, the Moors introduced oil-and-sunlight "curing" of leather to Spain. . . . For centuries the rawhide "Campera" boot has been the classic Spanish country boot. Here, Unisa's version from Spain, about $68, at the Stitching Horse Bootery, 841 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. The Romance Part: for darkening and waterproofing, they come with a tin of "Graza de Caballo" (pig oil, goose grease, and essence of almond) . . . an old Spanish recipe!



1

NIFTY LOOKS: 1. A DASHING, SUPER WAY TO WEAR A LARGE CRÊPE DE CHINE SQUARE: as a triangle flung over the shoulders of a thin wool jacket and belted at the waist . . .



2

2. *THE LOOK FOR THE CHICEST IN TOWN: A long oblong shawl flung "serape-like" around, over a pretty crêpe de Chine blouse; matching gabardine trousers; a head bound in a small turban of dark jewel-colored silk. . . .* **3.** *FOR COUNTRY/EASY-DAYS DASH: A muted heather-toned wool plaid man's tie slip-knotted low and loose around the collar of a polo shirt-shaped sweater . . . pretty, too, knotted low around neck of a cashmere turtleneck! . . . THE DARING AT-HOME COUNTRY LOOK: Wool ribbed tights, bright-colored ballet slippers, and a soft cashmere-y below-the-hip sweater . . . (we said "AT HOME" . . . !).*



3

FRANCES STEIN

Female punks?

Some insist punkdom is just a chip off the old rock. Ever since Mick Jagger first punk-pursed his lips and lyrics, the wave has swelled toward Punk/Rock sound. Running alongside in the 'seventies redefinition is the Fonzie fanaticism, which has more to do with the 'fifties nostalgia and less to do with actor Henry Winkler—a man with a Masters degree and no punk pretensions. But punkery was already established by the likes of Brando, Dean, and Mineo.



JANE FONDA, CLASSIC

Nowadays, director Martin Scorsese has a stable of punk actors ranging from Harvey Keitel to Robert De Niro, plus one of the more original punkettes—thirteen-year-old Jodie Foster.

But what of the female punks? Aside from the hard-core rock poet Patti Smith and the original black-throated Suzi Quatro, little is said for them. I see punkesses as a whole new (yet old) type of female character. Unlike their male counterparts, today's punkesses are not a whip-and-chain attraction. Toughness and aloofness are not their trade, but rather feistiness and endurance.



LILY TOMLIN, ART FORM

Perhaps the only repellent punk aspect is their degree of selfishness; punkesses are on the Concorde of ego trips. However, the punkesses do not always feel above the situation. They have been hurt (and hurt bad), but they thrive on getting themselves onward and upward with the speed of sound and entrench themselves in humor. Punkesses never wallow in visceral exposure (Laverne and Shirley would never play in the life stories of Sylvia Plath and Erica Jong).

So the Punkess Preakness is about to take place and here's the lineup (remember—money, breeding, hair cut, and leaning toward homosexuality have nothing to do with it): Nadia Comaneci is an overnight punkette (while Olga Korbut and Dorothy Hamill have settled for being romantics, and Billie Jean King is out of the running altogether). In fashion, the height of punk panache was Chanel and her tongue and, today, perhaps Diane Von Fürstenberg, whose source of energy seems to come from her hustling for her franchises.

Of course, punkesses in show business are endless: There are MacKenzie Phillips and Tatum O'Neal (a borderline between pubescent punk and brashful brat); Tuesday Weld and Jane Fonda are classic celluloid punkesses. Lily Tomlin has made an art form out of punkery; however, Liza Minnelli spends too much time imitating it. Barbra Streisand was one of the few born punkheads, but she lost it in her Hollywood heist. Karen Black thinks she's pure punk, but she's not and never will be. And Janis Joplin was too into junk to be punk. Real punkesses are into living not dying.

And certainly Barbara Howar has had to meet her battles head on as a professional punk; while Barbara Walters can only be considered a punk plus, since she gets her hair done every day. —BLAIR SABOL

● ● ●



1

TO KNOW ABOUT: RETROSPECTIVE, LOUIS CARTIER. . . . Beginning October 13 at Cartier, Fifth Ave. and 52nd St., New York City, a Byzantine king's ransom of an exhibition of 150 pieces of original Louis Cartier designs, gathered from royal collections (including Buckingham Palace), museums, etc., around the world, as well as from the Cartier private collection . . . 1. A 1919 duplicate model of the Santos watch, the first wristwatch ever invented! (It was created by Louis Cartier in 1907 for the French aviator Santos Dumont.) . . . 2. His extraordinary Mystery clocks with diamond hands that seem to float in space. Endless jewels and cases of enamels and gems—beautiful, beautiful things. . . . 3. Circa 1924 Vanity case of platinum, enamel, and gold—the "Chinese Lady" is seated in a garden of coral, sapphires, turquoise, and mother of pearl . . . the loveliest Cartier-fantasy.



2



3

OCTOBER "BELIEVE IT OR NOT" . . . THE INFINITY-DRESS! A single matte-jersey evening dress by Lydia of London that can be worn 189 different ways! . . . Above, 8 of them as sketched by Lydia, herself. The dress, available in black, navy, aqua, pale blue; $180. At Bonwit Teller, N.Y.; Neiman-Marcus.





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A special offer for the woman who knows beauty is an art form.

For a limited time only, you can enjoy Le Compact (a $12.50 value) for only $5.00 with any $6.00 Orlane purchase.

Truly convenient, Le Compact possesses all the basics you need to look your best. And brings them to you as luxuriously as you'd indeed expect.

Within its handsome art deco case, Le Compact boasts a large, square-faced mirror that offers more viewing space than most. A peach blusher replete with sable brush. A neutral face powder and puff. And, even a special compartment to hold your favorite Orlane lipstick in style.

To keep up appearances, simply keep Le Compact snug in your purse. For a few artful brush strokes and pats will help create your own special look.

You'll find Le Compact and the entire Orlane collection of beauty treatments and cosmetics at finer stores throughout the United States, as well as Europe.

Le Compact offer does not include lipstick.

ORLANE.

An advantage shared by the world's most beautiful women.

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SOMETHING VERY EXCITING HAS HAPPENED...

What can we tell you—by now, there's hardly a man, woman, or child who hasn't heard how, on a fine Wednesday morning in July, Yves Saint Laurent presented his new Fall Collection—his small-waisted, big-skirted "rich peasants" in lamé and furs and passementeried wools—and knocked the town on its ear. It was front-page news in *The New York Times*, it was compared to the Dior New Look, it was called a revolution....

First of all, except for the impact—except for the sheer excitement of seeing something totally unlike what we've been used to—it has nothing to do with the New Look. And it has nothing to do with revolutions—not a single shot was fired. It is front-page news nevertheless....

It is Saint Laurent offering to a woman an image of herself—a way of looking and feeling in clothes that nobody else would have dared, and pulling it off with such style and taste that the effect was (is!—will be!) instantly and unanimously irresistible. It is high romance—colorful, exuberant—as unconcerned with the logistics of maneuvering big skirts into little taxi cabs as *Tosca* (to name one of the musical accompaniments served with the Collection) is unconcerned with *Chorus Line*. Not that the question didn't arise—and was overwhelmed by more than just the desirability of the clothes: the point is, they *are* clothes. And they are Saint Laurent clothes—the dash is there—the stride is there. They will go into taxis—and into offices and restaurants and ballrooms. But differently. He isn't, believe it or not, telling women to go out and burn their blue jeans. What Saint Laurent is saying with this Collection is that there are also other ways, other means. And he has given us the most astonishingly beautiful alternative—for which, see the pages ahead.

Saint Laurent

The romance that shook the world

"It is the most romantic view of dressing—of a woman—in decades. And he does it in a way that any modern woman can understand—can almost feel—at once: the dash is there, the stride is there, and the delight of something totally new. The world won't change, but it will look a little different...."

For a little over an hour—for 106 numbers—Saint Laurent gave us not just a fantastically exciting fashion show . . . he gave us clothes. *He did the great suit for day. Always with the same basic shape of jacket — collarless, slightly square, with small closings à la Tyrol (see left). Sometimes in a subtle stripe with a dirndl skirt, a marvelous shawl thrown over. And underneath, a silk blouse lying flat on the collarbone and simply tied—otherwise bareness. Sometimes the jacket is brighter. Sometimes it's under one of his hooded capes, and reveals—sometimes — a velvet-yoked skirt. Or it's quilted and colored raspberry and violet—plus a solid raspberry skirt and a violet cape. Twice, it's with pants—narrower pants. . . . And boots all the way! A boot with a bit more width and crushiness on the leg (the Cossacks are coming!). . . . Two basic coat shapes: The waisted coat with a wide sleeve, all the edges braided—see the chamois-color suède version across the page. His other coat—like a burnoose in its hood and sleeve and in the slide of it, but held at the waist. The one seated opposite, for instance, in homespun - looking stripes shaded from beige to brown, is waisted with a passementerie cord belt. The dress under it—two soft pieces of wool, banded in passementerie and cut square — peasant-style—at the neck. It raises the curtain on a whole new area of day-into-easy-evening dressing—and a lot of women are going to wish themselves into it.*

DETAILS AND STORES, PAGE 287.

HAIR, ALEXANDRE DE PARIS.
MAKEUP, PACO FOR HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Saint Laurent
The romance that shook the world

His glorious heroines

Where to start?—the romantic-heroine silhouettes—the glorious extravaganzas of color and fabric—the building of music and dresses to the point of staggering showmanship. And style. And unerring taste. . . . No scale of evening is unaccounted for, the luxe and width of skirt growing by degrees as the night progresses—easy evening to theater evening to bigger and bigger and bigger dinner. Whether or not these dresses can be packed in a suitcase is irrelevant. The point is, Saint Laurent has given a new dimension to dressing at night. He has added incredibly beautiful color, he has added romance, he has added gloriousness. Ask yourself: would you mind looking a little more glorious? . . . that's the kind of thinking that begins to turn fashion in new directions.

DETAILS AND STORES, PAGE 287.

HAIR, ALEXANDRE DE PARIS.
MAKEUP, PACO FOR HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

"Women as heroines—Tosca, Violetta—small-waisted, big-skirted, a glory to the eye! It is *the* most appetite-whetting collection—not that a whole lot of women can afford to dress this way. But a whole lot of women are going to start *thinking* this way... and set wheels in motion!"





The bravado of Ungaro

If the counter-culture had a fashion laureate, Ungaro would be it—bold, unobvious, avant, he pushes his concept of ease and modernity to a degree not every woman can follow. The Ungaro woman is an interesting paradox—with a strong sense of her own style and an almost *je m'en fiche* attitude to clothes. They understand each other perfectly!"



It was the third number out that tipped it—the tobacco ostrich jacket (far left), over a sensational voile skirt with a sensational red challis top over it. It told us we were in for super-Ungaro, a bravado collection that took off from the looseness and ease of his Berber coverings of last July and pushed it to coverings (see opposite) that cowl under the arms—and into the cowl you put your hands for warmth. . . . He took the whole ethnic route—the Tyrol, Rumania, the Balkans—and reached his best-yet level of patterning and color. He hit his dash, and like Saint Laurent, he drove his single point of view home. No diluting; it was pure Ungaro: the daring mixes of pattern; the complex-sounding/simple-in-fact coverings; the superbly thought-out layerings. . . . Ungaro is mainly a day man, but his evening clothes this year are something to think about: Eastern-vibrant—shocking pink, brilliant yellow, purple-golden-dotted sari cloth, and silk, silk, silk. And his embroidered Balkan evening dresses in thinnest taffetas and moires—beautiful! . . . Not that Ungaro is going to close the door on other ways. It's that he opens new doors—new horizons of dressing.

DETAILS
AND STORES,
PAGE 287.
HAIR, ALEXANDRE DE PARIS.
MAKEUP, PACO FOR
HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

The way it was... at Dior

"At Dior, there was the biggest turn-around from day to night...from tailored, sports-clothes dressing to the barest, most sensuous evenings in Paris! But whatever the time, Marc Bohan always knows what's appealing to a woman—the very feminine, very pretty clothes he does to perfection...."



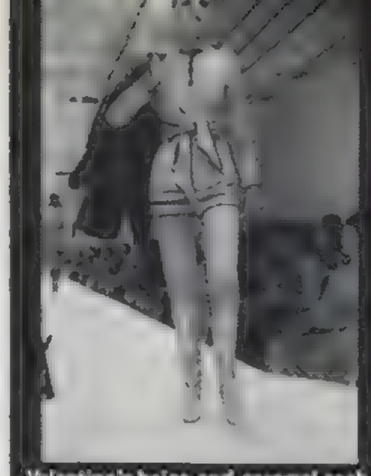
DUANE MICHALS

Dior was opening day—and you knew right away it was going to be a good Collections week! . . . It started, for day, with Marc Bohan's sportive, tailored dressing—trim little suits in checks and stripes. One—a good tweed blazer and flannel pants under a really smashing lynx coat. Bohan took his best ready-to-wear looks—the duffle coats and parkas—and gave them a super-luxurious turn. He did them in silk with fur linings, with fur edgings, he did the most beautiful sable coat, he did quilted suède faced in fur. The suède, in brown, slipped over a brown blouson and pleated skirt with the stroke of a bright-yellow silk muffler! Another duffle was softest dark-brown fleece. And even if you didn't always see hoods and toggles, all the coverings had the wonderful dash, the slide-in-and-out-of ease that makes a duffle so appealing. . . . Another key look: a narrow tunic of a dress to the knee over pants narrow-as-sleeves—for day, in a cashmere-soft jersey. . . . Then he moved the same key shapes to evening. With a difference . . . the parka became olive-green taffeta (the beginning of taffeta in the Paris week!). And it slipped over one of his bare, narrow slit dresses in softest black jersey (near left). . . . He did the tunic-dress as an extended camisole in black silk jacquard over super-narrow ankle-tied pants. He did, without question, the most sensuous, the barest evening looks anywhere—long slits, low necklines, thin thin clinging fabrics. The most figure-clinging: the strapless gold-and-black sari cloth, shirred to the torso (far left). There was color now and then at night—a flash of red, of fuchsia . . . a jade-green silk faille top with a red sash, over a long slit black skirt. But it was mostly black—and terrific!

DETAILS AND STORES,
PAGE 287.

HAIR, ALEXANDRE DE PARIS.
MAKEUP, DANIEL DEMANJEAN FOR MAX FACTOR, FRANCE.

PARIS



Valentino's beige-and-caramel cashmere tunic, beige pants, red poncho-coat.



Key Dior look, day version: the narrow knee-length tunic in silk-and-cashmere, sleeve-narrow cashmere pants.



From Galitzine, shimmering black satin jumpsuit under a grey satin tunic.



Classic Patou evening: one-shoulder black georgette with handkerchief-point hem.



Lanvin bareness: black satin under a sweep of quilted brown taffeta with silver fox.



Ungaro's dynamite bias black satin "bathing suit" dress—Lurex-edged cross straps, slit front.

"Givenchy fans were ecstatic—about the day looks especially!—the leathers, suèdes, ponchos. He gives them a luxury and correctness that even women who ordinarily find these things too rugged can understand. And enjoy!"

The way it was... at Givenchy

PARIS ROME

From start to finish at Givenchy: great coverings!—a braid-trimmed charcoal leather coat (far left) that was sweater-supple; a suède jacket lined in silver fox that tumbled into a collar—luxurious enough to cover anything, anytime; a smashing—small, feminine—"officer's" coat (third left) that's typical Givenchy: you don't sense the coat first so much as the feeling of a small-boned woman underneath. Even his sporty fur coat had a feminine line. Also classic Givenchy: perfect proportions—the perfect length of suède-jacket-over-suède-skirt-over-slender-boots (left foreground); ponchos that fling but never engulf; a whole series of long, narrow tunics that work over every length of skirt and pants. His eye never fails. . . . He also had (he always does!) great colorings—not just real color-colors (of that, there was a Chinese red and a pure, pure violet at night that you never wanted to leave), but perfect browns and navies—almost the hardest of all colors to do well!



"Instead of a velvet dinner jacket, Valentino took his bows in a T-shirt and jeans—and it was the key to the whole collection! The most modern, most casual Valentino ever...."

The first thing that hit you at Valentino was: pants—what the rest of the couture was missing, he did all-out! Blouson pants, lean-as-tights pants, cashmere pants slipped into satin boots at night, dead-straight pants—always narrow. Over these went tunics—in cashmere, in crêpe de Chine, in printed panne velvet, in black sequins. One of the most beautiful: the reed of silk tunic over matching pants (above right), all red—super easy-evening! . . . Attached to most of the tunics, the smash idea from his ready-to-wear—a large triangular scarf that pulled up to head-wrap, or down to snug around the waist. . . . The Valentino covering: a soft, rounded "poncho-coat" (see above)—wonderful in double-faced red wool for day, in knitted black cashmere, in fox-edged black velvet at night. The swing of it—charming!

. . . at Valentino

DUANE MICHALS


the na

BEAUTY LOVES FASHION

The big, big news: The simplicity, the ease of modern American dressing comes through . . . in the *look,* in the *color,* in the *texture* of makeup today. For that, credit is due the cosmetic houses. Never before have they worked so closely with fashion, with fabric to give you the coloring and the makeup that is right for the way you look, the way you dress today. . . . **The news is color.** . . . There's a whole new approach, a new kind of coloring in makeup today—we're calling it naturally bright. Not to be confused with bright color. The color we're talking about—whether it's pale or sultry for day, or a bit more intense at night—the carthy/brown/red palette that stops short of smoldering plum color on one end and pastel pink on the other. This year color is truer to natural tones. Meaning: You don't want reds tinged with blue, any lip color that looks like a flag, the whole range of aqua/blue eye colors that doesn't read as shadow (the ones that do—smoky, kohl colors). What you do want: subtle, soft, warm makeup color. . . . And the new neutral lip color—the one color to own this year that works across the board with everything we're showing you for day—a soft, easy red. . . . **The news is texture** . . . thin, thin slide-on color. Whether it's powder, gloss, or cream makeup, it's translucent color that lets light and skin come through. There's a new texture, a new way of wearing color, on the mouth. (If there is one focal point this season: the mouth is it.) The only thing we can compare it to—the kind of shine-with-depth you find in onyx or quartz. Lucent, lustrous—in a word: glazed. . . . **The news is line.** . . . Whether it's shadow, lipstick, or blush, the line of makeup is clean, definite. The look, spare and modern—color follows the natural lines of the face (there isn't a drawn-on bow, an eyelined wing to be seen). . . . On the next twelve pages, the Beauty Collections—including (on page 227) an in-depth report by Bernadine Morris (she covered the Beauty Collections for us the way she does fashion collections for *The New York Times).* Starting on the next page, a guide to what we think is the kind of makeup, the kind of color that works with the clothes we're showing you in each of the areas of American dressing today—city/country/day/night—Vogue's 1976 Beauty Collections.

Lisa Taylor:

Symbol of an American beauty in the 70's...

. . . looking the way we think a woman should look today—casual, in shape, and with the kind of glowing, healthy good looks you see here and on many of the following pages. . . . The way makeup should be worn today, the way it is on Lisa, *left*—to improve appearance and promote healthy skin. The skin-care philosophy dermatologists strongly believe in—and recommend—today: following your regular treatment program with consistent, compatible makeup. Which means makeup that continues to treat skin and is formulated with those same treatment ingredients. That kind of thinking is the basis for product development at more and more cosmetic houses today—e.g., the new color-plus-treatment makeup base from Germaine Monteil, Super-Moist Makeup . . . a cream-whipped moisture makeup tinted with sheer, sheer color (here, it's Natural Glow). On this and the next twelve pages: hair, Christiaan; makeup, Ariella. More about this look, these clothes: page 220.

naturally brights

ARTHUR ELGORT

In a year of jackets, one of the best, *left*—the simple, narrow, *longer* fur jacket in reversible beige nutria and camel mink. Worn here over a beige cashmere crewneck sweater that wraps-and-ties at the hip, beige cashmere pants—the kind of casual we mean for city/day. Fur jacket of Saga mink and nutria; Bill Blass for Michael Forrest. Valentino Boutique sweater. Fashion and accessory details, next to last page.

BEAUTY COLLECTIONS

THE NATURALLY BRIGHTS

day:

When you're dressing for the city in soft neutrals, or heathery tweeds: sheer makeup color that is definitely there

The way to think about makeup today—as an accessory, a very important one. With the whole swing to casual in dressing, you don't want to wear makeup that's heavy looking—but makeup that, like your other accessories, is clearly there—and clearly right for your clothes. **The accessories to wear to look pulled-together by day:** spare simple things that have *texture* . . . thin cording with a touch of "gold" at the neck, a narrow braided belt, something in "gold" or mineral at the ear, and the perfect watch—trim, flat (neat way to wear it: with a *ribbon* strap) . . . and makeup with the same clean, spare lines.

. . . **The best makeup color for city/day,** *above*—rich, natural color that lets light and skin come through. Here, lips and cheeks are in the same brick shades; eyes, in smoky taupe. Note: We're not saying these are the only makeup shades to wear. You can choose from the entire truer-to-natural range we've been talking about—as long as you remember to *keep lips and cheeks in the same family tone and eye color in the smoke palette.* All the makeup coloring we used on Lisa is photographed, *left.* For makeup and accessory details, see page 286.

To keep the sheerest makeup there—translucent powder, such as the Orlane Poudre de Beauté Ariella used *above* in Rose Beige. (Tip: To get an unheavy-handed, unpowdered look, apply with a soft, round brush.)

naturals plus

A great country/ weather jacket, *left*— Calvin Klein's hooded honey-colored antelope jacket with a— *super warm*—fox fur lining. To wear with his off-white heavy-knit turtleneck sweater, tan cavalry-twill pants, and the perfect country boot—comfortable, low-heeled, in supple brown leather. Fashion and accessory details, next to last page. The great-looking car here—from Mercedes-Benz.

THE NATURALLY
BRIGHTS

countr

BEAUTY COLLECTIONS

SUPER-MOIST

With country/weather gear, textured and natural in tone: translucent makeup that adds healthy color—but doesn't pounce

ry: naturals

The way to look when you're dressing for country/day—fresh, healthy, natural...wearing sheer makeup color that serves a real function (e.g. a waterproof mascara or a foundation that moisturizes) or is as basic as a clear nail polish used over well-shaped nails whitened at the tip. The point we're making: The makeup you see here is as essential for the country as a pair of good sunglasses or the most practical watch....**The accessories when the look is this casual, this easy:** For carrying everything—a leather-trimmed, *natural-canvas* tote...anything in *braided leather*...instead of a chain, *a strip of suède* or *a leather thong* at the neck...classic "gold" hoop earrings...and the best—most functional—watch, wafer-thin and big ....**The makeup coloring,** *above*—translucent neutral tones that add healthy color but aren't overpowering. The trick when you're outdoors: To wear makeup color without looking made up. *Key: A foundation that matches skin tone exactly*—if you can see a line where makeup stops and skin begins, it doesn't. (Tip: When skin needs a lift, add color with a tinted moisturizer or a blush.) All the makeup, accessory details, page 286. **Makeup essential for the country:** A sheer lipgloss to protect lips. Newest one to try—a soft, easy red such as Chanel Brillant à Lèvres, the one Ariella used *above*. (Tip: Always carry lipgloss in your pocket. When you need it, you've got it—wherever you are.)

BEAUTY COLLECTIONS

In real color—
e.g., scarlet to
the floor, stark
black or white:
heightened makeup
tones—and
a glaze of color
on the mouth

THE NATURALLY BRIGHTS

evening: glaze & color

The big change—the news: the way you're going to be wearing makeup color at night. Note: For a big evening, the colors you want are the same natural/brights we've been showing you for day. *What changes: the texture, the intensity of makeup color.* With all the real-color fashion you're seeing at night—the wonderful reds, the yellows, beautiful blues (...and there still is a black dress at night)—you need makeup color that can stay up to them. The makeup that does: *shine-with-depth coloring* especially in the new glaze for lips—it has more color than gloss and more depth.... **The evening accessories that pull a look together (that turn it).** . . . spare, simple gold cuff . . . a spare-looking bracelet of onyx, tiger's eye, gold (*there's* shine-with-depth in jewelry), a thin, flat onyx watch edged with diamonds . . . touches of gold at the ear . . . a black satin shoe trimmed in silver or gold (it turns a day look into evening) . . . and the perfect evening bag —black with gold piping and a thin gold strap. . . . **The makeup when you're dressing in black** *(the hardest "color" to make up to), above*—has more definition, more strength. The way to get it without looking artificial . . . on eyes: soft black pencil liner, a shadow tinged with color, and a good eyelash curler—you can't do without one—it's what gives length to lashes, opens, defines eyes. On cheeks and lips—color in the pink-bronze range. All details—the makeup coloring, the accessories—page 286.

A glaze of lip color, *above*—that shines in soft pink-bronze color and gives a perfect line to the mouth. To get this kind of color, Ariella used Dior Lipstick #749. To get this kind of line—without a hard edge—use a lip-colored pencil (it works with everything).

The allure—the ease—of a big-evening dress, *right*—Geoffrey Beene's strapless black hammered-satin dress with a drawstring-and-tie top, slit to the thigh—casual, simple, and the glamour comes through. Fashion and accessory details, next to last page. The background here—the Hyatt International's U.N. Plaza Hotel, N.Y.

ARTHUR ELGORT

BEAUTY COLLECTIONS

If you have Black skin, you'll find day makeup unchanged. At night, in white or a blaze of color: more intense, soft makeup color — your skin takes it beautifully.

THE NATURALLY BRIGHTS

evening: color & glaze

The look of more makeup color in the evening—the way you see it on Iman here: in spare, clean lines and heightened-but-still-subtle color. In fact: The more color you wear, the thinner—more transparent—makeup should be. Rule-of-thumb: When you're wearing color as vibrant as this, you shouldn't see the makeup before the face.... **If you're thinking about a jewel at night:** think clean, modern, spare—touches of diamond on gold...a hammered-gold-and-diamond cuff that fits flat on the wrist and doesn't bulk up a trim, narrow line...a diamond pendant slipped through a scarf and wrapped at the waist—it's one of the prettiest ways to wear a jewel at night.... **The face color,** *above*—thin, thin slide-on cheek color in clear rose, eyes shadowed in midnight-blue pencil and lined in navy (when you want a more definite line around the eye, navy is a softer color than black), soft mauve under the brow. And the glaze of color on the mouth—a sultry rich wine/red. Accessories, Iman's makeup, page 286.

One of the prettiest looks, *above*—to get the clean line of the makeup, the thinness of the color, use powder blush applied with a good brush (in this case, it's Estée Lauder Misty Red), and soft makeup pencils. Collect them by the colors to use everywhere—they give the best line. The one Ariella used here—Estée Lauder Rosy Bronze.

New turn on pyjama-dressing at night, *right*—all the allure is in the slip and slide of the crêpe de Chine fabric—a loose-fitting cream silk shirt slit at the neck, and edged in gold, with a small ribbon-striped collar. Over matching—trim, narrow—ankle-length pants and a shawl wrapped-and-tied as a skirt. To wear with one super jewel—here, a spare, simple gold cuff with touches of malachite and azurite—and a bare strippy sandal. Turnout from Genny. Fashion and accessory details, next to last page this issue.

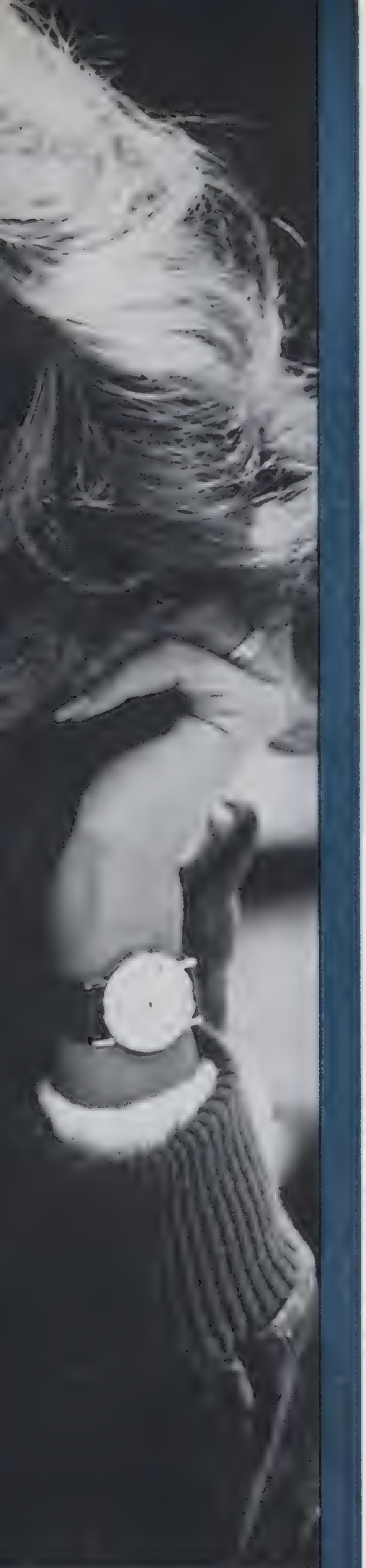
With the casualness of clothes and makeup today: hair in the same easy mood. Think of your hair as fabric—its natural character is a part of your look

hair the new freedom



This is the way we think hair should look today, the way it looks on Lisa Taylor—unimposing, unteased, free...and with what we call *natural character.* Hair *is* a fabric. It has *texture*—anywhere from smooth and straight to real curls. It has *weight.* It has *body.* And if you learn to work *with* the kind of hair you have—whether it's thick and heavy or wispy-thin, it will look as good—and move as well—as Lisa's does here. One thing we want to stress: we're not talking about uncared-for hair. That's not the point. To have the kind of hair you can just push up and pin at the crown (the way Lisa's is, *inset above*), *and—key—have it look good,* takes hair that's in prime condition...you can't get away with a look like this if your hair's not healthy *and* in shape. What it all comes down to—*a new way to control hair, a new way to use an appliance, a brush.* The way Christiaan did Lisa's hair.... **For the most casual, the least control (the least "work"),** *above right:* Let hair air dry after it's been washed. Use a blow dryer *only* to speed things along....To get a smoother, more controlled look: pin hair or pull it up (when you release hair, there will be less curl). *Learn to dry-set hair*—pull it back, if it's long, in a ponytail. Roll the tail under for a smooth curl at the ends. Leave while you make up...get dressed, then release. Use pincurls. The bigger the pincurl and the more hair you use, the smoother hair will be. For more curl: use less hair, make smaller pincurls. (You also get more curl if hair is slightly damp.) ...**Another way to get a smooth look**—with a few electric rollers (they also add fullness), or a setting lotion—one of the best, L'Oréal Naturally Free, formulated without alcohol so it doesn't dry hair—to use on hair after it's washed....**Two pretty ways to look at night**—hair twisted and pinned up in back (*above left*), or loose and easy (*left*). This look works for day, too. What turns it at night—the right accessories... a touch of gold, for instance, at the ear, and a soft, pretty makeup—it's what looking good—*and looking casual*—is all about. Makeup, Ariella. Longines Watch. Earrings, Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs.

ARTHUR ELGORT



1976 makeup news

FROM THE TOP COSMETIC HOUSES

BY BERNADINE MORRIS

Why bother keeping up with trends in makeup? The trick is to find the color that suits you and stick with it, right?

Wrong. Follow that line of reasoning, and you end up looking like a relic of another era—or a wreck.

Red circles of rouge on the cheeks and cupid's-bow lips were a sign of the 'twenties as surely as galoshes and raccoon coats. Women were just beginning to wear makeup then and they didn't quite know how to go about it.

The 'thirties were marked by vampish, arched, penciled eyebrows, the 'forties by big Joan Crawford mouths, the 'fifties by

"When people say, 'Why don't you use makeup? You work for a cosmetics house?' I know I'm successful —I usually wear about 12 products"

Egyptian-looking extended doe eyes wrapped in black eyeliner. You still see them. In the 'sixties everyone wore obviously false eyelashes and the lids were likely to be shadowed in blue.

The 'seventies are the natural era, when the trick is to use makeup to improve your appearance without looking made up.

"When people say to me, 'Why don't you use any makeup? You work for a cosmetics house?' I know I've been successful," says Ann Walsh. She is executive vice president of **Germaine Monteil.** "I'm usually using about twelve products," she adds.

One product she swears by is a moisturizer with color in it, tinted to her skin tone, "just enough to blend out spots which women of my age develop," she explains. She advocates makeup in a natural era "because women look much better with it on than they do in their raw skin."

There are other reasons. Treated as a fashion accessory, makeup carries out the spirit of the clothes of the moment, for one. And, increasingly, makeup products have skin-improvement qualities built in. These, in fact, touch on the two main areas explored by cosmetics companies this fall. One is a close coordination with developments in the field of fashion. The other is a concern with products that not only mask imperfections but actually improve the skin. The prime concern is the face because that is what shows, but treatments extend to the rest of the body as well. In the treatment area, most observers admit that American women on the whole are less knowledgeable than their European counterparts. But many companies are eagerly closing the gap.

"The face is an integral part of a woman's whole look," observed Leonard A. Lauder, president of **Estée Lauder,** one of the fervent advocates of the alliance between fashion and cosmetics. "The face can't go in one direction, fashion in another," he explains.

To make sure the Lauder face is going in the right direction, the company researches fashion trends where they begin—at the fabric level. "We start our color work as much as a year and a half ahead of the season, we go to fabric centers, we collect swatches, we send people into the fashion markets so that when a woman puts on a lipstick, it matches the rest of what she wears," Mr. Lauder explains.

So thoroughly does Estée Lauder go about its analysis that stores around the country are eager to see what it comes up with to help plan or confirm their own fashion program.

This fall, Estée Lauder has developed what it calls Apple Country Colors. They're divided into three groups—wined reds, browned reds, and heathered shades—and they're geared to the tartan plaids, corduroys, flannels, and men's haberdashery looks of current fashion. Besides nail, lip, and cheek colors, there are eye shadows and liners for each of the three groups. You can stay within each group or you can mix things up. There's plenty of room for self-expression.

The guiding fashion spirit at **Elizabeth Arden** is Karl Lagerfeld, the influential Paris ready-to-wear designer, and creator of Chloé, the perfume named for the house he designs for.

Arden's director of product planning worked with Lagerfeld and with Pablo Manzoni, creative director of Arden, and came up with twenty-four lipstick shades, eighteen of them new, mostly on the red side.

"Red is a hard shade to wear —we had to make it softer, easier, less blatant," says Pablo. "You have the impression of 'thinness.' The most wearable is Sundown Red, anyone can wear it. I'm happy to say that most are non-frosted shades," adds Pablo. "They are my favorites. Frosted in the morning is not that flattering—it becomes a little garish. It's very glamorous, but not necessarily the most becoming."

There are glosses to use alone or over the lipsticks in a layered

"As a fashion accessory, makeup carries out the spirit of clothes . . . increasingly, makeup has skin-improvement qualities built in"

look, softening the color. Pablo likes the mouth outlined with a coloring pencil and filled in with lipgloss, "so the natural texture of the lips comes through."

Albert Capraro, the designer who is one of Betty Ford's favorites, helped the Germaine Monteil firm organize its makeup colors into five groups—orange, plum, red, russet, and coppery tones. They cover almost everything that's happening in fashion.

Instead of a painted look, Monteil believes in using color to accent the (Continued, next page)

1976 makeup news

(Continued) face and to sculpt the features. Its Super Moist foundation is the vehicle, enhanced by cheek accents. When used properly to highlight some areas and to make others recede, the result is natural but prettier.

For busy women, Germaine Monteil has just brought out a new nail covering called Nail Blusher with primer and aftercoat built in. It's in the distinctive tilted bottle that houses Monteil's other nail enamels, and with the special charm of being all in one. Dries quickly, too!

For the first time since it began sponsoring the American Fashion Critics' Awards (known familiarly as the Coty Awards) in 1943, the **Coty** cosmetics concern is avidly pointing up the connection between faces and fashion. It has zeroed in on the current rugged outdoor look as exemplified by the clothes of award-winner Ralph Lauren. To go with it: Glowing Finish makeup, including All-In-One with moisturizer, sunscreen, and protein conditioner built in; translucent lipstick, blusher, powder, and mascara. The point: makeup that protects as well as pretties the skin.

Max Factor's color story centers on "warm and toasty" shades for lips and nails, according to Janet Myers, a vice president. She points out that rich browned tones such as the Geminesse Fireside Reds go with a wide range of fashion colors and, although more muted and russety than in previous years, are not too deep or unwearable.

Years ago if you had a pink or coral dress, the trend was to match your lip color to these nuances. Today, you cross over into other color values. The same crossover is apparent in eye makeup, which has gotten away from old-fashioned pastel or vivid blues, greens, and aquas. Instead, eye shadows today are warmly subtle and delicately muted in order to accessorize the wide range of fashion colors beautifully.

A new concept of color is also achieved with Geminesse High Gloss Lip Creme which, Ms. Myers states, "colors like a rich long-lasting lipstick as it polishes the lips with the high shine of a gloss." It's housed in a cylinder, applied with a brush, and geared to women who want "a shiny, sensuous, and provocative look."

Frances Denney, which bills itself as the oldest cosmetics company in America—it was started by a young Irish immigrant in Philadelphia in 1897—is undergoing an extensive face-lift itself. Its turquoise packaging is being changed over to rose and silver, its lipstick formula is being revised to contain a sunscreen, it has a new eye-shadow collection and some new fragrance products. The trends, as summed up by Penny Irwin, director of product development, fall into two categories:

1. Cosmetics colors should be non-dictatorial. There is now a range of soft brights and warm tones, whereas once "everything was in either the pink or peach categories—women are becoming more flexible in their lipstick-shades selections."

2. "Women are concerned about protecting their skin from the environment—from the effects of sun, wind, heat, pollution—cosmetics should have beneficial skin-care properties in addition to esthetic properties."

And to help women understand their own skin, Denney has two "Answer Kits," each containing five skin-care products for normal-to-dry or normal-to-oily skin. Booklets accompanying them answer key questions.

The double-barreled thrust of most cosmetics companies, tying in with fashion through color on the one hand and skin-care products on the other, is exemplified by **Lancôme,** one of the newest companies in the country. An

"Colors this year are less brown, less muted, some what brighter . . . leading to a reemergence of red"

offshoot of L'Oréal, the Paris-based firm is about four years old.

Reds are the focus of Lancôme's color story—it calls them "sultry-soft" and admits they are somewhat offbeat. But then Lancôme appeals to women who travel off the main road.

Its skin-improvement product is a texturizing moisture lotion for the hands and body called Progrès. One advantage: "You don't have to buy a separate hand cream," according to Simone Hoffman, vice president of marketing. Progrès' special properties: it retexturizes skin surface, she explains, which means it makes skin look and feel smooth, by attracting moisture from the air as well as by keeping the moisture within from escaping. "Use it once and you'll never use anything else," Ms. Hoffman says confidently.

Orlane, primarily a treatment house until recently, is expanding into the makeup field. Now a part of Nor- (Continued on page 282)



Today you need more than just a body in shape. You also need super-looking skin that says smooth — moisturizer doesn't stop at the neck

body
the new awareness

A body in shape, *above* firm, flexible, smooth—there isn't a reason in the world not to look this good today. With all the skin-conditioning products around, the makeups with treatment (more about them in the Beauty Collections report starting on the preceding page)—it's easier than ever to keep your body, your skin really in shape. Key to remember—with all the bareness, the slits—a moisturizer that works all-over. One terrific smoother—Benandré's emollient Luxury Bath Oil Crystals with an extra-softening agent—collagen hydrolysates....**A great dress to wear with a great figure and touches of gold at the ear**—a slinky pink matte jersey halter dress with a bare, plunging back. By Holly's Harp, of Alix rayon jersey (Style Trend Fabrics). About $325. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Hattie; Marie Leavell; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson. Earrings, Joanne Cooper at Kruger Van Eerde. Hair, Christiaan; makeup, Ariell

ARTHUR ELGORT

evening

the new

A strapless black sweater curving over the hips, *left,* confetti-print silk sliding from there—one of the sneakiest new turns on sweater-and-skirt dressing at night! (And don't think you need to "fill" the neckline: loose hair, bare shoulders—all the glamour in the world.) By Andre Laug; wool top. About $825. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; John Baldwin; Lou Lattimore. **One-shoulder black jersey, slit to the thigh,** *right,* a strip of gold-piped black suède at the waist—the little black cocktail dress at its most alluring! Robert-David Morton (we added the belt); Qiana nylon jersey. About $100. Saks Fifth Avenue; Garfinckel's; Hutzler's; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Jacobson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Miss Jackson's; Lou Lattimore; Joseph Magnin. Accessories, next to last page. These four pages: hair, Christiaan; makeup, Ariella; backgrounds, the Hyatt International's U.N. Plaza Hotel.

ARTHUR ELGORT

If you sense just a bit more body coming through at night, you've got the whole idea: nothing extreme...just some of the most alluring little evenings around

body-dressing



Very subtle, very alluring—the new kinds of colorings, the new ways to reveal the body...the new pyjama dressing for all degrees of evening...

evening: the new body-dressing

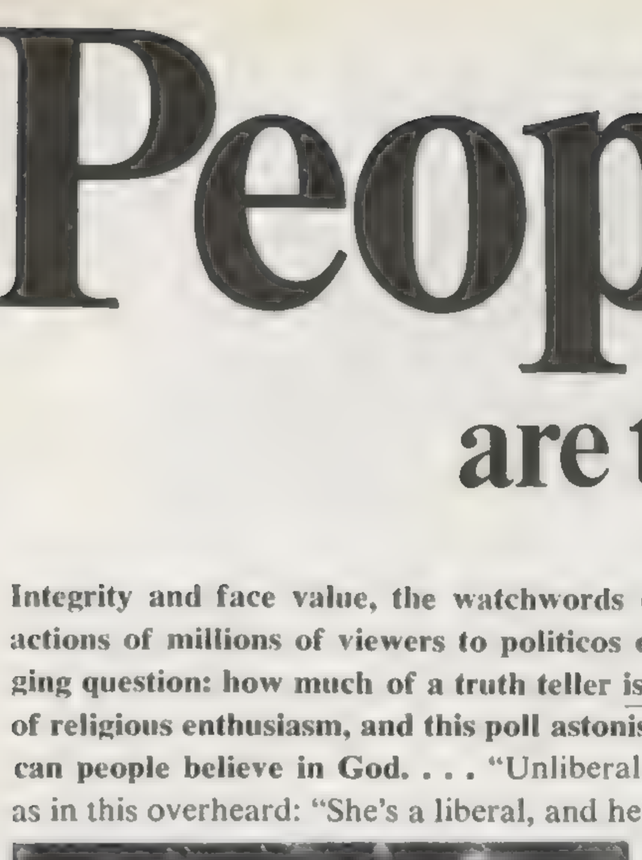
The new look of pants at night, *near right:* Missoni's soft, *pretty* turn on trousers—narrow, pleated, slightly pegged evening pants in the thinnest, lightest black silk jersey. To wear with their new sexy-small evening sweater: a bare knit camisole in magenta with matching shawl—easy-evening knockout! Pants, about $165; camisole, about $90; shawl, about $120. Saks Fifth Avenue; Garfinckel's; Higbee's; Dayton's; Sakowitz. **If you're a collector...a beautiful new top,** *above right:* a thin float of a tunic in spice silk crêpe de Chine with a hand-painted border print in plum and black, scalloped asymmetric hem. And an unexpected glimpse of bare skin—an opened "sleeve" that shows a pretty arm and shoulder. Over easy black crêpe de Chine pants. Medusa Designs Ltd.; American Silk Mills. About $425. At Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; Dorso, Beverly Hills. **Sometimes covered is very revealing,** *far right*—Basile's soft, sliding-on-the-body silk pyjama: the easiest blouson top and blouson harem pants in a subtle, off-beat brown-and-purple print—it billows when you move and just falls against you. About $540. Martha; Garfinckel's; Hattie; Sakowitz; Bullock's Wilshire; Frederick & Nelson. Accessories, page 287


ARTHUR BIGGART

People

are talking about...

Integrity and face value, the watchwords of these pre-election days, and the gut-reactions of millions of viewers to politicos on the opinion-maker TV screen. The nagging question: how much of a truth teller is that telly screen? . . . The rampant revival of religious enthusiasm, and this poll astonisher confirmation: 94 percent of the American people believe in God. . . . "Unliberal," the categorizer replacing "conservative," as in this overheard: "She's a liberal, and he's an unliberal." "Yes, politics make strange bedpersons." . . . Merlin's Magic Rock (heir to Mood Ring and Pet Rock?), the putty-like feely that shape-and-color changes as you manipulate it, and this deadpan sell that comes with it: "Should I believe everything Merlin's Magic Rock tells me?" "Would a rock lie?"



MARY TYLER MOORE
Happy, unflappy, future-minded

INDIAN LOVE THRONG

Mary Tyler Moore and her astonishing decision to close down her everybody-loves-it show at the end of this season, its seventh. She's doing this because "it's healthy and necessary . . . to grow and to accept new challenges." Such as: "Next year I'll do two specials." And that's how Mary Tyler Moore hopes to be up and away on her own weekly variety series. As for MTM's "Mary Richards"—there isn't a woman home-grounded on a Saturday night who doesn't hope that Mary R. will get Barbara Walters' Today job. . . . Shezan, the allakazam of new Manhattan restaurants and just about the most beautiful, secret-y, nonprivate club eating room in town, with Pakastani-Indian food to match and the Tandoori/curry know-alls crowding in. . . . The Ad Reinhardt doubleheader, with his cartoons (unexpectedly wicked-witty, unabstract) and early collages (completely non-objective in 1937!), at the must-see, just-opened Truman Gallery; while three of Reinhardt's masterworks—very large, pulsatingly black, noble paintings—are on view at the Pace Gallery, all in New York. . . . CB radio courtships between CBers who've, naturally, never even gandered one another. . . . Food as a political statement, with the peanut market cracking along at an all-time high, and upcoming in Alabama, the National Peanut Festival. But nothing Carter-new about that festival: those nuts started festing in 1938.

SILLS AND WINDOWSILLS

The first artificially created gene (heredity's basic unit) and the possibility that it could hand us on to cures for cancer, hereditary diseases. And this cautionary from a Nobel laureate: "It is a fantastic breakthrough, but it contains real potential hazards. Understanding living organisms has been our first goal. It hasn't been part of the bargain to mess them up." . . . The Bubbles switch, in which Momma Sills to-and-fros from opera/concert stage to weekly TV talk show hostessing on her own Lifestyles with Beverly Sills, chatting up guests on working mothers, changing sexual attitudes. . . . *Pissenlits* (dandelions), the come-lately window-garden pash, with seeds being ordered to pot in time for winter blooming. . . . The nationwide frozen yogurt crave, with queue-ups wherever it's to be found, and this explanation: "Ice cream without guilt." . . . The return to Broadway of Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* opera, this time from Houston, Texas, with more of its jazzy-blues-classic-y original score than we've heard before and a wonder-find Bess, Clamma Dale, to sing "I Loves You Porgy."

SQUASH-ING AHEAD

Squash, and its steadfast smash-crash to general public passion, what with women increasingly on the courts and doc-talk that tallies forty-five minutes of squash activity to two hours of tennis. . . . Ninety-four-year-old conductor Leopold Stokowski and his recently signed six-year recording contract. . . . This substantial fact: Women make up 53 percent of our voting population, and this year more women are up for office than ever before.—LEO LERMAN

Taking a Cha



"And they said, 'Okay, we want you to do it'—and they were shaking as they said it"

LESLIE BROWNE the Botticelli-faced girl at right, is unknown to the general public—at this time. But, by mid '77, Leslie will be a movie-star name. How did this nineteen-year-old (she looks a resolute fifteen), dance-monogamous, corps-de-ballet anonymous, get her movie-star chance? The answer is spectacularly corny: America's newest, youngest, everybody's-sweetheart ballerina, Gelsey Kirkland, was to make her acting-dancing movie debut as Emilia, the bound-for-glory dancer in *The Turning Point*, a Herbert Ross-directed film (he did *Funny Lady, The Sunshine Boys)* bitterly, beautifully true-to-the-truths of the splendors and miseries of ballet life. Also involved: Mikhail Baryshnikov (he's Yuri, with whom Emilia dances *Don Quixote* and *Romeo and Juliet*, falls in love, beds); Shirley MacLaine (her mother, who runs a dancing school in Oklahoma); Anne Bancroft (a great but aging ballerina whom, in the movie story, Emilia replaces); galaxies of international dancing stars plus almost all of American Ballet Theatre.

And here's the corn: Gelsey, several days into shooting, became too ill to carry on, and—surprise!—her back-up girl got the part. That's Leslie, who'd never acted even in a school play or a home movie, never done anything—not even dated—except discipline herself to be a dancer. Leslie's been dancing since she was eight (her mother and father were Ballet Theatre dancers), and for over a year she's danced in the corps of George Balanchine's New York City Ballet. "I'm still with them—on leave of absence," she says. "She's just miraculous," says director Ross, "like a young Audrey Hepburn or Vivien Leigh." Says Leslie, "I just have to be myself and hope that it's enough."

AVEDON

nce



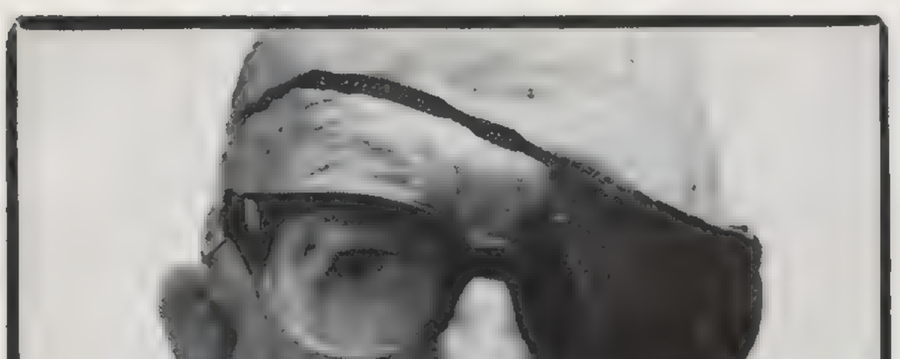
JAMES GALANOS
Fashion designer, New York City, August 10, 1975

Richard Avedon lives over the store. His two cram-jam rooms narrow-stair directly to his large, white-white studio and offices below. "Almost all of my life is spent in this studio, unless I'm going out to build another studio, put up my white paper...."

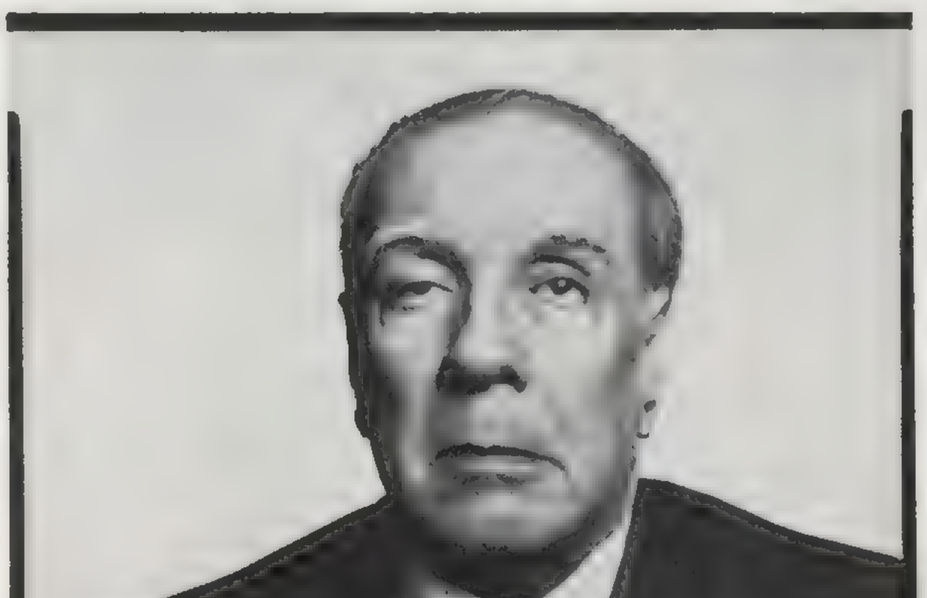
Not quite true: Avedon, a deeply private man, does zip in and out of Manhattan's arts-literary-entertainment-social worlds, always knows what's happening, assesses it shrewdly. And back in the "store" it all works for him triumphantly. "Your eyes observed with such acuteness the curious and wondrous people you photographed," said master photographer Cartier-Bresson, "that they have become the inhabitants of an Avedon world."

A year ago Avedon made photography-as-art history when his first major exhibit caused waiting lines at New York's size-y Marlborough Gallery, was hailed as one of the most important art shows of the season. On-target results: *Portraits*, a book of the Marlborough photographs (on these two pages we publish a sampling, also an abridgment of critic Harold Rosenberg's introduction), and a surprise number of *Rolling Stone*. For the magazine that rocked rock in the '60's and is rocking politics in the '70's, Avedon has done an entire issue—all-visual, all-portraits, no text save a spare who's who. Avedon's *Rolling Stone* intention: "to follow influence, to see where it led in this country. What unites these portraits is Washington. Every one of these people is connected to Washington." Both Avedon's book *Portraits* and his *Rolling Stone* come out in early October. On the following page, a quartet from *Rolling Stone*.

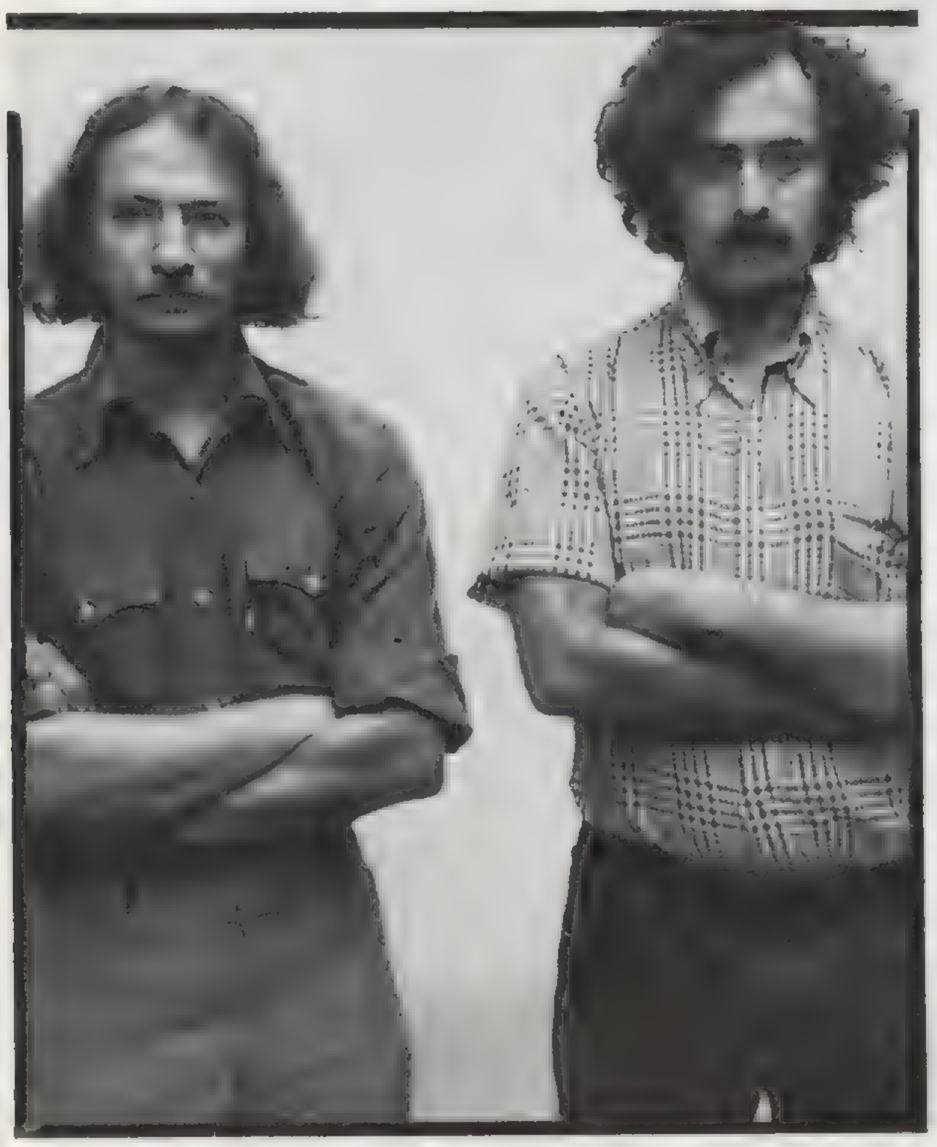
Avedon and People



JOHN FORD
Film director, Bel Air, California, April 11, 1972



JORGE LUIS BORGES
Writer, Buenos Aires, Argentina, July 10, 1975



ROBERT AND MICHAEL MEEROPOL
Sons of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, New York City, August 19, 1975



ISAK DINESEN
Writer, Copenhagen, Denmark, April 9, 1958

BY HAROLD ROSENBERG

When I was a kid there was a side show in Coney Island that featured a two-headed baby. Outside, a barker held up a large photograph that showed a year-old infant in crisp, white baby clothes. The infant had two heads, on each of which was an embroidered cap. "The camera never lies," shouted the barker, waving the onlookers toward the entrance. Inside, the happy two-headed baby turned out to be a fetus in a jar of liquid. The barker's photograph had, obviously, been a fake.

But although the photograph was not a photograph of the creature in the side show, the impression persisted that it must have been taken of a baby somewhere. By its nature a photo belongs to the world of visual fact. The tie to things of this product of a machine is firmer than that of images that are produced in entirety by human beings, such as paintings or sculptures. Regardless of how true or false it is, the camera cannot dispense with an object, even if the "object" be something no more solid than a ray of light. The camera does lie, but its lies are not made out of whole cloth. The Coney Island baby was most likely produced by (Continued on next page)

Avedon: "What is the most frequent complaint against me? Cruelty is the biggest thing. They feel I pick out the weakness in people. I don't feel that's true"

AN ABRIDGMENT. COPYRIGHT © 1976 BY HAROLD ROSENBERG, FROM THE FORTHCOMING BOOK "PORTRAITS" BY RICHARD AVEDON, TO BE PUBLISHED BY FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX, INC.

(Continued) pasting an additional head on the photo of a living infant, then photographing that concoction—an early instance of montage.

Photographs have a dual nature, a fact noted in one way or another by most people who comment on photography. A photo is a picture, and only that—an entity in itself, independent of its subject. But it evokes the aura of an external reality, even when no such reality exists. Avedon speaks of a photo of Humphrey Bogart that hangs on his wall. "It has," he declares, "a life of its own." But to look at the photo cannot fail to bring up Bogart, and Avedon is reminded that Bogart is dead and that "everything has changed." The photo is inseparable from Bogart and from Avedon's sense of how things were in the period when he made the picture. The photograph is anchored solidly in actu-

Rosenberg: "In our century, it has become customary to believe that if appearances are deceitful, reality is no less so. The need for masks is no longer felt—faces are enigmatic enough"

al time, it is part of a particular interval of the past—certainly more so than a painting. This may account for the appeal of family albums.

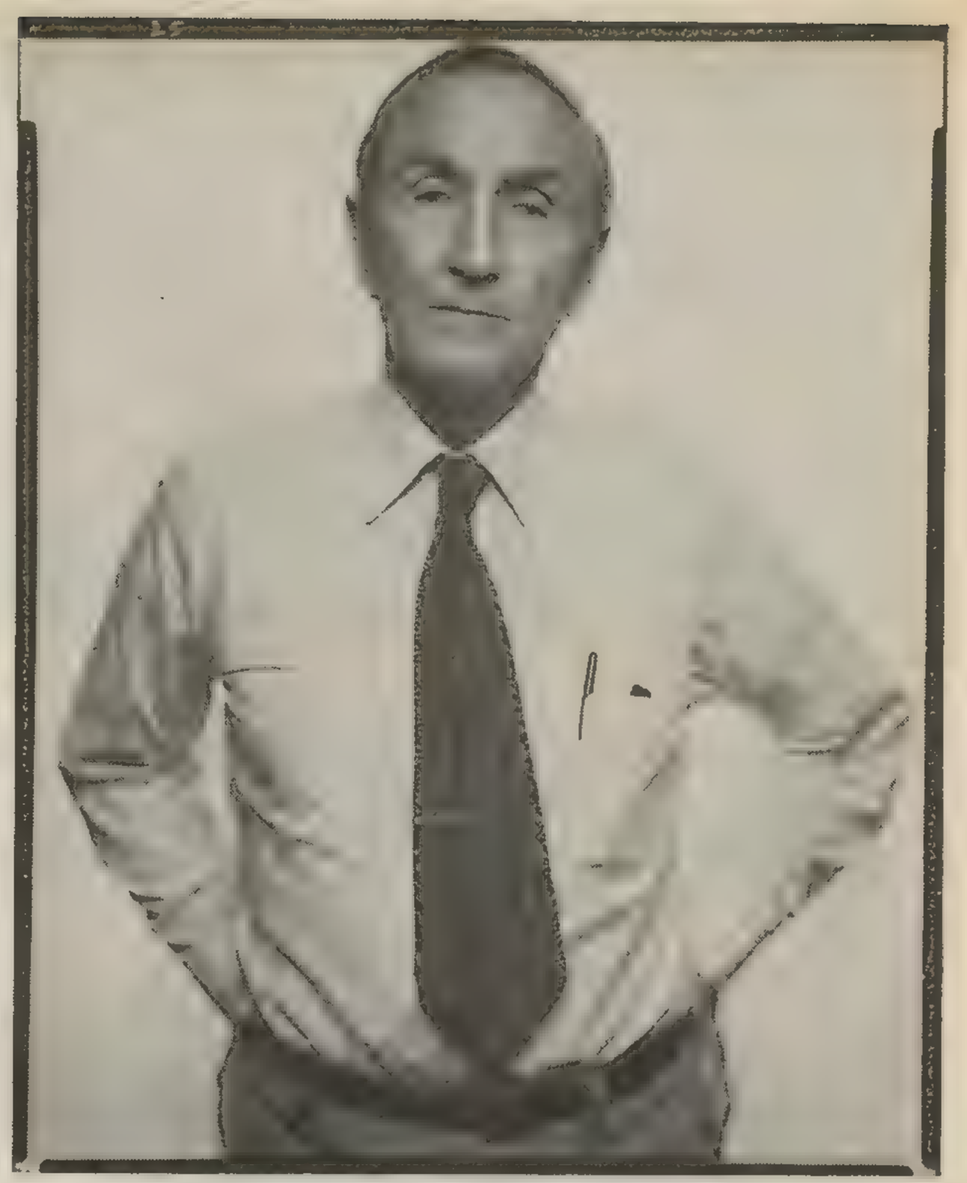
The camera falsifies through the credibility of likeness. If it looks that way, that's the way it is. A painting stops short more decisively with what is on the canvas—especially today when everyone is trained to respond to line, color, and form, rather than to lakes or to emperors on thrones. The art in a painting is a generator of distance, both between the painting and the spectator and between the painting and its subject. In contrast, the photograph leads the mind into the actual world—if it is of a nude, it will make one think of women, not art. The difference in the relation to reality is summed up in the notion that painting as an art has been freed of its "literary" aspects by the advent of the camera. "Photography," said Picasso, "has arrived at a point where it is capable of liberating painting from all literature, from the anecdote, and even from the subject." This is a negative way of saying that "stories" are now the province of the photograph.

The delusory power of the camera has to do with the transfer of consciousness from the picture to the thing pictured. The fabricated likeness augments the materiality of the subject by making him visually present—why else do dictators have their pictures hung in every office and clubroom, and presidents increase their demands for prime time? I have always taken it for granted that portraiture originated as an art devoted to the dead: their images in stone, bronze, clay, and other durable materials kept them secure in the company of the living. Not only was the likeness intended to perpetuate on earth its now semidivine subject; it was also the representation of his being as a whole, rather than of his appearance in any phase of his life. While an individual lives he is engaged in altering himself; thus he is partly composed of undefined areas. Only when he has reached the otherworld of the dead do his image and the consensus regarding his fate become one.

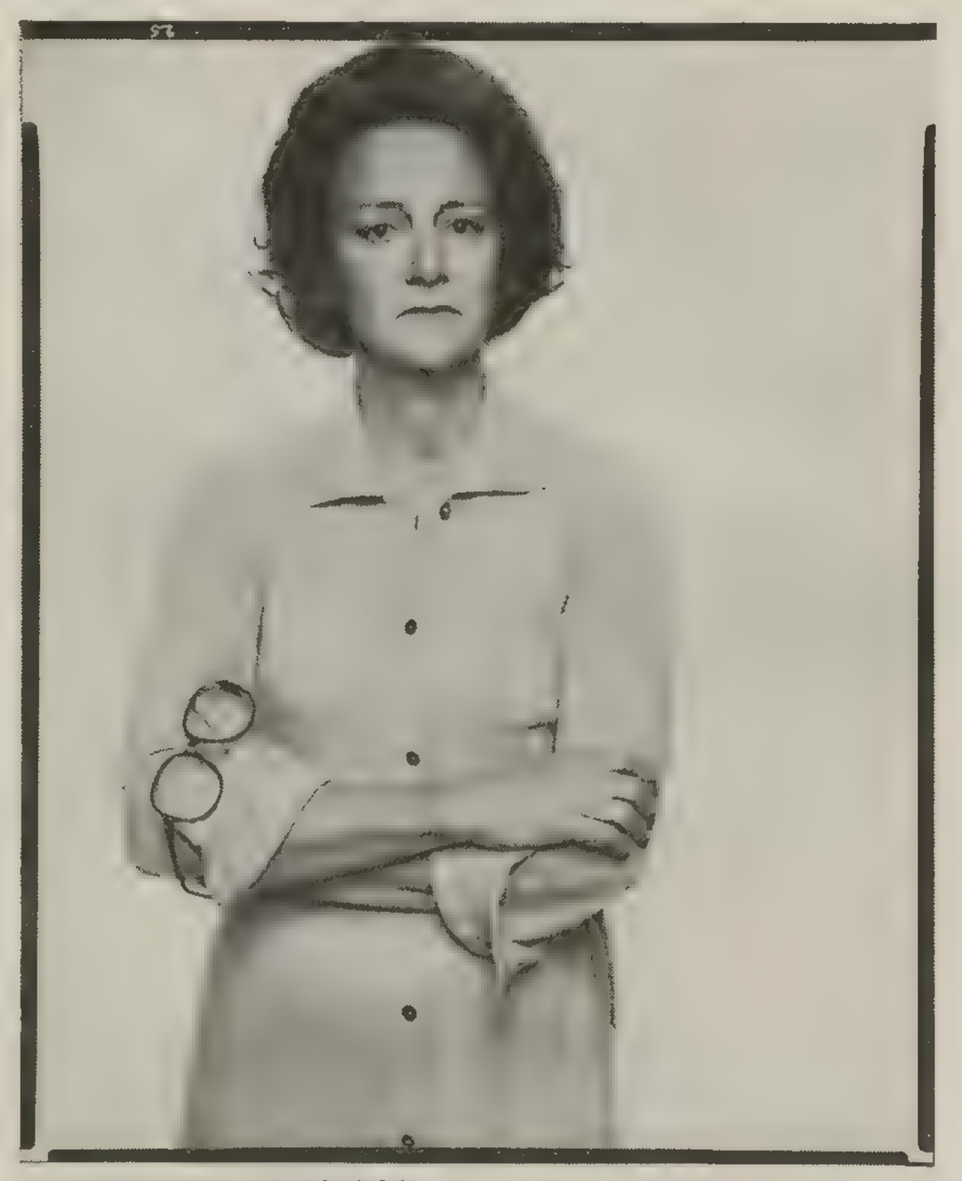
Avedon raises a vital problem about portraying the living. Each sitter, he notes, puts on a performance before the camera in order to get across his conception



GEORGE MEANY
President, AFL-CIO, Washington, March 3, 1976



MICHAEL MANSFIELD
Majority Leader, U.S. Senate, Washington, March 2, 1976



KATHARINE GRAHAM
Chairman of the Board, The Washington Post Co., Washington, March 11, 1976



A. PHILIP RANDOLPH
Organizer, Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, New York City, April 8, 1976

Avedon: "In *Portraits* I chose to photograph all the people for very subjective reasons. There's a connection between those people and the way I've manipulated them to express myself. In *Rolling Stone* I have stepped back and almost let the people photograph themselves. I have a feeling that the people in *Rolling Stone* (see four above) are going to like their pictures. No one in *Portraits* has ever liked his picture."

of himself. "Whenever he poses for me," Avedon wrote of his father, "he smiles and becomes benign, gentle . . . and somehow wise. He's interested in looking sage."

The portraitist, however, has his own vision of the person before him, and his authenticity as an artist and as an individual depends on embodying this image in his picture. Thus a conflict arises between the portraitist and his subject—not merely the resistance of the material that is experienced in art, but a battle of human wills and imaginations, as in practical affairs. Avedon's aging father wanted himself limned as a sage. "My photographs," avers Avedon, "show his impatience."

No matter how deeply the portraitist sees into his subject, he can only represent him in his outer aspects. There is always a side of him which will remain hidden or which the portraitist will choose to overlook. This justifies Avedon's insistence that photographs are "fictions," creations of the photographer. Against the self-image of the sitter, he can pose an image more in conformity with his own conception, but this image exists solely in potentiality, and the photographer can only hope that it will emerge on his film. The two images, that of the sitter and that of the photo portraitist, are locked in a silent wrestle of imaginations, until they are thrust apart by the click of the shutter. At that moment the issue is resolved, but not necessarily in favor of either of the contestants. In painting and sculpture, the portraitist has the advantage of being able to complete his creation in solitude, in conformity with his own psychological and aesthetic convictions; and in the novel and theater, the author can liberate himself completely from any restraints of likeness. But unless he resorts to darkroom tampering, the photographer is harnessed to his subject. During the entire process of making the picture, he is forced into collaboration, and the truth of his product is bound to depend in some measure on the person pictured in it.

It is in being semi-fictional that photo portraits attain the reality of change and conflict which belongs to the representation of the living.

In portraits of the dead, the fictional aspect is less important, since what has been concealed by the sitter or ignored by the portraitist is now unlikely to emerge and become effective—in short, it has ceased to count. In ancient Egypt, a dead man's friends and relatives were asked by the portraitist to choose his type of eyes, ears, nose, mouth from a chart—the portrait made up of these elements was buried with his body. Actual resemblance to the deceased (Continued on page 280)

People are talking about...

Who turns on the real power in America now that so many biggies have come out as baddies?

POWER SWITCH

BY RICHARD REEVES

Power ain't what it used to be. These have not been the best of years for people who like to make other people jump. Richard Nixon and Wayne Hays, Jerry Brown, those jerks at Gulf Oil and Lockheed who were handing out cash in envelopes—a lot of folks have been giving the stuff a bad name. If you've got it, don't flaunt it.

Power is out; at least, indecent exposure of it is out. Unless you admire Elizabeth Ray, this is no time to push it. Be satisfied if they return your telephone calls. The most usable power in America right now is the magic that gets you past the 6.8 million citizens whose job it is to say: "I'll see if he's in. Who may I say is calling, please?"

In the time of antipower, there really is a lot of power to the people. "The public be damned!"—the officers of Gulf might have thought it, might even have wanted to say it among themselves. But it was the public that damned them over some relatively—at least historically—small "campaign contributions," and they lost their jobs. How can you be sure of anything—or push anyone around—when you can't tell how much power or money anyone has by the way they dress, or talk, or smell?

One of my favorite places for watching America is the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel—seeing how the other half lives and all that. The other day four Black teenagers in jeans and T-shirts, a little ripped, a little dirty, were hanging around the fireplace—ten years ago those kids wouldn't have gotten within a hundred yards of Sunset Boulevard's little campfire. After a while, the four kids walked out—into a Mercedes limousine. I assumed that they do something with guitars, make more money, and, maybe, have more influence over more people than California's forty-five members of the United States Congress. We are talking, after all, about a state—and a state of mind—where the Governor, he calls himself Jerry, rides in a Plymouth to try to expand his influence over the folks who elected him.

That doesn't mean that power is going to be distributed like food stamps. There does seem to be some dispersal, but not everyone—to crib from Andy Warhol—is going to get his fifteen minutes loitering in the Beverly Hills lobby. The stuff is just too much fun, and the people who have it look better and they probably feel better.

One of the great myths is the agony of the burden—"the awesome loneliness of the Oval Office." In fact, very few people refuse to take up the load, or ever put it down willingly. Gerald Ford, who occupies the Oval Office these days with his dog Liberty and a string of other visitors, has never been happier; his family has never been happier; and everyone concerned looks it. Lyndon Johnson used to tell friends that the Presidency was "the best goddamn job in the world"—and, like many public men, he shriveled when denied the tonic of power.

People don't give up power unless they have to, but a lot of it is going underground these days because it has become so dangerous to use openly. In the area I know best, politics and government, elected officials from the President on down are giving up part of their power—or refusing to use it—because of the risks. The power is still around—like energy, it can't be destroyed, only transformed—but it is being exercised by people and institutions less visible and less accountable to the damned antipower public.

Politicians are trading off power and survival, action and apathy. So, in case you haven't noticed, the City of New York is being run not by an elected mayor but

"A lot of power is going underground these days because it has become so dangerous to use openly"

by committees of businessmen and bankers. The schools and much of the governing of Boston are in the hands of a single Federal judge. What energy policy the United States has is being formulated in corporate boardrooms because the Ford administration and Congress are afraid to use the power they have at the risk of being blamed when the oil hits the fan again. Even the press has moved into the governmental power vacuum, directly confronting Nixon, the President with the biggest electoral mandate in our history, then breaking Hays while the sun shines.

Whatever the merits of businessmen, judges, and reporters—I personally think reporters are nature's noblest—they are less accountable to the public than the worst elected officials. The anonymity of unflaunted power is a little frightening. Portraits of the temporary holders of modern corporate power, for instance, have the same vagueness as the head shots in someone else's college yearbook. Who are these people? Maybe it's better, healthier, to be under the heel of Henry Ford or Boss Frank Hague than not to be sure who's pressing you—not to be sure, even, whether or not you are wearing the shoe yourself.

Throw the rascals out! Break up the trusts! Power to the people! Nixon can't tell them how to live and Saint Laurent can't tell them how to dress. Terrific, but there are things to be said for having some idea of who's pushing you around. It's possible that in an era of antipower, we all will have to turn to Pogo for guidance: "I have seen the enemy and it is us."

Renata Adler's "Speedboat": *gorgeous absurdity and crackerjack sense*

People are talking about...

JANE HOWARD LOOKS AT "SPEEDBOAT"

A student from the nonfiction seminar I taught at Yale last spring kept phoning and writing, imploring me to lend him my bound set of galleys of *Speedboat*. If I won't do that, won't I please have them photocopied? Whatever the expense, he'll pay it. He has read parts of the book, in *The New Yorker*, and he has also seen pictures of its author. It is hard to tell which beguiles him more: the prose or those eyes under that greying coronet braid. In any case, my student needlessly confesses, he has a crush on Renata Adler.

He is not alone. A brand-new Columbia graduate, who babysits for some neighbors of mine and who has won prizes for her own stories, so admired early *Speedboat* excerpts that for the first time in her life she wrote and sent off a fan letter. That letter, for whatever reason, has not been answered, which causes the babysitter to sulk.

"Don't dwell on it," I advise her, and for a moment the babysitter smiles. "Don't dwell on it" is one of *Speedboat's* refrains, a mantra of sorts, muttered over and over by a janitor to himself. The janitor pushes his broom through the news offices where Jennifer Fain, the novel's narrator, works late at night earning part of her living. She earns the rest of it teaching, in a hornet's nest of a department of Drama and Cinema, and in the past she has been a foreign correspondent. Privileged, traveled, compassionate and perplexed, in her middle thirties, she does all she can to regain the "sense of the whole" she, like most other people she knows, has lost.

The whole eludes her, of course, but the Cubist parts into which some forces have shattered it never do—"far from it," as that same janitor is also wont to mutter. Miss Fain is a great one for dwelling on things herself. She dwells, in startlingly juxtaposed paragraphs, mostly on the absurdities she has witnessed, both professionally and on her own time. At times her ruminations are personal, concerning the several men with whom she has had what she never calls "relationships"; often, the connections are global. However marginal some of her musings might seem—on madrigals she was made to sing at a college much like Bryn Mawr (where Renata Adler went), on the impossibility of ever answering the question "Has anyone ever told you that you're lovely?"—they are never gratuitous; they matter just as much as her reflections on Watergate and motherhood.

Speedboat (published this month by Random House), Renata Adler's third book, is her first fiction. *Toward a Radical Middle* and *A Year in the Dark*, which both were published in 1970, are collections, respectively, of criticism and reporting she did for *The New Yorker* (from datelines as diverse as Selma, Alabama; Tel Aviv; and the Sunset Strip), and of movie reviews for *The New York Times*. Once a Hunter College faculty member, Renata Adler is now at work on a book about the House Judiciary Committee's 1974 impeachment inquiry. Like her Miss Fain, she could say that she has "led several lives, and I still lead some of them." Born in 1938 in Milan, to a refugee German lawyer and his wife, she was brought up mostly in Danbury, Connecticut. From Bryn Mawr, she went on to Harvard and to the Sorbonne.

I used to think Renata Adler's genius lay in the deftness with which she fixes on whatever it is that links those of us who were born between the Depression and World War II, but that's not giving her enough credit. She is more than a "spokesman" for our or any other "generation," more than a *kvetch* with raw nerve ends, though God knows she is that, and more than an unwittingly persuasive feminist, though in passing she seems to be that, too. It's her humor that wins me over; for my taste Renata Adler is as awesomely and frequently funny as anybody writing today (if you doubt me, get a copy of the book and read what she has to say about various ways in which "Happy Birthday To You" might be sung to Mr. Herbert Francis Di Santo Stefano).

More to the point, these fragments Renata Adler has artfully assembled are wise. She is one of those few on whom, to paraphrase Henry James, very little is lost. What she writes, if I may venture a guess, will endure. Dwell on it.



Two writers: wildly distinct, distinctly liberated women. Two straight-from-the first novels, published this month, excerpted on the next two pages

The Two You've Got

Francine du Plessix Gray's "Lovers and Tyrants": *overflowing life and austere redemption*

ANNE ROIPHE LOOKS AT "LOVERS AND TYRANTS"

Francine du Plessix Gray's extraordinary first novel could not have been written without her previous years as a journalist and a critic. Two books—*Divine Disobedience: Profiles in Catholic Radicalism*, and *Hawaii: The Sugar-Coated Fortress*, reviews for *The New York Times Book Review*, articles in *The New York Times Magazine*, and reports on everything from contemporary religious hearings to ecological problems in Kenya for *The New York Review of Books* all prepared her for the surgical work of *Lovers and Tyrants:* a novel (to be published this month by Simon and Schuster) that is simultaneously fiction and nonfiction, literary truth, sharp factual observation, memoir, autobiography, and pure artistic invention.

The novel belongs in depth and pain with the other major works of women's fiction: by Colette, Virginia Woolf, Doris Lessing. A contemporary woman's history is the subject, but the themes cross the sexual divide to the darkest place of our androgynous soul. Francine Gray writes about the life-debilitating conflict between our grasping need for love, protection, shelter, and our equally driving thirst for freedom, limitless possibilities.

Need of governess, mother, friend, lover, mate is then a trap; and Stephanie, the heroine of the novel (sometimes told as "I," sometimes fantasized as "she"), twists like a patient in a straitjacket over this most insoluble of human problems. The book deals also with the hopeless struggle between our animal natures, our sexual appetites, and our search for spiritual release, transcendence over death. Our biology is in conflict with our forms of civilization, and attempts to find a balance fail again and again.

There is a great deal of biology in this novel. The childhood scenes include bathrooms and early erotic moments. The sex throughout is accurate, clinical, simultaneously guilty and liberated—wondrous and yet sad. The mixture of joy and regret in our animal sexual selves is described exactly. At last, at long last, women are writing about sex with the romantic gauze removed, the bandages of inhibition and propriety unwound.

Stephanie tells it as it is. Her illness in the last chapter of the book brings her to search through her history—her confining marriage to Paul, her reconciliation with her father's family, her father's death. She looks for clues to her psyche, as if a clear portrait might release her from the strains of being a woman, with needs that create impossible conflicts. In or out of the doll house live irony and loneliness.

Stephanie is always an outsider, a child of a Russian mother and a French aristocratic father. The war makes her an American. She is, as in fact all artists are, in constant exile, able to see the contradictions in the varied cultures she visits: from high society in Paris, to radical leftists, mystical priests, and upper middle-class Jewish bourgeoisie. Her women discuss the exact flavor of sperm, the war in Vietnam, the necessity for mourning the dead, and the truth or falsehood of the Resurrection.

Stephanie worries about it all. Never a victim, not altogether nice, she is self-absorbed and sometimes selfish (remember we admire that in Norman Mailer's heroes, in Henry Miller's and Philip Roth's). She is always ironic and superbly intelligent, so when she becomes a little like a demonic fury in the last pages of the book, as she travels across the West with Elijah—a young bisexual lover, a 'sixties radical whose childishness is both comic and horrible—we respect and accept her. We go with her in whatever directions she wants to spin.

Francine Gray lives with her husband, painter-sculptor Cleve Gray, and their two sons in rural Connecticut. She is a graduate of Bryn Mawr; she has taught creative writing at City College in New York. She has been an antiwar activist. This is a novel of the middle years (for a woman perhaps the most intellectually creative time). No younger woman could know so much and perhaps no older woman would care so much.

This novel has taken many years to write. Parts have appeared in *The New Yorker* along the way. Many women writers explore these same areas, but I think *Lovers and Tyrants* achieves the high ground and will be read by those intelligences of other times who will want to understand the hysterical, fevered convulsions of our particular moment.



To Read

From "Speedboat":

a drowning nanny and an aces fellow...



BY RENATA ADLER

The doctor we all loved in high school set fractures at the foot of the ski slope. He also worked part-time at the prison. Except for a spectacular, unsolved murder in the forties, committed by someone we all knew, the prison is the thing for which our town is known. It used to be known for its main street—which was an infuriating obstacle to traffic between New York and Boston. But now there is a highway. The prison is important. We have had every major federal offender anyone can remember —corrupt, embezzling politicians while they were being re-elected, conscientious objectors, all sorts of federal offenders, radical clergy, spies. The prison baseball team plays with teams from the local stores and factories. On sports pages, the prison line-ups differ from those of local teams only by the omission of last names. Tom J., from the prison, for example, pitched, and so on. Anyway, the doctor we all loved in high school went on from setting fractures to a flirtation with homeopathy. He could not bear suffering. When patients called to say they had colds, he would whistle and say God, I can hear it. When they had sprained ankles, he would inhale and say that he knew how it hurt, he had had

"All four ladies had a drink, and then bought a card of slightly obscene felicitations"

sprains himself. Homeopathy failed him. He became a great internist, orthodox, modern. Then, he went to Tennessee, and found himself faced with victims of hexes. They were in comas. They seemed to be dying. He tried orthodox medicine. They got worse. He got angry. Then he gave in. He started circling their beds three times, with lighted candles. That was the accepted practice in the region, and it worked.

"Well, you know. His wife was chased by an elephant."
"No."
"How extraordinary."
"Yes. It was too awful. They were watching the elephants, when she simply fell down. The elephant ran over and knelt on her. She was in the hospital for months."
"No."
"How extraordinary."
"Quite different from anything she ever got from Roger, I expect."

She was a dynamite girl and he was an aces fellow. On the day he at last agreed by phone to marry her, the switchboard operators were overjoyed. For six months they had listened, in sympathy and indignation, to the tears, the threats, the partings and reconciliations. They were so unequivocally for the girl that only the purest professionalism kept them, at times, from breaking in. On the day Tim, after calls to his best friend, his first wife, and his therapist, gave in at last, the oldest operator, who had been on the switchboard for twenty years, actually wept. The other two told the receptionist, at lunch. All four ladies had a drink, and then bought a card of slightly obscene felicitations. They had wavered toward the sentimental, but rejected it as basically unswinging. They did not sign the card. Tim and his girl, who had been breaking up once again on the day they received it (she was packing; they were in his apartment), were appalled. As a result of the card, and discussions of what to do about it—what it implied, who knew and who didn't—they married.

There are times when every act, no matter how private or unconscious, becomes political. Whom you live with, how you wear your hair, whether you marry, whether you insist that your child take piano lessons, what are the brand names on your shelf; all these become political decisions. At other times, no act—no campaign or tract, statement or rampage—has any political charge at all. People with the least sense of which times are, and which are not, political are usually those most avid about politics. At six one morning, Will went out in jeans and frayed sweater to buy a quart of milk. A tourist bus went by. The megaphone was directed at him. "There's one," it said. That was in the 1960's. Ever since, he's wondered. There's one what?

"Forget it," says the drunken voice outside. "What's it for? Throw it away."

Lyda was an exuberant, even a dramatic gardener. She would spend hours in her straw hat and gloves, bending over the soil. When somebody walked past her in her work, she was always holding up a lettuce or a bunch of radishes, with an air of resolute courage, as though she had shot them herself.

"Well, you know, you can't win them all," the old bartender said. "In fact, you can't win any of them."

In his small, airless apartment the sportswriter served local wine, cheap Scotch, and beer. His wife, and the other sportswriters' wives, four of them pregnant, two not apparently so, sat in the bedroom, drinking the Almadén, with ice. They discussed rents. The sportswriters, hitting the Scotch and the beer, sat in the living room, talking of books they planned to write but never would. The pressures were wrong. There was just enough money and not enough time. No one was rich. No one was poor. No one was ever going to do anything of any consequence. We were talking about *No, No, Nanette*. I said I thought there was such a thing as an Angry Bravo—that those audiences who stand, and cheer, and roar, and seem altogether beside themselves at what they would instantly agree is at best an unimportant thing, are not really cheering *No, No, Nanette*. They are booing *Hair*. Or whatever else it is on stage that they hate and that seems to triumph. So they stand and roar. Every bravo is not so much a Yes to the frail occasion they have come to make a stand at, as a No, goddam it to everything else, a bravo of rage. And with that, they become, for what it's worth, a constituency that is political. When they find each other, and stand and roar like that, they want, they want to be reckoned with.

Joe said, Isn't it possible they just want to say that they are having a good time? It's possible; one ought perhaps to take into account that it is fun to be part of an audience that wants to roar. Norma asked whether Joe had seen it. He said no. Norma said, "Well, then you don't know. It's not a musical audience roar. It's not an avant garde roar. It's a march roar. A rally roar. A parade roar." Joe said, "You mean a lynch roar." Norma said, "Now that's going too far."

When the nanny drowned in the swimming pool, the parents reacted sensibly. They had not been there for the event. They had left the nanny at poolside with their youngest child, a girl of five, and the neighbor's twins, a boy and a girl of five, and the neighbor's baby-sitter, an *au pair*, who had become the nanny's dearest friend. When they returned from their morning round of golf, they found a fire truck in the yard, the drowned body of the nanny on the tiles, the three children playing something or other under a tree, and two disconsolate firemen trying to deal with the neighbor's baby-sitter, who was hysterical. As an ambulance pulled into the driveway, the mother was already telephoning her doctor; her husband was giving the baby-sitter a glass of water and a sedative.

When her hysterics had subsided a bit, the baby-sitter explained what she could. Neither she nor the nanny, it turned out, could really swim. They could both manage a few strokes of the breaststroke, but they had a great fear of water over their heads. All three of what she called the "little ones" were strong and intrepid dog-paddlers. She and the nanny had always confined themselves to admonitions, and their own few stroking motions, from the shallow end. (Continued on page 278)

EXCERPTED FROM "SPEEDBOAT." COPYRIGHT © 1976 BY RENATA ADLER

From "Lovers and Tyrants":

high-as-kites wives and a galling salad...



BY FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

Stephanie twists and turns in her bed at about 4 A.M. . . . Ah yes, sacred and profane love, whatever that is. The honor and tragedy of an aging marriage. The vacations of her marriage. Gardens and solitude of Morocco, of Sicily, of southern Spain. Paul liked to sit and look, sit and look at landscape. . . . Toward noon they might drive to the beach and sit in the middle of a few families in which the sad-eyed women had early turned to fat, and the men talked garrulously, secretively, to each other. When there had been a particularly long silence between them they exchanged smiles. His came first, patronizing, pitying, glossy with the splendor of his very white teeth. They were genteel together, seldom raising their voices, oh so genteel. His smile always seemed to say something like "Poor baby" or "Poor darling." Often he actually said the words "Poor darling," for she had that melancholy frailness, that alley-cat quality which he was tempted to patronize. After a few years of being touched by his protectiveness she had been driven up the wall by it. During their swim their smiles floated again over the turbid, weed-laden water, reassuring each other that they were enjoying their vacation. Solitude and grandeur of those Mediterranean places in the early afternoon: the plazas abandoned by a sleeping town, like the solitude inside Stephanie herself. Olive trees turning the silver underside of their leaves to a scorching wind born in the oven of the mountain. Pale parched plains, acrobatic goats climbing heaps of stones, sheep palpitating in the shade of scraggly oaks. Odor of dung, dust, thyme. White haze of noon heat over the plain. Chalk-white villages like crowds of surprised faces, the windows and doors like black gaping mouths. The scenery grenadine and violet and violent, her mind blank, blank with him. His neck seemed to turn red and bull-like when he drove, intimating all that inner violence which he kept locked inside him, which he never dared express in his work or his language. . . . Spain, 3 P.M, a vacation. The licorice gleam of the Guardia Civil's hats, the plaster madonnas clutching dried flowers, the calendar pictures of laughing, white-toothed Andalusian beauties. Electric fans creaking slowly over the dusty crucifixes of a dining room. Clink of wineglasses on the marble-topped table. Rasping of cicadas over their silence. Dutiful lovemaking after lunch, duty duty. She could not always "play the comedy," as her Aunt Olga had called it. Olga had always stressed how rare orgasms are, how you almost always have to fake them. They'd been walking on the beach at Saint-Tropez that summer of 1963. The women who get along best in life, Olga had said, are the ones who are best at faking it each time. "*Oh, ma petite, mais il faut jouer la comédie, mais constamment.*" . . . Colors deepening on the parched plains. He reads Salinger, she reads D. H. Lawrence. The plain pink again as dawn, the mountains scarlet. He hates streets, towns, cafés, the animation she thrives on—classical situation. In the evening he likes to sit alone on a terrace again sipping some light wine drink, staring at the landscape, she hears anew the liquid sliding slowly, voluptuously, down his throat. Marriage. Dung and jasmine on the air. Olive trees as green as the jackets of the Guardia Civil, as green as that poem of Lorca's about everything being green, *verde yo te quiero verde*. The plain as vast as her solitude. Yet it had been the richest of lives, she would not change an iota of it. It had just been a life. She wonders about Paul now, she thinks of him with tenderness and gratitude, how good it was for them to walk out of the cave, live more on their own. They had often strolled together in Maine that summer before her operation, remarking on the town's fine eighteenth-century houses, picking blackberries, talking about the children, never saying "What happened between us?" never confronting each other the way others do. They were circuitous, ever so thoughtful. On their last Sunday there, after the children had gone back to school, they had strolled in the thick fog past the pale gray of the old clapboard houses, the pale blue-gray of the hydrangeas, the pale gray-lavender of the clematis vines. What suitable colors for the last summer of one's life, Stephanie thought. Pale gray, pale blue-lavender. And the sting of that late summer air, especially when she biked fast down a sloping street, was like the smart of some disinfectant on the tongue. Back at the house Paul fixed lunch for himself—he was often fixing delicate little dishes for himself, little salads, little sandwiches with watercress and bean sprouts. What would it be like to make a beehive for one's own self, Stephanie thought, one's self alone, have no more offspring or any other creature to feed, have nothing else to do but feed oneself. God. "Can I make you some lunch?" Paul had asked. "No, I'm not hungry," Stephanie replied. Yet after Paul had eaten she had picked up his salad bowl and drunk the liquid left at the bottom, a curious sweet-sour mixture of melon juice and vinegar. Gall, it's like gall, Stephanie thought, why do I punish myself, why do I need to starve myself so, especially before an operation? The fog was beginning to lift. She got on her bicycle to get the Sunday paper. Halfway down the hill she thought of her governess, ding dong, the witch is dead, and she waved to a friend from school days whom she occasionally saw in town—a woman in perpetual tennis garb with intricately streaked hair and a round Doris Day face, still pretty at forty-four but preserved on an edge of hazardous plenitude, everything like a lovely piece of fruit about to get too ripe. I have chosen the other way, Stephanie thought, away with the body, away, away. Funny, funny that her loss of anger has brought her to such slickness, decadence. Better maybe to remain married, and enraged.

"After a few years of being touched by his protectiveness she had been driven up the wall by it"

"'Monoliths of red sandstone,'" Elijah is reading from the *Mobil Guidebook to the Southwest*, "'tower as much as 1,000 feet over the valley floor.' Wow. 'Also outstanding are the weird and gigantic forms caused by erosion. . . .'" He throws the book into the back seat, puts his head back on Stephanie's lap, his camera on his stomach. "Stephanie, listen, don't leave me, do you understand, I would collapse. I've got nothing, nothing. I've heard you . . . talking about the beauty of nothingness and of solitude and all that crap, but it's so abstract, abstract, God how . . . you can theorize. Stephanie, talk to me, will you please?"

Elijah and Stephanie are driving through Monument Valley. At the last gas stop Stephanie wrote three postcards to Paul, her husband, telling him what the landscape reminded her of: ". . . most frequently I see figures from the dark barbaric ages, pre-medieval sacred figures, kneeling Carolingian kings, dying Merovingians brandishing their swords, Vercingetorix reclining against his dolmen. . . ." She started out writing one small postcard to Paul, but it did not fit into one card, so she wrote on another and still another card. It was curious, writing him. It was pleasant. Stephanie has already taken her Demerol and is driving slowly, slowly through the valley, the concentration of driving is helping to ease her pain, she is enjoying the redness of the landscape, its emptiness, the dust, the haze, her freedom, her recovered childhood, her freedom from love, from responsibility, from all emotion, she is enjoying her indifference. They have been on the road for two weeks now, zigzagging all over the Southwest with no particular route in mind, led only by Elijah's whims for hamburgers and heated swimming pools. Every morning Stephanie wakes up happy and looks forward to the next slow dusty drive, to the quality of light on the desert landscape, to the Demerol, to the next word game she will play with Elijah, to the next swing of the clock hands to 6 P.M., when she allows herself her first drink, to the sight of Elijah's strong white body diving into water, to the next motel room, to the next evening of sweet crazy vacant prattle with him. There is less pain this week and each morning she feels happier, freer, giddier, more stoned on beauty, more indifferent. She just wants to go on living with the redness of the landscape, with the warmth of Elijah's head cradled in her groin as she drives, with one more day (Continued on page 278)

EXCERPTED FROM "LOVERS AND TYRANTS." COPYRIGHT 1976 BY FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

TARYN POWER

Taryn Power, daughter of Linda Christian and Tyrone Power, has her mother's tawny coloring, her father's romantic Black Irish looks, her own new-star style and vitality. Born in Los Angeles, she grew up in Mexico and Europe, learned six languages, made five movies —has come back home at 23, "so in love with Los Angeles" that she's thinking about doing a documentary on it. Her first American movie, *Tracks* with Dennis Hopper. Her next—with Sophia Loren—*Jocasta*. Here, Taryn in separates—trim, easy, pulled-together —the kind of dressing a lot of women love Lord & Taylor for. (For more on the spirit of Lord & Taylor—celebrating its 150th anniversary—see opposite.)

New star power

CHRIS VON WANGENHE



With Bill Blass's cream satin blouse, *opposite*, Taryn wears a braided silk neckring from Cynthia Savage for Cynthia Designs. . . . *This page*, Calvin Klein's white cashmere hooded pullover and white wool flannel dirndl. The sweater, about $118; skirt, about $98. Everything, both pages, at Lord & Taylor. Hair by Christiaan; makeup by Ariella. For other accessories, and all Lord & Taylor branches, see next to last page.

People are talking about...

Esprit de store

N.Y. do-firsters and their city-spirit store

BY CAROLINE SEEBOHM

Two years ago I went to Lord & Taylor to hear Judith Blegen and Raymond Gibbs of the Metropolitan Opera sing a duet from Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*. I'd always thought Lord & Taylor was a department store. In fact, my sister told me about the store before I came to live in New York from my native England. "You've got to go there," she said on her return to London. "It's so . . . American."

So I did and my sister was right as far as she went—which was the Street Floor. As you swing through the revolving doors on Fifth Avenue, you are plunged into a uniquely American landscape—an endless array of counters glittering with Accessories. Americans, in case you didn't know, invented Accessories. (I still don't know anyone who actually *uses* the word—as in, "My dear, where did you get your Accessories?" It sounds faintly obscene.) Before that, we just had a headscarf for windy days (still the Queen's favorite headgear), a serviceable leather handbag, a hat for garden parties, and pearls. Lord & Taylor gave me the taste for Accessories: I now possess straw hats, felt hats, macramé hats; bags for summer, winter, morning, evening, and overnight; jewelry made of beads, rope, and glass; and a large basket stuffed with scarves for neck, head, waist, hair, and strangling.

Anyway, there I was listening to opera in Lord & Taylor, thinking how un-English it all was and how I disliked Puccini. Later I learned that Lord & Taylor not only likes opera, it likes Things Cultural in general and is constantly putting on benefits in aid of the Public Library, the City Opera, The Art Institute of Chicago, The Atlanta Music Club, and other cultural institutions in cities across the country where Lord & Taylor operates. Its windows, you may notice, frequently show city buildings and happenings rather than merchandise. "Commitment to the community," as Chairman and Chief Executive Officer Joseph E. Brooks puts it, is part of Lord & Taylor's progressive *esprit de store*.

This fall Lord & Taylor celebrates its 150th anni- (Continued on page 283)

BILL WRITES ABOUT CHES: Somehow I might have known. Perhaps I should have guessed. Anyhow I found out. It was on that second day of our marriage, having arrived unrefreshed from twenty-eight hours on the Tamiami Special Fiesta sleeper, that Chesbrough's reaction to our Florida cottage indicated she was possessed. For no sooner had I carried her across the threshold than she bounded out of my arms and commenced dismounting Venetian blinds, lowering the pictures to eye level, hiding the bar, changing the dust ruffles, concealing the television set, and generally rescattering the furniture. It all strongly argued that I had just wed a decorator.

We had decorators in Florida, I even met one once, but never having mingled with them during office hours (combat hours) I was quite unprepared to visit their battle zone. Early on, I ducked out the back door (Continued on page 276)

Bill and Ches Rayner, a fast-paced, super-attractive couple, are out all day (her biz, decorating; his biz, business), return to relax and/or to entertain in an apartment she designed

COME HOME—*all is for living*

Ches in the kitchen (below left), with Bill (below right). Both Rayners are first-rate cooks—see their recipes on page 168. Ches (below and right) dressed for a pretty spectacular night life at home—or anywhere.



HORST

"I like having a dining room that's big enough so that I can seat twenty-eight people," Ches says. "On Sunday evenings we have four people and eat in the library." Whether for twenty-eight or four, the Rayners begin the evening in their beautifully proportioned living room (above right), almost square with high ceilings, big windows, works of art (an Agnes Martin on the back wall). From this sparely furnished, cool, open room—made more open by Ches's skillful use of mirrors, framing windows, paneling walls—guests move into the romantic dining room (below right), glowing only with candlelight and with original Audubon prints on stippled grey walls. Ches cut up old Portuguese fabric to make cloths for all the tables, uses folding chairs for buffet parties. (More on the next pages.)











"I like the contrast between the English look of the library [above] and the very modern American living room," Ches says.

"I bought this Regency chaise [right] in London years ago for no money," Ches says. "It was painted yellow, so we stripped it."

Ches turned the shower of her straw-and-lacquer bathroom (inset below) into a curtained-off summer-clothing storage place.

COME HOME– *all is for living*

Take one part comfort, add proportion and style, mix.
Result: Easy, modern Romantic







Billy's dressing room (left) curtained in pale-blue denim, lined with print of the bed cover. A painting by Jack Youngerman hangs over the bed, a Paul Freeley over the desk. "This is where Billy comes to write articles, read," Ches says. Ches's bedroom (right) is very cool, with bleached floors, white lace spread, white piqué table cover. The window shade and wall behind the bed were painted by Ronald Reitz. Unusual leather screen is eighteenth-century English. The rugs were bought in Turkey.



If you're thinking fur, this is your year!

Deborah Raffin



There's a spree of smashing new furs, new colorings. There's a whole range of new fur shapes (coats are just the beginning). There's a wonderful new lightness and slide-right-in ease. And there is a new jacket—longer, chunkier—that's knockout over everything, day and night. If you're thinking fur, no question—you picked a super year! Starting here, on Deborah Raffin: The News...

THE WORST-WEATHER COAT...
THE JACKET THAT GOES OVER EVERYTHING

Don't let this much coat throw you, *right*—in a ski resort, in cold-country, on a really freezing day anywhere, it wouldn't be too long or too much or too anything but terrific! In Finnish raccoon that's like no raccoon you ever thought of—silky-soft, nothing stiff or wiry about it—lined in camel cashmere. From Maximilian, New York. About $4,750.

Key!—the longer, chunkier fur jacket, *opposite,* in natural coyote (one of the sportiest new furs). It has the dash and the lush, unskimpy proportion to throw over everything: jeans, skirts, suits, a casual pyjama at night. By Grosvenor Canada. About $2,800. Bonnet, Saks-Jandel; Chudiks of Birmingham, Michigan; Alaskan Fur Company, Kansas City; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; Bullock's Wilshire; Mr. Roberts New York Fur, Vancouver, B.C.

...More news for fall: a just-out group of makeup colors from 'Ultima' II Charles Revson called Beautiful Highland Heathers—part of the whole new turn to "natural brights" (more about this elsewhere in this issue). Two of our favorites, *opposite:* Heatherwood Gleaming Patina Eye Shadow, Heather Pink Super Luscious Lipstick. These eight pages: makeup, Sandra of Xavier, New York; hair, François. All fashion and accessory details, next to last page.

AVEDON



Margaux Hemingway

If you're thinking fur...

THE FUR JACKET: LONGER, CHUNKIER, OVER-EVERYTHING!

This is what these jackets are all about, *left*—this kind of bulky (but not boxy) proportion, this kind of dashing-over-everything length. And this kind of fur!—long-haired, silky-brown, fisher-dyed fox: racy *and* glamorous. Especially on a long, tawny blonde (hello Margaux Hemingway!). By Givenchy for Alixandre. About $3,500 Bonwit Teller, N.Y. and Chicago; Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; Swanson's on the Plaza; Lou Lattimore.

The jacket at its most luxurious, *above*, in natural fisher: warm, rich, rare, expensive, sporty, and almost indestructible—the queen of casual furs! (whether you mean casual-tweed or casual-to-slide-over-silks at night—it goes both ways). From Ritter Bros.-Ben Thylan Furs, N.Y. (Canadian fisher) $8,000.

Even if you've never thought of yourself as a fur person, *right*, you could fall for this jacket—natural silver Finnish raccoon that's as comfortable backing over jeans as it is doing all the normal fur-jacket things. By Fernando Sanchez. $1,350 Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue; All fashions are courtesy of their makers' last page.





Deborah Raffin



THINK GREY—IT'S ONE OF THE SOFTEST, PRETTIEST NE FUR COLORINGS

There's something about a slate-grey fox jacket, *left*— that whole thing of doing a glamour fur in a casual color, casual cut—it has the same unobvious, unlimited appeal as tailored grey flannels. By Ben Kahn Furs, of dyed Norwegian fox. About $3,500. Ben Kahn at Cartier, N.Y.; Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; Swanson's on the Plaza; Bullock's Wilshire.

For all-out glamour—and all-over warmth, *above,* a smoke-grey fox greatcoat to wrap yourself up in and slide over everything, sporty suit pieces to a pyjama at night—instantly, you're "dressed!" Ben Kahn Designed by Halston; dyed Norwegian fox. About $5,000. Ben Kahn at Cartier, N.Y.; Joseph Horne; Blum's Vogue, Chicago; Bullock's Wilshire.

"Double-faced" grey broadtail—with the hang and swing of a silk coat, *right:* light, supple, and totally reversible from the casual seamed leather side to flat, gleaming grey fur—whichever you need, whenever you need it. Christian Dior Furs-New York; natural grey Swakara broadtail lamb. About $9,500. Altman's; Joseph Horne; Saks-Jandel; Bonwit Teller, Chicago; Balliet's; Sakowitz; Holt Renfrew of Canada. All fashion and accessory details, next to last page.

AVEDON

Deborah Raffin

If you're thinking fur... SMALL, STRAIGHT, CLASSIC —THE PERFECT COAT THAT JUST HAPPENS TO BE MINK

This year, the mink coat you can wear all the time is—superb, tailoring like a man's overcoat with a deceptively casual air. All the luxury and good looks you may never have dreamed of finding in a mink coat. In one of this year's deep tan greys—a natural mink dyed to look like fox. By Fernando Sanchez. Extra mink. About $6,250. Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Darker mink. Super-glamour over tweeds, suede—and everything. It's as close as you'll come to an all-around coat—narrow, single-breasted, as easy to throw over pants as it is over a long sleeve of satin. By Calvin Klein for Alixandre, of natural Black-glama mink. About $7,000. Russell Taylor, N.Y. and Chicago. Nan Duskin, Neiman-Marcus, Swanson's and The Fuzzy Lou Lammore. Magnin. These 3 pages: hair by François; makeup by Sandra of Xavier, New York. All fashion and accessory details, next to last page this issue.

Margaux Hemingway


Everything you need to
know to
beat
the
weather

On these 14 pages, everything you need to stay warm, dry, and looking terrific: the clothes, the things that go with them (hats to boots!), and how to wear them.... The secret is in the fabrics—and the way you combine them—i.e., the way you layer them. And we have the best ways, with lab-tested tips from an expert's expert.

Soft cashmere layers.

logist Dr. Jan A. J. Stolwijk. "Thickly knitted or woven fabrics like cashmere are warm because air is trapped within the fibers." Dr. Stolwijk, whose tips run throughout these pages, is associate director of the John B. Pierce Foundation Laboratory in New Haven and a professor in Yale's Department of Epidemiology and Public Health.

The cashmere sweaters, by Valerie Louthan. **If you think layering has to be heavy,** *left:* a thin, pretty pale-pink cotton flannel shirt to slip over a thin cashmere pullover or bare skin—one soft, light, absorbent layer is often all you need. Shirt, by Beene Bag. **Any-weather essential,** *far left:* a roomy, good-looking bag. Here, a soft squashy caramel leather drawstring pouch with braided leather handles—it takes the weather and all of your gear. From La Bagagerie. Hair, the 14 pages, Howard Fugler of Vidal Sassoon; makeup, Joe Mills. Photographed at The Empire Diner, N.Y. Accessories, next to last page.

STORES AND FASHION DETAILS NEXT TO LAST PAGE.

GUY LE BAUBE

How to beat the weather

"Tightly woven fabrics—especially man-made ones—are most effective in sealing out wind and water—but they also seal in the body's moisture. Wear them with an under-layer of soft, loosely woven natural fabric—like cotton knit or a thin wool knit—that has 'wickability' (i.e., it absorbs)."


1. Right-now layering

2. How to layer a dress


Lightest jacket-dressing

Great jacket to have right now, *this page:* a light, unlined honey corduroy shirt-jacket—the kind of jacket that gets softer—better!—the more you wear it. To wear now over a Shetland crewneck and cavalry twill trousers. Beged-Or Bis jacket. Calvin Klein pants and sweater.

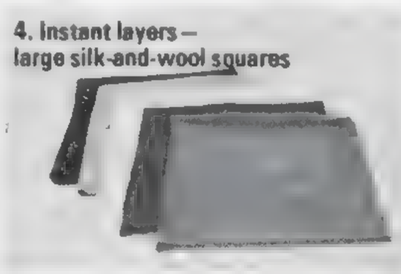
The classic dash of a trenchcoat, *opposite left,* and a wonderful way to beat the wind: the trenchcoat in cork Ultrasuede. (P.S. If it rains, a few drops won't hurt.) By Leonard Fashion.

This year's raincoat, *opposite above:* a simple, unlined silk shell of a raincoat, in chestnut brown. For any time, any weather—if you know how to layer it—"Silk worn alone is not especially warm. Layer it over a cashmere sweater, silk shirt, and wool trousers (all the pieces here, in shades of beige)—and you have insulation against cold wind and rain." John Anthony turnout.

To wrap up in, *opposite below:* a big, swirling blanket of a cape in a taupe-and-white plaid mohair blend. Lightweight, but warm—mohair is one of the fabrics that traps air within its own fibers. Scott Barrie. Photographed on Roosevelt Island.

1. Three thin layers—as much warmth as you need right now: silky cinnamon shirt, nubbly white knit vest and cardigan... over cinnamon knit pants. Separate Thoughts by Nardis.... **2. The favorite**—the suède-soft shirtdress, in brown. To wear with sweater layers: crewneck underneath, cardigan to tie over it. McMullen.... **3. Nice-day suit dressing:** Burgundy chenille sweater-jacket, pleated wool skirt, crêpe de Chine blouse. Hazel Haire Ltd.... **4. Large (47") silk-and-wool squares** to shawl-wrap whenever you need an extra layer of warmth. Geoffrey Beene for Jewel Case.... **5. The umbrella you sling over your shoulder**—yellow-and-red cotton poplin plaid. Umbrellas by Mespo.... **6. For cold-day walking:** narrow dark-brown leather boots on a low heel. Julianelli. ... **7. Top layer for all casual clothes:** the brown tweed hacking jacket. Alice Blaine Designer Sportswear.... **8. Super lightweights!**—rimless aviator glasses with gradient lenses—easy on eyes, nose, ears! Safilo/Starline Optical.... **9. The classic**—the cashmere "sweater" glove, long enough to slide under a sleeve. Halston Gloves.... **10. Perfect fall-weather pants and jeans boots**—unlined thinnest brown leather, supple as gloves—to pull on over patterned tights. Shoe Strings.... **11. Pretty way to fill in a neckline:** Adolfo's small silk squares. (And silk is a warmer!)


3. The sweater-jacket suit

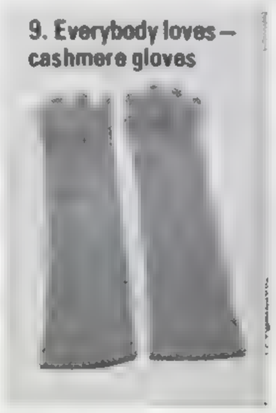

4. Instant layers—large silk-and-wool squares


5. The unforgettable umbrella

6. If you love boots...

7. The over-everything jacket


8. Sun and wind protection


9. Everybody loves—cashmere gloves


10. Thinnest boots ever!

11. Pretty neck-warmer—a silk square

GUY LE BAUBE

STORES AND FASHION DETAILS, NEXT TO LAST PAGE.

New look for a classic

The coat that always goes -- the silk raincoat

Blanket-cozy – the big wraparound cape

On a windy day – the suede jacket...

...and thin warm sweater layers

The warmer blouson – hooded, quilt-lined

Warm where you need it most – vest lay

How to beat the weather



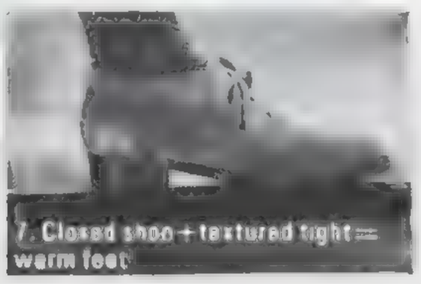
You don't always need a heavy coat, *opposite page* —insulating layers give you all the warmth plus a lot more flexibility. *Above left:* soft cream under-layers —thin wool turtleneck, V-neck pullover, zip-front cardigan. Extra-warm: narrow honey corduroy pants tucked into boots. And, *right*—the layer that goes on top—the longer suède jacket in palomino-beige—the most wind-proofing! All, by Ungaro. Photographed on Roosevelt Island.... *Opposite, below left:* The warmth—and dash!—of a hooded and quilt-lined blouson in honey corduroy. Here, over a Shetland crewneck, Oxford shirt, and charcoal wool-flannel jeans. Jacket, Harvé Benard Ltd.... *Opposite, below right:* Sweater-set layering—cable-stitched vest and matching zip-front cardigan in camel's hair and wool, over a wool-and-cotton tattersall shirt, camel's-hair-and-wool pants. Dalton.... **1. New kind of sweater set:** an easy turtleneck and matching muffler in brown-camel-and-rust wool stripes. Nahualá.... **2. The blouson**—ribbed grey angora knit pullover with drawstring waist. By SW1.... **3. A classic!**—a heavy-knit cardigan—hooded, cable-stitched, zipped, in grey wool. Bill Haire for Friedricks.... **4. Super soft!**—a man's grey cashmere sweatshirt-sweater. Ballantyne by Chester Weinberg.... **5. The new cashmere pullover**—the small-fitting hooded pullover, in natural. Bonnie Cashin's Knittery.... **6. Great winter driving glove**—camel wool knit, dark-brown leather palms. Hansen Knits.... **7. For cold days and damp sidewalks:** crêpe-soled grey suède chukka boots. Andrew Geller.... **8. The warmth—and charm!**—of a hand-knit muffler in thick oatmeal wool. Joan Vass.... **9. Sporty socks**—warm brown herringbone tweed knee socks. Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon.... **10. The coziness of a hand-knit vest**—tan wool with coffee-bean buttons. Joan Vass.

"Jackets and narrow wool pants beat the warmest skirts and loose-fitting coats any cold day. Boots pulled over pants are added insurance. Air coming in through hemline or sleeve openings destroys the thermal insulation value of even the warmest fabrics....Vests are terrific—they warm the torso which regulates body temperature. If the torso is cold, the flow of blood is cut to extremities—you'll feel it first in the fingers and toes!"

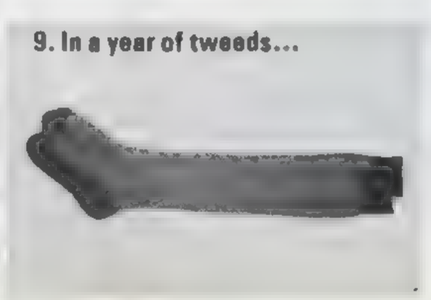




ISHIMURO







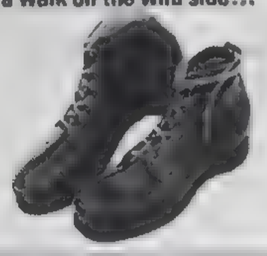


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STORES AND FASHION DETAILS, NEXT TO LAST PAGE.

Double quilting, double warmth

1. For a walk on the wild side...



3. How to freeze-proof wai[illegible]





4. The light cold-weather boot



5. The glove that's a mitten—when you want it



6. New watch cap—knitted cashmere



For cold/country gear, think thicker fabrics and quilting. "Quilting traps air between layers and really holds it there. The more tightly woven the outer layers and the thicker the inner layer—the warmer the clothes. A down-filled quilted jacket is the ultimate example of this."

7. Cold-weather find!—Swiss lisle underthings

9. Tartan shirt—the classic layer

8. Do-it-yourself weather-proofing

10. The "60/40"—best all-weather parka

11. Super-lightweight—quilted goose down vest

12. *The* foul-weather suit!

13. The canvas duffle—to beat the rain

14. The shirtjacket that's quilted

How to beat the weather

The thicker the knit, *far left,* the warmer the sweater...cable-knit grey wool boatneck with small shoulder- and cuff-buttons. You could wear it over a thin little wool T-shirt and jeans, and be comfortable on the coolest day. Damon Sport. **Layers of quilting,** *center,*—quilting makes everything a weather-beater!—zip-front, quilted khaki-cotton drawstring jacket, flannel-lined, over quilted honey cotton vest with a drawstring waist. Both by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael. **For the most warmth, the shearling duffle,** *left*—"The hide side barricades against the wind, while the fur creates an air layer within." Here, Calvin Klein's hooded taupe-and-brown shearling for Beged-Or over his ribbed shaker-knit turtleneck. Photographed at The Empire Diner.

1. Great rough-country boots—i.e., they won't skid and they wear like iron: L. L. Bean's crêpe-soled brown leather hiking boots. **2. Basic October-day layer:** the off-white shaker-knit wool sweater to wear over pants, skirts, everything. Victor Joris for V & J Designs. **3. When it's really biting cold,** ribbed knit tights are the answer—under anything! By Bonnie Doon. **4. A good light *and* warm boot**—foam-insulated red nylon with crêpe soles and suède trim. Goody Two Shoes. **5. The flexibility of a glove, with the warmth of a mitten** when you need it—Hunting World adjustable wool knit shooting gloves. **6. All the hat you want** when it's cold: Halston's taupe cashmere watch cap. **7. The first—best!—anti-cold layer:** a nude T-shirt and briefs in finest Swiss wool lisle with lace edging. Hanro of Switzerland. **8. Good way to protect shoes, boots**—all your leathers: a coat of Sno-Seal Wax. **9. To layer over or under a sweater**—the classic man-tailored plaid shirt in red-white-blue. By Bill Kaiserman for Rafael. **10. The best hooded parka**—windproof, waterproof and super lightweight! In navy "60/40" (cotton/nylon) cloth—one of the best foul-weather fabrics. By Sierra Designs. **11. Country/cold gear:** the quilted vest in down-filled blue nylon—12-ounces of pure warmth! By Sierra Designs. **12. The ultimate protection**—a foul-weather suit that resists rain, wind—everything (even the seams are welded to prevent leakage!). Hooded pullover top and pull-on pants in rubber-coated blue nylon. By L. L. Bean. **13. The all-purpose canvas rain-duffle** in walnut with toggle closings, flannel lining. Frank Tignino for Aquanala. **14. Quilted *and* trim**—the warmth of a ski parka, the narrowness of a shirt—the nylon jacket, in black with blue lining. Great country/weather dressing with jeans. By Cinnamon.

Shearling—unbeatable against wind and cold

STORES AND FASHION DETAILS, NEXT TO LAST PAGE.



2. A quilted lining makes anything warmer

How to beat the weather

"Everyone knows fur beats the cold," says Dr. Stolwijk. In a coat, a jacket, a poncho, or a pair of gloves...thick, long-haired furs are the warmest, i.e., the best insulators; they trap in air-layers.

1. The most fur to wrap around you on the coldest day of the year—Roberta di Camerino's wrap coat in beige-dyed skunk. **2. Super warm!**—the quilt-lined corduroy stormcoat with nutria-lined hood, nutria cuffs. By Calvin Klein. **3. Best way to own a casual fur!**—raccoon duffle with boathook closings. By Geoffrey Beene for H.B.A. Furs. **4. The chestwarmer**—the backless vest with kangaroo pockets, hand-crocheted in grey-rust bulky wool. Great to layer under buttonless coverings—capes, wrap coats, etc. By Carol Hasselriis for The Celebrated Pork Pie Establishment. **5. The hooded badger jacket** in this year's longer—warmer!—length. By Grosvenor Canada. **6. Rabbit-and-pile-lined beige suède gloves**—they do for hands what a shearling coat does for the rest of you. By Grandoe. **7. If your feet are warm,** you're halfway there... shearling-lined brown leather clogs. By Golo. **8. *The* top layer:** a dark brown-and-beige striped mink poncho—terrific extra fur to throw over anything at night, especially a cashmere sweater and pants. By Grosvenor Canada. **9. Learn from a man**—the classic cashmere muffler. In *white!* By Handcraft Inc. **10. Crêpe-soled, black nylon espadrille**—perfect when you need less than a rain boot. By Goody Two Shoes. **11. Not for *freezing* cold,** but super for all other fall/winter days into easy evenings: the short, blouson baseball jacket in brown-and-white skunk—turned out here over John Anthony's crêpe de Chine pyjama. Jacket by Pierre Cardin for Michael Forrest. **12. One more way to own a duffle:** Dior's rain/chill version in quilt-lined black ciré—the perfect easy-evening coat for a bad-weather night.

1. Twice as warm—the fur coat that wraps

The coat of the year—the duffle—in raccoon



4. Hand-crocheted vest—layering where you need it most!



6. Pile-lined gloves—as warm as fur



ISHIMURO

7. Mittens for your feet—shearling-lined clogs

STORES AND FASHION DETAILS, NEXT TO LAST PAGE.

9. Super warm –
a man's cashmere muffler

10. Low and dry: crepe-sued flats

GUY LE BAUBE

8. Newest poncho at night – striped mink

12. *The* rain duffle – a layer of black cire


VOGUE PATTERN 1376


DO-IT-YOURSELF PATTERN


VOGUE PATTERN 9388

What to sew to beat the weather

"It takes a while before your body *feels* heat loss. Don't wait till you get cold (bad for your whole cardiovascular system), says our expert; "don't even run to the corner without throwing on some protection against the sudden temperature change."

Great poncho, *far left,* unlined, dashing, quick to make, and in one of the warmest fabrics—a thick, tightly woven loden kind of cloth. Poncho, Vogue Pattern 1376. J. P. Stevens Retail Fabrics, wool and nylon. At Gimbels, N.Y.; May Co., Cleveland. **Don't miss this shawl,** *near left, top;* it's exactly the kind of big, soft, light, warm something everyone always wants in winter; it's in fur-blend violet knit, one of those pretty-over-almost-anything colors...and it is *easy!*—one cut, one hem (we invented the pattern ourselves). For the how-to, see next to last page. Held Fabrics knit wool, rabbit's hair and nylon. At Sew & Show, Garwood, N.J.; Wanamaker's; Golden Needle Fabrics, Houston. **We cut this unlined jacket out of a navy blanket,** *near left, below*—another of those thick, tightly woven (e.g., wa... fabrics—and finished the edges ... blanket stitching, simple, and pre... Vogue Pattern 9580. Weiss & Mah... wool and nylon blanket, 142 Fifth Av..., N.Y.C. 10011. $11.95 plus $2 handli... postage. **Just enough covering for cool evenings now,** *right,* a soft, soft unlined jacket in light grey mohair with gre... Ultrasuede ties—and a hood, w... just fashion: you lose as much ... your total body heat from an u... head. Vogue Pattern 9646. ... fabric (through Sewing Associat...) mohair, wool and nylon. Altman's, Sakowitz, Frederick & Nelson. Pattern and sewing details—plus all accessory information—on the last page. Photographed on Roosevelt Island, N.Y.

GUY LE BAUBE

VOGUE PATTERN 9646

VOGUE PATTERNS

THE PONCHO'S THE PATTERN





Expert advice: "If your internal temperature drops, your body tends to hoard blood in the head and trunk—which is why hands and feet freeze. Keep moving! If you can't, get all the body-protection you can."

If you're going to be sitting in a stadium all day, *far left:* a thick, hooded, pile-lined, wet-proof poncho that you can tuck in all around like the best blanket in the world—the only way to go! If you already have a poncho—this hooded navy nylon one's from L.L. Bean—you're halfway there: we just cut out a grey pile liner (use the poncho for a pattern) and added snaps all around. Poncho, L.L. Bean, Freeport, Maine 04032. $17.75. Collins & Aikman "fur" pile, of Verel and Orlon. Gimbels, N.Y.; House of Fine Fabrics, Washington, D.C.; The Fabric Center, Thomasville, N.C. **Classic country separates,** *left,* all you need on the first fall days, and great layers later—a navy-white-green-yellow plaid shirt in cotton-and-wool flannel ("cotton for absorption, wool for warmth") plus navy cotton corduroy jeans (the density of corduroy adds warmth to cotton). Shirt, Vogue Pattern 9665. Tootal of England Ltd., flannel, at Herbert Gladson, Ltd., N.Y. Jeans, Vogue Pattern 8775 Crompton corduroy, at Abraham & Straus; G. Street Remnant Shop-Couture Fabrics, Washington, D.C.; G. Fishman's Sons, Chicago. **The super thing about sewing your own navy canvas windbreak,** *above,* is the flexibility: we made this one longer, so it covers the hips—a warmer length of jacket (how warm depends on what you put under it). The jacket seals off the cracks where wind creeps in—drawstring hood and hem, zip front, elastic wrists. Vogue Pattern 9586. Waldon Textiles cotton canvas, at Herbert Gladson, Ltd., N.Y. Pattern and sewing details—and accessory information—on the last page Photographed on Roosevelt Island, N.Y These 14 pages: hair, Howard Fugler of Vidal Sassoon; makeup, Joey Mills.

What to sew to beat the weather





Come talk with us— said the Chinese to Vogue's Elisabeth Herriger; she did, and came back mind-changed

THE PASSIONATE TRAVELER

Fabric Editor Elisabeth Herriger shown (top) forefronting Hong Kong skyline, with China hidden just behind the hills—received an invitation to discuss the Chinese silk industry; journeying into "exaggerated simplicity," she left evening clothes behind, took her camera, her quick brain, and cool nerves. The "responsible people" who guided Elisabeth were two warm but implacable women (directly above), both of them named Mrs. Chang.

"You don't go *to* China; you go *in* and *out*"; that was Elisabeth Herriger's summation of her journey to the People's Republic of China, a trip that remains a tantalizing, improbable dream for most Americans, even after five years of handshake relations between the two nations.

Since China has no interest in tourism as an industry, since communication is burdened by the difficulty of the Chinese tongue and a scarcity of translators, since accommodations for travelers are few and spare, you do not just bop off to China for a holiday. You go with a special group or you are asked.

Elisabeth Herriger, a tall, slender, strong-looking, knowledgeable woman with a relaxed stride and a harmonious smile, was one of those whose presence was requested. When China National Textile Import and Export Corporation (Chinatex, to its pals), the largest textile organization in the world, wanted to know more about fashion-fabric trends, to learn how to better their silk sales in the world market, they invited her, Vogue's Fabric Editor—along with Mr. Arthur Wellman and his associate Mr. Ernest Wright of Wellman, Inc., importers who were already the Chinese's biggest American customers for silk—to come to China as a guest of Madame Huan, the deputy administrator who heads the Chinatex operation, to see Chinese silk production and to talk shop.

Of course they did talk shop. China's craft and knowledge of silk production are four-thousand years old. China produces the best silk yarn in the world because China has the best feed for silkworms—the finest mulberry leaves. Other countries buy some of this yarn, but most of it goes into China's own fabric industry, which produces most of the world's silks. Elisabeth went armored with information about coming fashion seasons, about trends, designers, colors; but, before her trip, she deliberately did not read opinions of other travelers on life in China—she left herself unshielded, open to form her own ideas, to make her own judgments, perhaps to change her own mind.

(Continued)



China silk: gentle, smooth, exotically patterned and rather slippery, its essence related to the soil where it is "grown"—the fabric on display at Kuang-chou (Canton) Trade Fair is almost a metaphor for People's Republic of China

Chinese Hea

Drab blue/grey "uniform" dressing gives way to springing color, in the Chinese genius for vivid showmanship, as children perform gymnastic dances in a May Day celebration (above) in Canton. Students in the East Is Red kindergarten (right) are already part of the state's work force, contentedly using their small fingers to fold boxes or to open bags too tiny for adult hands



Old, rich Chinese arts, such as gold-and-pearl Buddha in Forbidden City (above), reside now in museums; in restaurants, eye-fooler food art can include (in 332 dishes) "sea creature" (below) of cold meats, fish, eggs

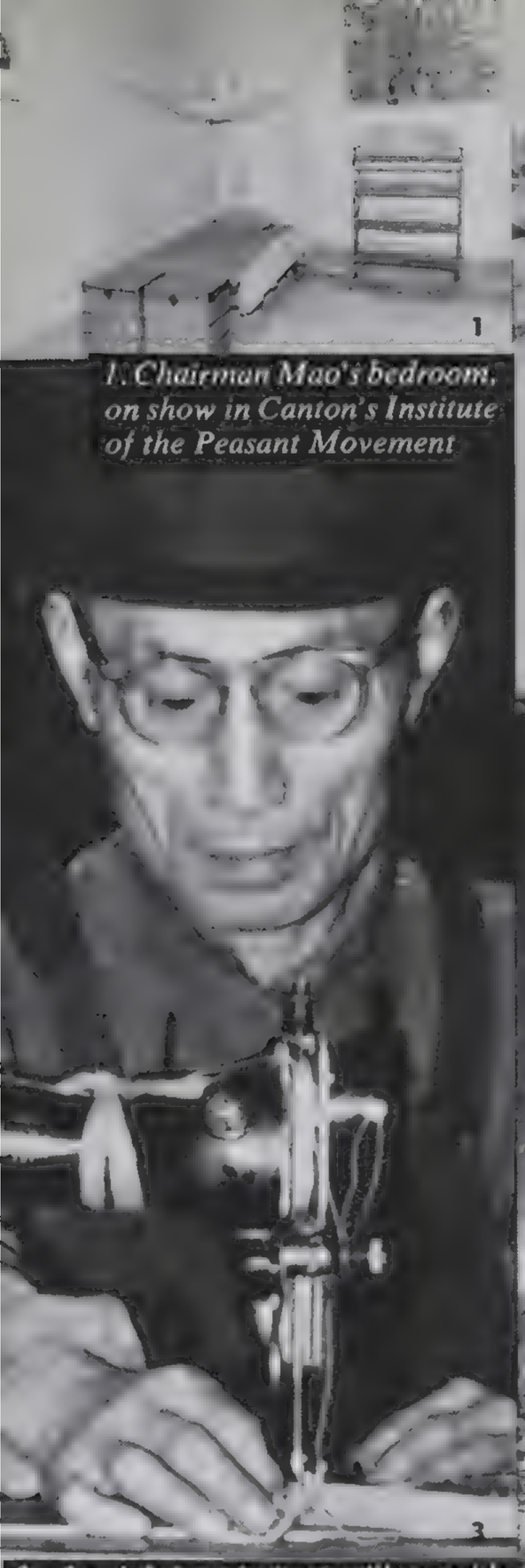


Still racks of bicycles (above) wait their owners at the Summer Palace outside Peking. The People's Republic of China, a nation just twenty-five years into its industrial revolution, lacks Western motorcar culture but is rich in people power: nine-hundred million of them; all seem enthusiastic about working for their country



-Turn

ELISABETH HERRIGER

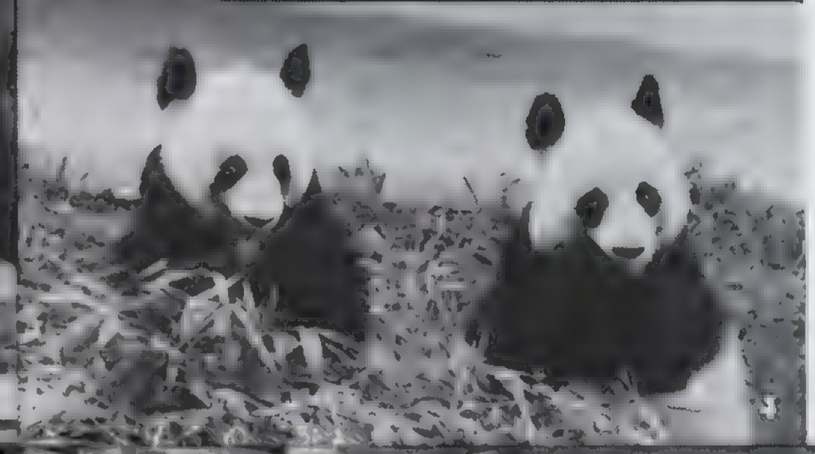


1. Chairman Mao's bedroom, on show in Canton's Institute of the Peasant Movement



2. At a Suchow institute, embroiderers stitch revolutionary themes

3. In fabric-printing mill outside Shanghai, intent worker sews ends of woven silk before finishing begins.



4. Pandas still play at Canton zoo



5. At Fushan silkworm commune, members of brigade sort cocoons by weight and quality before unreeling—3300 yards of silk on each cocoon. 6. Skilled printer hand screens woven silk on 100-foot table. 7. Woman at vegetable commune. No one rests

THE PASSIONATE TRAVELER

(Continued) And that is exactly what happened. While the Chinese, with infinite skill, drew from Elisabeth news of a world outside China, totally foreign to them—one in which people do not all dress alike, in which people wear different clothes for different seasons, in which people have individualistic preferences for this or that pattern—while the Chinese were pressing her for answers and more answers, proceeding as the Chinese do in all things, without pushing ("You don't push; you're not being pushed"), step by step, no backtracking, no jumps forward, no asides—just step by step—until all the swatches in the fabric book have been viewed in order; step by step, until the American guests had seen the mulberry leaves grown, harvested, fed to the silkworms; seen the worms matured, spun into their cocoons; seen the cocoons sorted, boiled to remove the gum, the thread unreeled; seen the silk thread formed into hanks, woven into cloth, then printed or dyed—step by step until all goals are accomplished . . . while all this was going on, Elisabeth was experiencing a life-shaking view of the Chinese Republic, an experience as mind-altering as any of the popular meditations, therapies, or cults back home.

"If I could only attach the correct words to my feelings . . ." Her voice trails off; the struggle shows in the clear-blue eyes. Her businessmen companions on the trip, Wellman and Wright, who have been to China six and seven times, have described their experiences there as "therapeutic." Clearly, something enlightening had happened to Elisabeth, too.

Elisabeth Herriger is a calm, candid, quick-thinking woman who was born in Cologne, Germany, after World War II, who works in New York, who lives a sophisticated urban life. Her encounter with the Chinese system of communal life, of sixteen-thousand families living and working together on a single project—vegetable raising, silkworm farming—people who say they have no private goals, no erotic needs, no ego-gratifying individualities—left her shaken, opened, reexamining her own life.



A strong, intelligent woman, Madame Huan (right), heads China's important textile industry (largest in the world) which reflects over 4,000 years of Chinese art and craft. A skillful trader and diplomat whose presence spells dependability, Madame Huan has made many friends for China in the U.S.A.

"I thought going to China would be a coup in my career; instead, it was a lifetime experience"

"It's done something to my head. Now I can step back from a situation that seems to be an emergency. I found an opportunity to evaluate my own thinking. I had something to compare to that was totally different in belief from what I was brought up with. My system doesn't always work. Why does theirs work?"

Elisabeth's trip began in the way we recognize from reports of other travelers: the Hong Kong bridge (one no longer trundles one's baggage across in a wheelbarrow; porters exist); the customs and health checkpoint (smallpox vaccination still a must); the seven-course lunch (Americans are in the favored group of nations at the first sitting now); the beautiful air-conditioned train with its lace-doilied seats and inevitable girl-with-the-tea and girl-with-a-mop; the ride past the rice paddies—the terraced fields a puzzle-picture, some under water, some not, all with people. "Nobody ever rests. Whenever you see somebody, they're either walking or they're working or they're busy doing something." Finally, the Tung Fang Hotel, "like a cheaper hotel

ELISABETH HERRIGER

in the Bahamas, or a very functional hospital in the tropics. Everything austere: very simple, very functional.

"China, to me, is an exaggerated simplicity. The Chinese can make do with a lot less than we deem possible. And that realization, after a while, hits you like a ton of bricks."

Registration at the hotel was one more iteration of a process begun with customs registration at the border. "You have to register, you have to fill out forms in duplicate. You register yourself as an alien, you register where you're staying, you register where you're coming from, you register for your invitation. After a while you know your passport number by heart, and you just keep filling out the forms. You fill them out for money; you fill them out for a telephone call, you fill them out in front of your room to obtain the key to the room, you fill them out for room service—everything in duplicate. You get one copy; one copy goes to the 'home office.' "

Elisabeth's guidance in all things bureaucratic came from two women, both Mrs. Chang. The elder, the Americans called Madame Chang; the younger, Miss Chang. Like perfect nannies, the Changs knew their charges' every move, even though they seldom ate a meal with the Americans, never traveled with them in hotel elevators.

Introduced as the group's "responsible people," the Changs said their duty was to look after the Americans' welfare, to assist them in all things. "They also," said Elisabeth, "moved in front of the camera when they didn't want something photographed. They're very gentle. Never, *ever* did I hear a complaint. Never *ever* were they rude—never. Always done with a smile, very softly, very gently—but definite."

Under careful guidance, in eighteen days, Elisabeth and her companions saw the Canton Trade Fair (a twice yearly month-long showing of all the goods China sells for export), they went to Shanghai, to Peking, to Süchow, and to small villages and communes.

"The one thing that really smacks you in China is the numbers of its people. The population is close to nine-hundred million. You walk the streets of China, and there are people *everywhere*. After a while, it's not the scenery anymore, it's not the strangeness of the language, but it's this fantastic mass of people. And everything moves very slowly. There's no shoving or anything—it moves slowly.

"And, while I was in China, I never saw people being disagreeable to one another. They are taught to complement each other, they're taught to be nice to each other, because that's for the good of the country, because they can do more.

"They are completely honest. I felt that the Chinese might not tell me everything, but that whatever they told me was true. Cameras are very valuable and sought-after (most wanted-and-expensive possession after the bicycle), but I could have left mine in the park for a week and no one would have stolen it.

"The people follow very strongly whatever the message is or whatever Mao thinks—because 'they are what they are because of the divine insight of Mao.' No matter how many times they repeat this message it's always delivered with sparkling enthusiasm.

"And then there's the fantastic effort that they put into everything that they're doing. Without technology, without machinery, they have to put in a fantastic effort to produce. And yet they do it smilingly, not to enrich themselves; it's all for the good of the country, it's all for the good of the people.

"They wouldn't be richer or poorer if they were to go slower or faster. Yet the enthusiasm makes you wonder what is it? What's the spark behind it all? They don't do it for their own profit; they don't seem to have anyone whipping them into faster production; yet they work at what is, I guess, their own greatest speed. What is the determining factor? You really start to wonder.

"When I saw girls working in the heat and noise in the cocoon unreeling factory, I couldn't tell from their behavior whether it was near the beginning of the eight-hour shift (there are three shifts a day, six days a week) or near the end. Those pretty girls gave such devotion to their machines.

"I guess the motivation comes from Mao's message; and it's measured and it's evaluated, and they hear only what they're supposed to hear.

"We visited the vegetable commune outside Shanghai to see a great achievement of Chinese labor; the commune was totally self-sufficient. They raise their own food, build their own machinery. They showed us the fields, the livestock; they also showed us a room stocked with the most modern equipment in the commune—computerized tapes to broadcast Mao's message over the fields five times a day."

Elisabeth had adventures in China; some expectable, some not. She had to remove her toenail polish because it caused such a rumpus on the street; in restaurants, she got used to moving the dishes over the spots on the tablecloths (they're changed only once a day, at breakfast); she ate everything offered her but carefully did not ask what she was eating (her favorite dessert proved to be a white fungus).

Though Elisabeth is by nature well organized and plans her days carefully, in China she learned to live each day without knowing what the next would bring, since the "responsible people" could not be pinned down on future plans. She managed to see a kindergarten; to witness two acupuncture operations (she ended wanting to turn her own head over to the Chinese doctors for a migraine cure); she had her hair beautifully blunt cut by a woman barber, very slowly and carefully, layer by layer, for 2 yuan, 20 fen—about $1.10; she learned the Chinese word for "thank you," "she-she-nee"; and that the thumbs-up sign and a smile did wonders for communication.

After days of carefully regimented living under the Changs' guardianship, Elisabeth and the two other female members of the party of five—Mr. Wellman's wife and his firm's fashion coordinator—ached to explore for an hour on their own. With permission, and the name and address of an antiques shop passed on by a British traveler, they set out down a Peking street.

Nancy Wellman bought an old embroidered silk jacket and an unbelievable embroidered four-panel screen. Francine Coffey bought a "Joan Crawford style" raccoon coat, a pre-Liberation "antique." The coat cost 550 yuan, about $275, and could be made wearable again by cleaning and relining. She also bought ivory chopsticks with silver tips —a set of eight for 100 yuan, about $50 (with receipts, in duplicate, for each separate purchase).

Elisabeth bought, to bring back along with the cotton workman's clothes she got at the Friendship stores, a luxuriously embroidered silk jacket, of pre-Revolutionary style. Old people still can be seen wearing such clothes in China, but everyone else, no matter what age or sex, dresses in plain, baggy, functional, and drably colored pants, shirts, shoes. No style, no beauty, no individuality. "There is no need for that in China" was the response whenever she questioned anyone about anything she found missing: makeup, jewelry, a sense of competition, a chance flirtation.

And, in fact, there seemed to be no need at all for any kind of East-West confrontation. "I noticed that, in China, where every-

(Continued on page 277)

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Colorado The Denver, May D&F
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ABOUT CHES

(Continued from page 246)

for a pleasant dip in the Atlantic. Returning, I found a dinner of *poularde portugaise* (not exactly a Florida special in those days), couscous, tomatoes Charleston, Bibb lettuce salad, cheese, and hot fruit waiting. [Ed. note: Recipes for two other Rayner dinners start on page 168.] I was confused, perhaps after all I had married a chef. As time would prove, I had married both.

The changes that daily occurred to that modest cottage by the sea were phenomenal—it served Ches as a kind of training ground for later assaults on sturdier structures. She bullied the bulwark. Colors were tested, fabrics were stapled, floors were buffed, ceilings were hung, baths were mirrored, hardware was joined, wood was polished, lighting was recessed, cushions were covered, kitchen counters were butcher-blocked, cabinets were lacquered, windows shuttered, and every shelf sprouted baskets; never have so many baskets served two people who were not engaged in truck farming. Now, all this activity might be attributed to a flush bank account; in fact, none may, for the "output" in no way reflected the "input"—as cottage industries go, this was her parcel to the budding new ethic of "how to." How to repaint, replaster, refurbish, refinish, and repair to bed exhausted replaced local artisans (if there were any) during that first hot Florida summer. Details became understood as they can only be understood by a doer.

A year later, we returned to New York where a series of brownstone apartments and country houses were to feel the full fresh force of Ches's action. I remember one in particular. We had taken in Ramapo a barn just lately vacated by a rather eccentric old uncle who kept in the cellar a six-foot black snake named Old Black Joe, whose job it was to eat mice. I had once suggested to my uncle that he might consider employing a cat to perform the same service and thereby got cut out of his will.

When asked how she felt about sharing the barn with Old Black Joe, Ches offered that she didn't care. Old Black Joe did, though. After three weeks of hammering, spraying, and genteel mayhem, the poor thing slid off one night never to be seen again. He was foolish, though, for the barn became a dream.

All this energy was not destined to be contained within the framework of our own dwellings, unless someone offered us The Elms, Schönbrunn, or the Pentagon, and the fateful day when Chesbrough would launch into trade was fast approaching. It happened quite innocently during a lunch with her future partner Mica Ertegün and a gentleman friend who made the mistake of asking, "What's new?" Well, first they hummed it, then they strummed it, and pretty soon all Caravelle knew, Manhattan had given birth to MAC II.

Later that same evening I was told that they had just formed a company called MAC II, and what did I think. I offered that it sounded fine to me, but what did Hoffa think. "Not a trucking company, you fool, a decorating firm." Well, after all, I once knew a man in Florida who opened a beauty parlor called Duffy's Tavern (where the effete meet the elite) and he prospered, so what's in a name. Anyhow, it would remove the field of action to other arenas and I could return to a sedentary existence which appeals more to my nature. Wrong, wrong, and wrong, or at least wrong until they organized a proper office. Till then the telephone calls that we used to receive beginning at seven in the morning were unnerving:

"Is Mrs. Rayner there? This is Jack; tell her I have got permission to put the bidet in Mrs. Jones's apartment."

"Hi, this is Phil. Tell Mrs. Rayner I got her two hundred pounds of mirrors here on Fifth Avenue and the super refuses to accept them."

"Look, I got to talk to Mrs. Rayner quick—you know that garden apartment they are doing in Gramercy Square? Well, the building don't allow no sheep."

And in the background I hear a baaaa. This lasted about a year until the firm's staff grew sufficiently to deal with these delightful early-morning conversations. I must admit, at times I miss them, but only at times.

As I grew to understand, one of the real problems confronting a decorating firm was storage. Mica and Chesbrough used to make a couple of trips each year to Europe where they scoured flea markets, *antiquaires*, galleries, auctions, and the like, returning to our shores with a quantity of goods that would have compared favorably with Hearst's purchases for San Simeon. What to do with it all until it fitted into a particular scheme of decorating? The obvious answer was to place the goods in their two abodes until "they worked."

I really liked this period in their development, for there were times when the dining room would change from Empire to Regency to stainless steel all in one week. Other things changed,

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ABOUT CHES

(Continued from page 276)

too, like walls, fixtures, bric-a-brac, windows, vases, decanters, bureaus, chairs, lamps, and so forth. An exciting way to live, you say—it was, though on occasion I thought I had wandered into the wrong apartment.

I came to understand, too, that decorating had another side, it was a dangerous business—not all just Georgian this and Louis that chat. One morning looking out of my fourteenth-floor office window, I saw Chesbrough across the way in a hard hat five stories above me pirouetting across an I beam into what was going to be a model apartment and presently was just a skeleton of steel and rivets. Later that night when my heart had returned from my throat, I inquired if it was really necessary to enter the job quite so early. "I went to see the view, so that. . . ." Thank you, Mrs. Hillary.

For the next few years, even though our apartment remained a laboratory for new ideas and a halfway house for furniture and fixtures, the heavy creative thrust was being absorbed by the firm. I could return home each night secure in the belief that there were not going to be any changes of venue of a domestic nature to disturb my tranquillity.

The weekends had been spoken for by a beautiful old Stanford White house they had purchased in the country and were redoing, while during the week there were apartments, houses, a bank, and offices to work on there in New York and abroad.

So, it came as a terrible shock one spring evening when Ches entered my room to announce that she had found the perfect apartment. Just the one for which we had been searching. That was news to me as (1) I had not been searching and (2) I thought I was just then sitting in the perfect apartment. At the thought of moving, my bursitis flared up. The next day I saw the apartment, the one pictured on pages 246-249, and, indeed, it is good—the one, had I been searching, I would have been searching for. And so we took it, and the long march started.

No matter, gentle reader, how masterly planned the move, meticulously packed the possessions, fine-tuned the organization, or precisely synchronized the timing, when all is amen, one's possessions resurface leisurely. Days go by when cuff links don't match, books don't appear, and the omelet pan hides. But no matter. We had come home.

Having opted for staying out of the way, I did not realize the support forces that MAC II was capable of mounting. These were not workers, nor craftsmen, nor artisans, but artists they used. Luis Perez, who hung the material in my dressing room, had been the subject of an extensive book devoted to the art of decorating in fabric. Ronald Reitz, who created the designs on the window shades (and behind our bed), had studied his trade at the Philadelphia Museum College of Art, the Parsons School of Design, and the School of Visual Arts, and the carpenter who raised high the roof beam was in real life a cabinetmaker.

Actually the cabinetmaker didn't raise the roof beam any higher, but he sure elevated the door jambs, up to about eleven feet, or proportioned for a family of Wilt Chamberlains. It gives the rooms a marvelous sense of scale. Wilt would like the banquettes in the living room, too; he could really stretch out on all twelve feet of them. (MAC II's big on long banquettes.)

Now the long march is ended, the bursitis in retreat, and as I look around there is no question but that this is the nicest place I have ever lived. Somehow, I might have known. Perhaps I should have guessed. But now I clearly see. Ches really is possessed. Possessed of a remarkable talent. ▽

CHINESE HEAD-TURN

(Continued from page 275)

thing is predictable, where everything is based on the ideas of Chairman Mao, you can't even pick a good fight with somebody, an intellectual fight with somebody, because their ideas are predictable. I should not say that they aren't allowed to fight, but they will not fight. They will not give you the opportunity to have an argument.

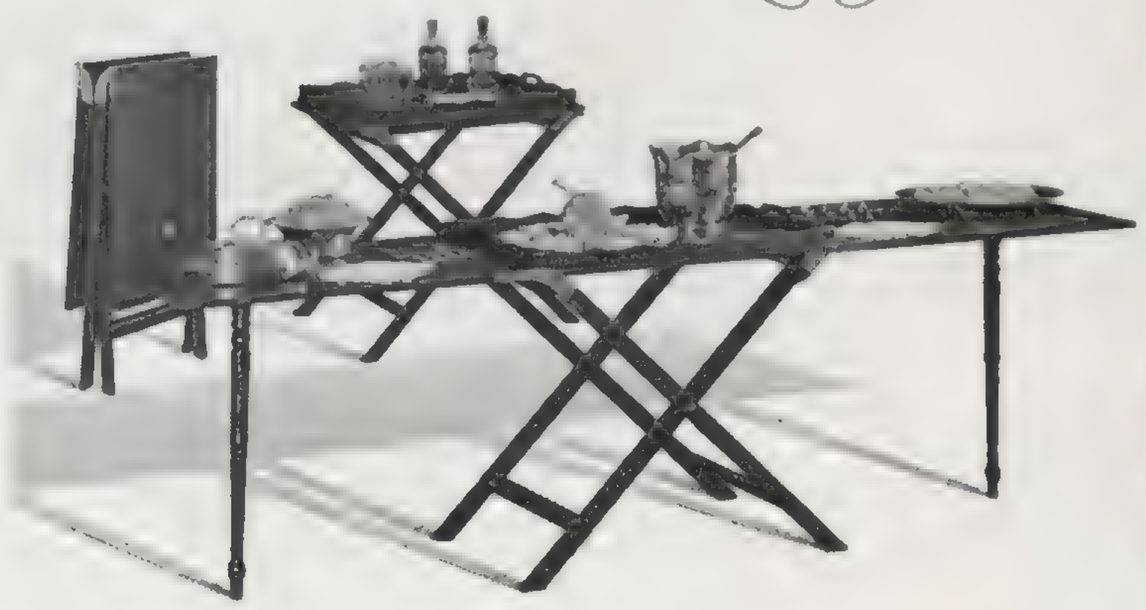
"I have been to Africa—twice, as a matter of fact—simply because I found the rawness and the simplicity there also intriguing. But there are no borders there, actually. Whereas, when you are in China, you have the feeling that you're going to run against borders. Yes, you know that there's a Great Wall—and that's more than just the Great Wall. That's the Chinese wall. That's the Chinese boundary.

"It's almost like being on an island and knowing that no ship is ever going to come to take you away. It's not frightening; but you leave with a sense of relief, with a new feeling of freedom."

—LORRAINE DAVIS

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VOGUE GALLERIA

"LOVERS & TYRANTS"

(Continued from page 243)

of minimal pain. She keeps thinking of those nineteenth-century women who spent much of their lives drugged on opium, who stayed in a stupor of opium night and day. Especially in the New England coastal towns, where it was brought home in quantities by husbands returning from the Orient in their whaling ships. Day after day, walking high as kites down the streets of New England towns when their husbands were out on their two-, three-year-long voyages, keeping their body temperatures raised by opium in their freezing houses, administering it to their children to quiet winter coughs, taking a third dose at lunchtime to calm the beginning of a neuralgia, or to get even happier—just imagine those stoned matriarchies, those towns administered year after year by thousands of women as stoned as she is, imagine the beauty of that. . . . She stops at a red light in a small town. Elijah stares at her with his great amethyst eyes as if she is someone else, someone new. . . .

They have stopped at the beginning of the Nevada desert. Elijah is giving a slow, thorough dusting to his lens.

"Listen, Steph, tell me that story again—about that walk you took in Spain that time."

For the past three days he has been at her to hear some incident or other of her life with Paul. He has the insistence of a child who wants a set of stories repeated at bedtime.

"Well, I'll tell it to you one last time. . . . I've had similar experiences several times in my life, they have a different meaning each time. I think the point of this one is that we can only experience happiness in tiny strips or scraps, in the briefest illuminations—"

"Dammit Steph, you always theorize so. Hey, catch this thing and wake up." He throws her a tin of used-up film. "Someday you're going to theorize the universe out of existence, just like that, poof. I only asked you to tell me that story again."

"Okay, chief, here it is. We're walking up a hill in the mountains of Spain, Paul and Tom and Jeff and I, the summer before I fell ill. It's a brilliant afternoon, and suddenly I have this strong intimation of the fullness of life. I mean of its fullest, most bursting plenitude. I have the sense that right at that very moment I am surrounded by all that I have loved the most in life, that if I were able to choose a Something after death I would simply take the quintessence of this moment and keep it with me for all eternity. In other words, I am carried out of time and into a premonition of my future which is very terrifying but quite beautiful. I am climbing a high hill, there is a sea of umbrella pines before me, the tops of their domes are a blinding hue of viridian, so brilliant that they seem out of nature, neon-lit. . . ."

"Once out of nature I shall never take my shape from any natural thing," Elijah whispers. "Yeats, right?"

"Right, Elijah. . . . And the wind is singing the way it sings only through umbrella pines, with that swelling, rolling sound not unlike that of surf. The smell of thyme, sage, lavender is rampant, the ground is brilliant with dianthus, purple thistle, asphodel. The mountains are so very clear that suddenly they look as if they had just been sculpted out of violet clay a foot away, every one of their ridges become connected to me as if they were extensions of my own body. I'm holding on to each of my children—they're sixteen, seventeen, but we've brought them up without any of that Wasp shit about hiding emotions, we've kept on hugging and kissing them right into their manhood, the way Mediterranean families do—and that day I realize that they're as good and rich human beings as I've ever met, Jeff always so concerned with the state of the world, the shape of history, Tom with his bright optimistic nature and his incredible love for every animal and plant that thrives on this earth. Tom has just grabbed my hand to point to a bird in a bush of thyme, a hoopoe, and Paul is walking ahead of us and at that very moment he looks at us with that smile of his which can be cold, so patronizing at times, but which that day is like pure molten gold. And I'm overwhelmed with the sense that I'm surrounded with all that I have loved best in life—the white heat of that Mediterranean landscape, my children, the man I've loved the most in life, a difficult man yet after all my savior, the man who gave me all the tenderness to grow in I'd missed as a little child, the man who taught me to love, who exorcised me from my mother's world, who gave me the shelter that eventually enabled me to be a writer. You see, it was the same landscape which I'd crossed with him some ten years before on a day in which I'd felt only his dourness, his oppressiveness—that's the point, we've always got to be ready for the total transformation, the transfiguration of the other, perhaps the transfiguration of all reality. Oh God, Elijah, I think that may be one meaning of the word 'resurrection.'"

She lies in the back seat as he drives.

"Anyhow we come to a river bank and for a second I cannot see, I am struck as though blind, and at the same time a wind rushes through me as I know it will at the moment of my death. And I am filled with the most immense happiness, I know that if I can carry some distillation, some quintessence of that moment with me I . . . well, I can die any time, any time, without fear."

"That story spaces me out," Elijah says.

"Why in hell? You're such a skeptic."

"Because I have no such moment to carry with me, because I've been so lonely, so miserable most of my life—an old man who beat me up much of my childhood, a sweet wishy-washy mom I can't begin to talk to, guys who last three months."

"Well, live on, Elijah."

They drive on, crossing the border from Utah to Nevada.

"The question is, *can* we?" Elijah says softly.

"Can we what?"

"Can we carry such a moment with us?"

"Perhaps that will be the great surprise, Elijah. Guess who said that."

For the past two days she has been calling him Elijah without shortening his name, no more Lija, Lijie. She has decided to be serious with him, talk about serious matters, stop babying him, the way we suddenly speak in a fiercer, more ponderous manner when a child turns fourteen or so. And he has faced up to it, he has stared at her with those great jewellike eyes and asked her serious questions, what's life, what's death, what's hope. ▽

"SPEEDBOAT"

(Continued from page 242)

(It was on account of these stroking motions that their inability really to swim had never come to anyone's attention or, for that matter, to their own consciousness.) That morning, the nanny had, unaccountably, stroked a few feet out of her depth, in the direction of her charge. Then, according to the baby-sitter, who may have confused the sequence, things happened very rapidly, in the following order. Nanny's face turned blue. *Then* she swallowed water. Coughing and struggling, she reached her charge and clung to her. They both went under. Long seconds later, the little girl came up, crying and sputtering. In clear view, a few feet beyond the shallow end and beyond the grasp of the baby-sitter, who was trying to maintain her feet and her depth as she held out her hands, the nanny surfaced briefly once more, sank, and drowned.

There is a difference, of course, between real sentiment and the trash of shared experience. "I remember you. In first grade, you told Miss Hennebery that Dan Frayne, the class albino, and I had been whispering during Silent Meditation. The next winter, you showed me a wino exhibitionist in our local railroad station. You said he had VD, which was the day we won the war in Europe, and that my Uncle Jean, who had fought in France, would be just like him. I went away to school for some years. In 1954, you ran over my dog. We did not meet again until after college, when we were both in love for a time with the same man at the law office where I worked. Since then, you have told any number of false and vicious stories at my expense. Now we meet again," is not to say, "Know each other? Gosh, we've been close for thirty years."

So, when you find yourself sitting in a bomb shelter beside someone who refuses to share either of two blankets with a small child who is shivering; or you find yourself standing in a living room beside someone who, seeing a sad, powerful, distinguished man, recently widowed, in animated conversation with a shy, young, not quite homely woman whose husband has left her, when you find yourself standing beside someone who then swoops toward the gentleman, embraces him as though he were a lover swum out to save her from a cruel drowning, and saying "Darling, I've been so longing to talk to you," protracts her embrace until she has removed him from the not quite homely woman, as effectively as a sheepdog might single out a sheep or a tackle might crowd a runner out of bounds at the sidelines—when, time and time again, such a person happens to be, in fact, the same one, it is best not to think, nostalgically, "Hell, we've been through a lot together," unless you are prepared to add, "You have caused, over the years, varieties of unhappiness for which I have not, perhaps, been sufficiently grateful." ▽

Venita has known a lot of suffering.



Venita is a shy little girl with big, dark eyes. You can see by her wistful expression that she has known much suffering in her short life in India.

She hardly remembers her parents. Her mother was in ill health when Venita was born. She died when Venita was only two years old.

Her father earned very little and lived in one room in a tenement in Delhi. He was unable to support and care for the frail little girl. He asked a children's Home, affiliated with the Christian Children's Fund, to take care of his daughter.

There is still a sad, haunting look that lingers in Venita's dark eyes. But she's improving. Gradually she's losing her shyness, and she smiles and plays with other children who share the same room at the Home.

Venita now has the care she needs. Her CCF sponsor here in this country is helping give her a better chance for a useful, happy life.

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"The photographs," Avedon has said, "have a reality for me that the people don't. It's through the photographs that I know them"

AVEDON AND PEOPLE

(Continued from page 239)

was not attempted—a hieroglyphic description on the portrait identified him. That is to say, factual truth was assigned to the words, not the image.

There are many different conceptions of likeness, ranging from that in which conventional forms are matched with the subject's features (as in the Egyptian example) to that which duplicates a visual impression. Picasso conceded that Gertrude Stein did not resemble the portrait he painted of her, but he insisted that someday she would. Like artists of Egypt, police-department portraitists combine physiognomical traits elicited from witnesses to produce portraits of persons they have never seen. But their aim is the opposite of that of the Egyptians; it is to provide the means by which strangers can recognize the subject, not to preserve his identity for eternity in the darkness of the tomb.

The likeness recorded by the camera is a species of naturalistic evidence—that of an eyewitness and presumably one superior in objectivity to human witnesses (which, as we have seen, does not prevent the camera from lying). You do not have to be a primitive to look at a photo and respond, "It doesn't look like him at all," but in time the visual record tends to become conclusive. The camera has made it possible to fool people through facts. The modern public is misled not by fable or fantasy but by information, of which visual information is no doubt the most convincing. Avedon recalls that in the photographs taken for his family album there was always a dog, though the family didn't have a dog. They would borrow one as part of their getup for their pictures, and they would pose in front of a magnificent limousine that didn't belong to them either. By adding these few bits of data to the truth of their appearance, they hoped to delude the world about themselves. "Every one of the photographs in the family album was built around some sort of lie about who we all were."

Having a dog in the photo did not make it a forgery, as would inserting words in a contract; the dog was actually there. Nor were the Avedons impersonating anyone in particular. Their "lie" consisted of embellishing themselves, of applying what might be termed a social cosmetic ("putting on the dog") that would induce spectators to draw erroneous conclusions, and thus to fool themselves. All the physical elements in the photo were genuine—the fraud lay in the eye of the beholder. As the event recedes into the past, misrepresentation through facts becomes increasingly difficult to refute. How prove that people didn't own a dog? Or hadn't gotten a ride in a Packard on the day the photo was taken? For historians, the dog on film is a primary document in the life of the Avedons.

The photo thus becomes more real than the event or person that is its subject. Actual experience is too transitory to be grasped—in imposing stasis on appearances, the photograph duplicates nature with a category of more durable phenomena. The mind becomes habituated to look to the copy in order to be convinced of the original. A riot, a snowstorm acquires an added dimension of solidity when it is duplicated in one or more of the visual media. Avedon summed this up in his remarks on the Bogart photo: "The information in it is self-contained. He's dead. Everything has changed. Everything—except the photograph." The pathos is that Bogart himself appears to have been reduced to a strip of chemically treated paper. That photos have superseded facts has altered our sense of things and has had significant effects on the moral, political, and cultural character of our epoch. The camera has thrust us into a man-made world composed of fictions beheld by the eye and facts about which we are in the dark (for example, TV versions of moon landings). John Szarkowski declares, in *The Photographer's Eye*, that "the image survives the subject and becomes the remembered reality." Who is to say that there were no two-headed babies in Coney Island in the old days?

All portraits surprise their subjects in some degree. Individuals have a general notion of what they look like, and this notion tends to be jarred by any particular likeness, almost as if there were a double exposure. "It's a good picture," is the usual verdict, "but the resemblance is off." Portraits are probably most convincing to people who are unfamiliar with the persons portrayed. The snapshot multiplies the quantity of fragmentary or inexact likenesses of each individual to the point where he is assimilable into a universe of light and shadow. Whatever remains recognizable of the photographed object has been rescued from anonymity either by chance or by the skill and discipline of the photographer. "We photographers," said Cartier-Bresson, "deal in things which are continually vanishing." This consciousness can lead logically to abandoning as hopeless the demand for affirmation of individual identity in portraits. The situation is symbolized by Magritte's painting of a gentleman with a huge apple directly in front of his face—which is a companion piece to a photograph of J. P. Morgan with his head completely blocked out by his silk hat.

Optical phenomena are infinite in quantity and each is susceptible to being recorded in countless variations and refractions. Within the endless flood of visual arrangements and rearrangements, the painter seeks an effect of coherence, if only one derived from the habitual reflexes of the hand. Lacking the inhibitions of a nervous system, the camera holds the threat of a mindless accumulation of data, without limit and without purpose, like the accumulation of profit in the economic system in which photography originated. One-man exhibitions of photographs occasionally display the stylistic consistency and formal subtlety of the individual craftsman. Such accomplishments do not, however, alter the fundamental fact that, in the photographic medium, finding can be substituted for making. It is undeniably a factor in the vast popularity of snap shooting that no concept of the subject is needed to take pictures—the thing pictured can be found and refound with each click of the shutter. One can make aesthetic choices from a roll of film shot without a single insight, the way one chooses among pebbles on a beach.

Finding includes combining. Collage, perhaps the most radical departure in this century from traditional assumptions in painting, arose directly out of the technology of reproduction, which includes photography. Collage was stimulated by the cameraman's bent toward foraging for subjects. In the collage, "finds" consisting of photographic likenesses, real objects, and passages created by the artist are mixed and united in a single dimension. Collage realizes in art the principle cited by Szarkowski that the photo is equal in reality to the object or event. In the collage, and in its sculptured equivalent, the assemblage, things are transformed into images and derive their meaning from the new context in which they are set. The visible world is thus conceived as susceptible to unlimited manipulation and readjustment. A Cubist portrait, such as Picasso's of Kahnweiler, symbolizes this liberation from objective solidity, or "things as everyone sees them" (Gertrude Stein), by translating its subject into a complex coordination of physical fragments and abstract shapes.

Finding involves recognition—of particulars that arouse feeling directly (a familiar figure glimpsed in a crowd) or through association (a fruit that resembles a detail of the female anatomy). Theoreticians of photography stress its reliance on selection or choice. Effective photographers know in advance what they are seeking, though this will not prevent them from appropriating images other than those they expect to find. Aaron Siskind found Abstract Expressionist art everywhere—on barns, on rock formations, on stretches of sand. Selection is as vital—and for the same reason—in photography as it is in paintings based on chance, whether composed of found materials, such as collages by Arp or Schwitters, or through automatic drawing or processing, as by Ernst or Masson, or by the thrown paint of Pollock. All these artists find, and only selecting can prevent them from bringing in everything.

In addition to accident and selection, there is what might be called inspired finding, the advent of transcendental or magical objects or persons, such as the momentous talismans and encounters in legends and in the lives of heroes. Occurrences of this order, sought but not planned, presumably transpire only among those who have psychically prepared the way for them by the search itself, as in the adventures of the Holy Grail. The Surrealists, combing the streets and shop windows of Paris in search of what they called "objective hazards," stumbled over an unusually high frequency of significant "correspondences." There is such a thing as training oneself to be lucky. The shots in the dark of Breton, Arp, and Miró almost always hit a valid mark. "To produce an accident of this sort," said Hans Hofmann of one of his great blot paintings, "one must be in a certain state." There are more advanced forms of finding than to bag what is available and choose what one likes. The findings of exceptional photographers occur as the result of exceptional preparations.

Every art has its own moral principle, without which its creations are mere stimulants of sensation. There is nothing to

prevent photography from operating on the moral level of the beachcomber, the brothelkeeper, or the second-story man. It is nothing new for the camera to deal with people in public places as potential salvage, to be a source of supply for peddlers of touched-up nudes, to be used to collect testimony in hotel rooms. Lately, it has been argued in court that photographers may appropriate human likenesses as a matter of right. The story of portraits extracted by force is not restricted to mug shots in police stations.

The moral principle of photographic portraiture is respect for the identity of the subject. Such respect does not come naturally in a medium that can without effort produce countless unrelated likenesses of the same object. Light, of which photographs are made, can endow people and scenes with emotional associations that are completely irrelevant to them—a half-lighted face transforms every girl reading into a pensive madonna. To achieve truth, the photographer needs to curtail his resources, which means he must make photography more difficult.

Avedon is a difficult photographer, in the sense that Barnett Newman and Clyfford Still are difficult painters. Like them, Avedon is a "reductionist," that is, one who purges his art of inessential or meretricious elements. Avedon's camera refuses to confer poetry or distinction on his painters, writers, and other famous personages. It meets each individual head-on; he is allowed only such graces as may come through the vacant stare of the lens. With Avedon the camera seems less a tool of presentation than a source of self-enlightenment. "The photographs," he has said, "have a reality for me that the people don't. It's through the photographs that I know them." He has returned to the posed picture, but only to the extent that his "sitters" (they usually stand) face the lens with an expression of their choice. No snapshots. No taking by surprise, catching people with their mouths full of food or (with the exception of Ezra Pound) opened in a shriek. None of the portraits in this book is made with a "candid" camera. Avedon uses an 8 x 10 Deardorf and a Rolleiflex. "A photographic portrait," he has written, "is a picture of someone who knows he's being photographed." This awareness is enough to distinguish a human being from an object (which is what one becomes in most photos), or from a motif in a pattern. Nor in the Avedons is there a hoaxing for effect by the photographer, though the model may put himself across in any way he or she chooses. In most cases, the faces of Avedon's subjects are those that they came by naturally—all of the Chicago Seven seem to have felt the impact of Avedon's gravity.

Avedon signals the austerity of his portraits by their all-white, flat background. In preparation for a portrait, he develops an intuition of the sitter, then presses the bulb to make his intuition visually concrete. De Kooning, of whom there is a remarkably powerful portrait in this book, told me that Avedon silently set up his large roll of white paper on the shady side of the house, then asked suddenly, " 'Are you ready?' I said, 'Sure,' and he had me stand in front of the white plane. He stood close to me and snapped the picture. Then he asked, 'Why don't you smile?' So I smiled, but the picture was done already, and he didn't take any of me smiling."

Avedon's inhibition of the illusionistic rules of the camera—ingenious angles, dramatic lighting, mood-inspiring environments—restores the solidity of the subject, jeopardized by the reign of the surface in modernist aesthetics. His photos also dispense with most biographical props, though not with drama, which is inseparable from expression (the photos of Marianne Moore and Ezra Pound), as well as from the lack of it (photo of Robert and Michael Meeropol). Avedon allows his sitters their characteristic disguises, as well as those forced upon them by nature or by their professions, as in his portrait of "John Martin, Dancer," a female impersonator, or of Truman Capote (which conveys the author of *In Cold Blood* but not the giddiness of the drinking-party comedian).

To portray people as self-conscious subjects is to return to traditional portraiture, in which the appearance of the sitter is composed aesthetically, like a still life, by means of cosmetics, hair style, costume, and, above all, facial expression, before the portraitist applies his craft. Rose Mary Woods packaged herself for Avedon in a blouse criss-crossed with rectangular designs like the labels on a steamer trunk. In the photo of John Martin, the female impersonator, the painted eyes, elongated eyelashes, and obviously artificial hairpiece contrast with the hairy chest and muscular arms to affirm that this is a girl who is not what she seems. Beyond these data, available to any camera, is the look on

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1976 MAKEUP NEWS

(Continued from page 228)

ton Simon, its origins are French, which accounts for its treatment orientation.

Orlane's emphasis for lip color is on dark tones: Rouge Rose and Rose Fuchsia are the main entries for fall. There are several new shades in lipgloss as well: Plum and Brun, Café and Raisin. Darker shades prevail in blushers, too, such as Raisin for the cream version, Chocolate and Sienne for powders.

Some goodies being imported from Europe are waterproof pencils that can be used for both color and contour and a makeup touch-up kit called Le Compact that contains a big mirror, lipstick, a blusher, and a translucent pressed powder.

Charles of the Ritz has done well over the years with Revenescence, one of the first daytime moisturizers, introduced in 1934. Revenescence lipstick, face powder, and cheek color came two years ago. This fall there will be Revenescence pressed-powder eye shadow. Common to all: microencapsulation action that delivers moisture as it delivers color.

A night cream is being introduced in the company's Alexandra de Markoff line under the Countess Isserlyn label. Its goal: attracting and retaining moisture. It's strictly a night cream, not to be used under makeup.

Heard of Babe? Who hasn't? Personified by Margaux Hemingway, the new fragrance was launched by **Fabergé** last spring in cologne and powder form. This fall they will be joined by body lotion and soap. Next year cosmetics and skin-care products are promised. The company, known for fragrance products, is planning more emphasis on cosmetics and treatments generally.

But what Fabergé really is excited about, according to Richard Barrie, president, is its new men's fragrance called, simply, Macho. Eleven years ago, Fabergé introduced Brut for men, and you know what happened to that. Mr. Barrie expects Macho, in a futuristic see-through green plastic container, to have the same glorious future. It has a dynamite look, Mr. Barrie insists, along with a dynamite scent. "Powerful and long lasting" is the way he describes it, not fooling around with floral or spice terminology.

In the offing: skin-care products for men. "It's not necessarily feminine to take care of the skin, but that stigma will have to be removed just as the idea of using fragrance was considered feminine by some men ten years ago," says Mr. Barrie. Color for men? "Not quite yet," he says.

The same trends in the general market are reflected in cosmetics for Black women. **Fashion Fair,** the three-year-old company based in Chicago and represented in 465 stores today, is an example of Black cosmetics, specialists that are flourishing.

"Cosmetics for white women have a tendency to change color on me," says Gail Stewart, product development manager for Fashion Fair, citing the main reason for special cosmetics for Blacks. Black skins tend to be oily, so foundations are light and colors are warm, with brown bases, to blend with darker complexions, she went on.

In a natural reference to the popular Broadway musical with the all-Black cast, the fall color scheme is called Bubbling Brown. It includes a lipgloss of that name, a lipstick called Brown Sugar, a Georgia Brown nail polish, a Brown Blaze Glow foundation, and eye shadow called Bold Brown Bone Pearl.

Paralleling the renewed interest in red, there is another series called Warm Reds, with such specifics as Red Raisin lipstick, Burgundy Red nail enamel, and Real Red cream rouge. With entries in both color camps, there is Ultimate Eyes, a new eye-shadow compact containing five different shades.

In the skin-care arena, **Clinique** has a unique position. Since it started in 1968, it has educated thousands of women to the basics of skin care, and its system is simple. "You must rid your skin of dead surface cells twice a day, the way you brush your teeth, to keep everything in good working order," says Carol Phillips, executive vice president. The process is in three parts: washing with soap, exfoliation (removing dead cells) with lotion, moisturizing.

Makeup preparations simply keep up the good work: a base, a pore minimizer, and Continuous Coverage, which prevents markings caused by some women's exposure to ultraviolet rays, are some of them. Clinique is so sure of itself, it's going to extend its range. By December there will be a skin-care program for men.

One of the most important lines that **Helena Rubinstein** has ever launched has just arrived here from France. It's called Existence. Frequently "boot-legged" in from France because of its unavailability, Existence copes with every skin type, correcting imperfections in the skin's rhythm by accelerating anything sluggish in the skin's composition.

"Because there is such a proliferation of products available, women do tend to get confused

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ESPRIT DE STORE

(Continued from page 245)

versary—that's why Chairman Brooks is so interested in *esprit.* You might have supposed everyone was sick of birthdays this year, but Mr. Brooks is delighted that the anniversary coincides with the Bicentennial—because it turns out that Mr. Lord and Mr. Taylor were *English.* They came over to America to make their fortunes, starting with a dry-goods shop in lower Manhattan and ending with a rapidly expanding "fashion emporium." They did so well that Mr. Taylor went back home to England to retire in comfort (a good example for the rest of us).

Actually, I might have known it. Once I overcome all that American temptation on the Street Floor and make a dash for the escalator (and not counting opera benefits), Lord & Taylor reminds me of nothing so much as—Harrods. The peaceful atmosphere, the please-don't-let-me-bother-you salespeople, the Duchess of Kent mannequins, the lack of cash registers, the open spaces—all madly Harrodian. (I must confess at this point to being a dedicated store-crawler—it's rather like pub crawling, only you don't have a drink till afterward when you realize what savings you have squandered.)

Soaring up the escalators at Lord & Taylor, I lose my New York "fight-or-flight" crouch and promenade languidly through the floors, observing the understated tweeds, the cashmere sweaters, the Savile Row-cut pants, the country-house weekend supplies from woolen underwear to long white nighties.

I was brought up knowing where to find all that in London, and I know where to find it in New York. (If, on the other hand, I am in my Yoga-weekend-with-spaced-out-guitar-player phase—for which ankle bracelets, fringed tops, tasseled shawls, tie-dyed sarongs, nose rings, and other freak-out gear are *de rigueur*—I know where *not* to go.)

The American revolution at Lord & Taylor took place with the arrival of a woman from Arkansas called Dorothy Shaver, who joined the store in 1924, became President in 1946, and reigned supreme until her death in 1959. She was evidently one of those electrifying, ageless, inexhaustible American women—like Edna Woolman Chase or Isadora Duncan—before whom Europeans' knees buckle in awe and amazement.

Dorothy Shaver's energy sparked innovation all around her; and during Miss Shaver's years at the store came such L & T touches as red-felt cushions for the elbow to rest on while you try on gloves, early-morning coffee for crack-of-dawn shoppers, the first shop specializing in college fashions, the ubiquitous red rose, the first perfume-scented air to shop in, the famous handwritten signature, the Red Rose personal shopping service for men, the famed Christmas windows, and—probably most important—it was Dorothy Shaver who put the names of American fashion designers on the map.

Lord & Taylor was the first store to put designer labels on its clothes. The designers were for the most part American and many of them were women. Claire McCardell, Sylvia Pedlar, Bonnie Cashin, Clare Potter, Sally Victor, Vera Maxwell, Rose Marie Reid, Marie McCarthy, Anne Fogarty, Lilly Pulitzer—and such men as Luis Estevez, Rudi Gernreich, John Weitz, Donald Brooks, and Kasper—have all been favorites at Lord & Taylor. "Designers have always brought things to us," longtime Lord & Taylor sportswear buyer Elizabeth Kennedy told me, "they know we like the American look, particularly in college and casual clothes. *Our clothes are what you live in now.*" Well, not quite *always.* I admit I sometimes go on a bargain binge and buy garments that will last only a week and then make terrific dusters. But at least Lord & Taylor doesn't ask you to look like everyone else each season. Give me my individuality any day, even if it means looking like a flower child while everyone else is rushing about as a Russian peasant.

Lord & Taylor is not going to

(Continued on page 285)

HOW LORD & TAYLOR THROWS A BIRTHDAY PARTY Countdown of an anniversary—called ADVENTURE 150—being celebrated in Lord & Taylor stores across the country, beginning last month.

Wednesday, September 22: **Cocktail party,** Street Floor, to open the new Street Floor and to salute New York's cultural life.

Tuesday, September 28: **Dorothy Shaver Rose Award Dinner in honor of Diana Vreeland,** Eleventh Floor; black-tie dinner and dance for Mrs. Vreeland and her friends in a tent set up in the roof garden.

Monday, October 4: **At the Germaine Monteil counter,** Robert LaCourte, editorial makeup artist, will be available all day for make-over consultations, through October 9.

Monday, October 4: **At the Clinique counter,** a staff supervisor will help customers define their true skin type. Specially printed skin charts also will be available so that skin can be typed accurately at home, through October 9.

Tuesday, October 12: **"The Adventure of New York Living."** Eighth Floor; opening of model rooms designed for treasured examples of New York City's architecture, keeping all original architectural details. The evening will benefit the Municipal Art Society; the show will continue for four and one-half months.

Monday, November 1: **Fashion show and dinner in honor of the New York City Opera;** Lord & Taylor's big fashion bash—"150 years of Adventure into Fashion"—to be held at Lincoln Center's New York State Theater—entertainment and elegance for an audience of fifteen hundred. (This show will travel to Dallas, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Washington, and Hartford.)

Tuesday, November 9: **"Guess Who's Giving You Dinner?"** Ninth Floor; the adventure of New York entertaining—eight well-known New Yorkers will host eight separate dinner parties with eight separate menus and themes—and you won't know which one you're going to until after the cocktail party. Whose table would you prefer—Bobby Short's or Gloria Vanderbilt's? The evening will benefit the Kips Bay Boys' Club.

1976 MAKEUP NEWS

(Continued from page 282)

about what they should buy for their skin type and that is why we spend a great deal of money training our girls behind the counter to answer the consumer's problems," observes Shirley Lord, Helena Rubinstein's vice president for corporate relations. "We are perhaps the most scientific company, which means we have a responsibility to inform our customers.

"We've just come through the lipstick-less era, a time when the young people were sickened by what they called the 'gook and gluck' they put on their faces. Now we're entering a new period, when they want to take care of their skin. We believe that all our products—whether makeup or treatment—must help the skin."

The Rubinstein color story centers on Golden Reflections, warm colors with a touch of gold available in eye shadows, lipsticks, and nail enamels. Colors don't dry out, shadows don't crease. "We've taken a stand that colors have to treat the skin, too," says Miss Lord.

Revlon, the giant of the industry (its corporate volume was 749.8 million dollars last year, second only to Avon, which does its selling door-to-door), reaffirms the industry trends.

"Healthy color on healthy skin" is the aim, according to Paul Woolard, president of the U.S. cosmetic and fragrance business. Color, he says, represents an evolution, not a revolution. The brown tonality that has been such a strong influence is evidenced still in browned reds, corals, and pinks—but it is evolving into something else—colors that are less brown, less muted, and somewhat brighter. He calls them "softer brights" and says they are leading to a reemergence of red tones.

Mr. Woolard is convinced that the passage from an era of muted color to a brighter period is connected with our psychological outlook on life. "The past five years have been muted times, more on the down side than the up side," he added. "There have been shocks in this country, from the depressions of the cities to Watergate. Now we are emerging from these times, we are feeling more encouraged, and cosmetics reflect this feeling with fewer 'dirty' tones, as we call them. Now tones are cleaner rather than browner."

The brighter shades have a young look and he expects younger women to show more interest in cosmetics other than blushers and eye makeup. Young people have come back to nail enamel in the past two years. Now they are into more color on the face, particularly on the lips. The finished effect is a better balance of color on the face, with a softer and prettier look. These changes are accompanied by a growing interest on the part of young women in treatment products such as moisturizers.

" 'I don't want to look like my mother,' they say," reports Mr. Woolard. "They mean they don't want to look like their mother when they get to be her age, so they will take care of themselves before they really need it, before they get into trouble. It's a preventive, like preventive medicine. Women are caring about themselves—their self-esteem is rising," he observes. To encourage them, more and more products have a dual function, meaning beneficial as well as beautifying. He says: lipsticks have sunscreens, eye shadows are moisturizing, mascaras are conditioning.

The men aren't left out, either. New products, functional as well as fragrant, are being introduced in Chaz, the men's counterpart of the Charlie collection for women. "It's a sure sign that, once again, men will follow women, which is as it should be," Mr. Woolard said in closing. ▽

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ESPRIT DE STORE

(Continued from page 283)

allow us to get lulled into a false sense of security, however. The store's 150th birthday is causing a little revolution of its own. Next time you visit the Fifth Avenue store, hold on to your English cool. The Street Floor has been gutted, with nothing remaining but the vaulted ceiling, the moldings, and the travertine floor. The new look, designed by Ron Pavlik, has mirrors everywhere, smaller counters, lots of greenery, and a feeling of space.

"We wanted to preserve the fine elements of the 1914 store and also to make it totally contemporary," said Kenneth Shaffer, vice president in charge of planning and construction. "The mirrored perimeter and columns will unify the three different worlds of Accessories and the much larger Sportswear and Men's Shops." More men in Lord & Taylor is fine by me. At the Soup Bar on the Tenth Floor, where you can get hot or cold soup and apple pie, there are often as many men as there are women (maybe because the Soup Bar is through the Men's Department). The men all look like Harvard professors or novelists, the kind I always long to meet at parties—but at the Soup Bar I would never dare to intrude upon their reveries as they slurp away.

Each floor of the store is going to have something new for the anniversary. For instance, the Fourth Floor has moved Shoes to the front, now in an elegantly mirrored salon (a wise move—I never could find the shoes, and the new salon looks a perfect place for a sit-down and a gossip); and the Fifth Floor has the new Esprit Department with coats, suits, and dresses all together so you can buy that elusive thing, the Ensemble (something I have never mastered). Lord & Taylor is not only transforming its appearance, it is also expanding. There are twenty-two stores now; in 1978, there will be thirty; and in 1980, thirty-eight. They are opening stores all over the place—in Detroit, three on the same day *at the same minute*.

But do not panic. The Dorothy Shaver personal touch remains: still no cash registers, still good manners from salespeople, still every Lord & Taylor signature hand-signed (check the ads—the signature varies slightly, the way your own does), still the symbol of the red rose. They have no intention of dropping the dazzling Christmas windows. (I now know why the windows are so special. Head window person Emil Blasberg told me that Lord & Taylor is the only store in the United States with mechanical windows that can be moved hydraulically to different levels.)

There still will be the Bird Cage for lunch, with—outside the entrance—a real bird in a real cage really singing, or rather emitting small high-pitched shrieks that sound uncommonly like the lunching ladies. There still will be the thoughtfully placed ashtrays beside the store's front door, where anxious lunch dates check watches, waiting for delinquent beaux. And there still will be the Ladies Lounge on Five, where we read the newspaper, stare into space, plot bank robberies, or mull over the sex lives of the Philadelphia Phillies.

In the Second Act of Richard Strauss's great opera, *Der Rosenkavalier*, the youthful soprano is presented with a silver rose. To celebrate Lord & Taylor's rosy future, the Dorothy Shaver Rose Award has been introduced, to be presented each year for services to society, to the arts, or to the sciences. This award is also a precious, imperishable rose, etched on a crystal prism, commissioned to Tiffany's; and Lord & Taylor's choice as this rose's first recipient was Diana Vreeland, Vogue's former editor who is consultant to The Costume Institute of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. Perhaps next time I go to Lord & Taylor I'll hear Strauss instead of Puccini—another proof of the store's beautifully progressive state of mind. ▽

AVEDON AND PEOPLE

(Continued from page 281)

the subject's face, which presents his dominant state of being as a unique blend of availability and toughness, an ambiguity echoed by the full lips and broad shoulders. One sees through the getup, yet Martin remains a girl—the visual impression is strong enough to neutralize our knowledge. And, of course, why couldn't he be a girl, after all? The hair on his chest might be as artificial as his wig. We are dealing with a photo, a "fiction." Photorealist painters have been fabricating bodies out of flesh-tinted plastics which they adorn with human hair. Let a viewer peruse Avedon's "John Martin" intensely enough and he may discover in himself odd erotic impulses stimulated by the collaboration between the hermaphroditic put-on of the subject and the interpretive art of the photo portraitist. That the theme of sexual doubling is Avedon's and not solely his sitter's is emphasized by the photo of Warhol's Factory—especially the soft, hairless nude, with flowing locks falling below her shoulders, well-manicured fingernails, and a ripe cluster of male organs. No matter how many times one looks at this figure, the astonishment is repeated. Here, the surface seems to leave very little unsaid.

Avedon takes pictures in flat, artificial light and, more recently, in raw daylight, both of which expose every wrinkle, hair follicle, and skin blemish as vividly as if seen in a magnifying mirror. Among his sitters are persons (Groucho Marx) who, being stripped down to what they are, are transformed into strangers. The clarification of the materials of which faces are made—skin, bone, hair, eyes—at times makes the face itself impenetrable as an animal's. On Lewis Milestone's nose there is a bit of peeling skin, and Jean Renoir could belong to half a dozen species, while he shares with Henry Miller and Dwight Eisenhower a kind of glowing edge, which does not lessen these subjects' materiality. Galanos, a fashion designer, has somehow succeeded in curving his body into the shape of an erect worm. Except for group portraits, Buckminster Fuller is the only subject taken full-size, which sets him back from the foreground of the picture and makes him look smaller. This placement seems right, however, for a man who stands in the universe so firmly with both feet.

Avedon's photos aim to restore to his subjects the solidity of being. To this end, he has returned to older aspects of portraiture—one might say he has fought his way back to this art through tides of illusionistic effects made possible by photography and by experiments in the accidental and the unpremeditated. His photos depend entirely on prearranged conditions leading to a final leap into the unknown. Avedon has rejected the limitless fecundity of candid shots in favor of the conscious pose—but shorn of photographic hoaxing through mood lighting and stage props. With him, pose means only that the sitter confronts the camera knowingly, thus wearing a face that is a product of nature and his own act. In the last analysis, the no-comment faces and bodies which Avedon thrusts before the spectator are in accord with the conviction of Giacometti, most profound portraitist of the mid-twentieth century, that any ultimate portrait is unattainable. ▽



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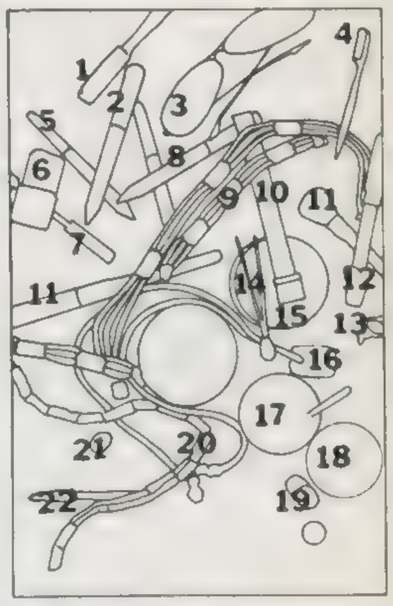
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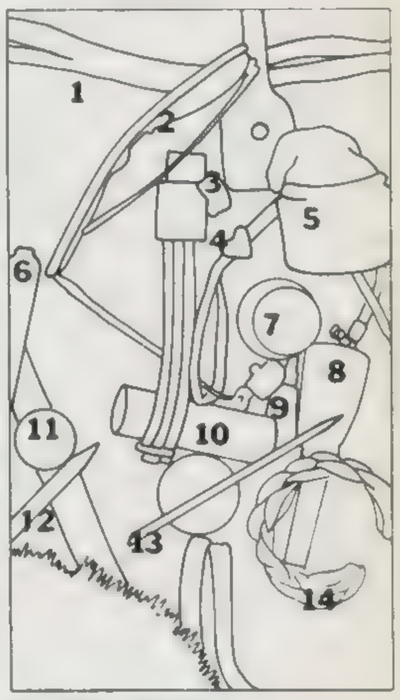
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THE BEAUTY COLLECTIONS (Details for pages 218-225)

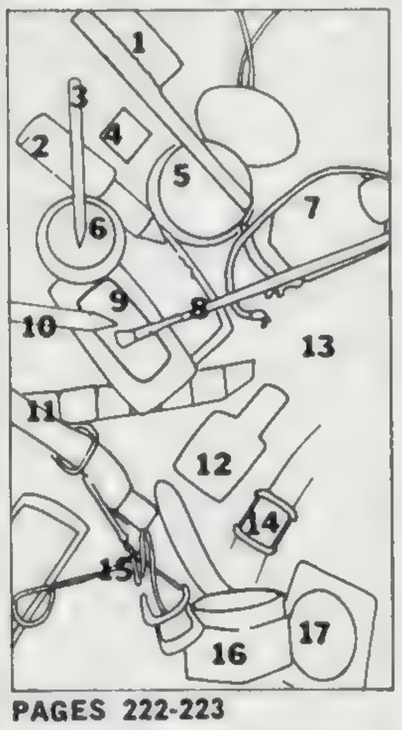
PAGES 218-219: City/Day . . . Naturals Plus: **1.** Boyd's "tortoise" natural-bristle eyebrow brush. $8.50. **2.** Face Factory eye pencil #36. **3.** Renauld sunglasses, at Macy's, N.Y.; Rich's. **4.** Boyd's "tortoise" eyelash comb. $1.50. **5.** Make Up Center On Stage Brown pencil. **6.** Chanel Vernis Laque Terre Rouge nail polish. **7.** Helena Rubinstein Black Long mascara. **8.** Boyd's Temperella Siena pencil. **9.** Three-strand cord choker and bracelet by Esther Gallant, at Kruger Van Eerde. **10.** Poiray gold watch, at Ophelie. **11.** Boyd's face brushes, in regular ($11) and travel size ($9). **12.** Boyd's Temperella Ombra pencil. **13.** Boyd's Evermond pencil sharpener. $1.50. **14.** Mark's tweezers, at Bloomingdale's. **15.** Orlane Powder in Rose Beige. **16.** Barry Kieselstein's solid gold pendant, at Bonwit Teller. **17.** Helena Rubinstein Existence Cork cream makeup. **18.** Germaine Monteil Copper Glow Cheek Accent. **19.** 'Ultima' II Brandy Peach lipstick. **20.** Tiger's-eye-and-gold necklace by Vic for V. J. Gerarde; at Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's. **21.** Chris Walling's gold-and-carnelian earrings, at Bergdorf Goodman. **22.** Boyd's spiral eyelash brush. $1.75. **PAGES 220-221: Country/Day . . . Naturals:** **1.** Canvas tote by Omega Fashions, at Lord & Taylor. **2.** Sunglasses, Ban Lon by Bonneau. **3.** Monet earrings, at Altman's. **4.** Cobra-and-silver bracelet and heart necklace, Bottega Veneta. **5.** Germaine Monteil Super-Moist Makeup in Natural Glow. **6.** Elizabeth Arden Great Color Lip Gloss in Honeyed Apricot. **7.** Chanel Brillant A Levres Lip Gloss. **8.** Max Factor Whipped Creme Ultralucent Clear Natural Nail Enamel. **9.** Scandia Integra Creme Mascara in Black. **10.** Boyd's Evermond Florette Bora Bora blusher stick. **11.** Longines watch, at Gimbels, N.Y.; Sakowitz. **12.** Nail White Pencil by Cutex. **13.** Orange stick. **14.** Woven leather cuff by Francine Hubert. **PAGES 222-223: Evening . . . Glaze & Color:** **1.** Boyd's black contoured brush to brush off loose powder. $12.50. **2.** Christian Dior Creme lipstick #749. **3.** Henri Bendel's Moulin Rouge lip brush. $2.75. **4.** Earrings of jade, tiger's eye, and onyx, by M&J Savitt; at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. **5.** Estée Lauder Soft Film Compact Rouge in Applewine. **6.** Germaine Monteil Lip Moist in Plumrose. **7.** Shiseido Benefique Color Perfect Ivory Makeup. **8.** Boyd's Victory eye-shadow brush. $7.50. **9.** Chanel Ombre Christalline Creme Highlighter. **10.** Make Up Center On Stage Ebony pencil. **11.** Bracelet, of tiger's eye and onyx; bracelet, of jade, tiger's eye, lapis, and onyx. Both, by M&J Savitt, at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. **12.** Chanel Vernis Laque Beige Natural nail polish. **13.** Bag, of black satin with gold trim, by Judith Leiber; at Bergdorf Goodman. **14.** Onyx-and-diamond watch from Corum, at Van Cleef & Arpels. **15.** Boyd's Leda eyelash curler. $3. **16.** Cuff, of tiger's eye and onyx, by M&J Savitt; at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. **17.** Boyd's Evermond Evertouch Gold Evening powder compact. **PAGES 224-225: Evening . . . Color & Glaze:** **1.** Gold-and-diamond bracelet and hoop earrings, from David Webb. **2.** Revlon Super Lustrous Blackberry lipstick. **3.** Diane Von Furstenberg Rose Quartz eye shadow. **4.** Estée Lauder Tender Blusher in Misty Red. **5.** Maybelline Great Lash Mascara in Very Black. **6.** Estée Lauder Rosy Bronze lip pencil. **7.** Mary Quant Blue Kohl Eye Pencil. **8.** Revlon Even Tone lip lightener. **9.** Henri Bendel's portable face brush. $4.25. **10.** Square gold-and-diamond pendant, Van Cleef & Arpels. **11.** Pleated scarf from Chloé, at Saks Fifth Avenue. **12.** Face Factory Nail Polish in Berry Brown. **13.** Face Factory pencil #74. **14.** Fashion Fair Perfect Finish Pure Brown Glo makeup. **15.** Gold-and-diamond rings, from Bulgari Danaos Ltd. **16.** United Nations Gift Center red laquered lip brush. $2.50, including postage. **17.** Fashion Fair Bubbling Brown Lip Gloss. **Addresses for some of the tools mentioned above:** Boyd Chemists, Inc., 655 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021. Henri Bendel, 10 West 57 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019. United Nations Gift Center, United Nations Headquarters, New York, N.Y. 10017.



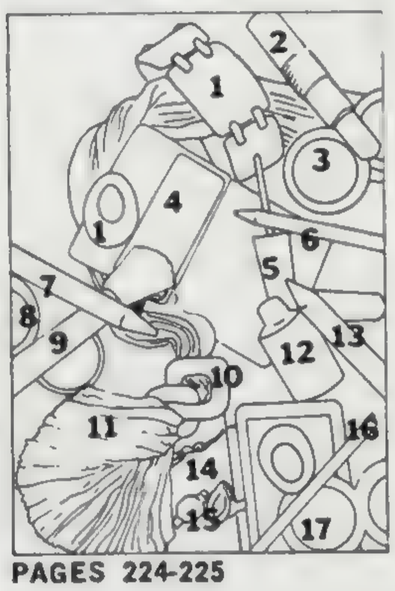
PAGES 218-219



PAGES 220-221



PAGES 222-223



PAGES 224-225

FASHION AND ACCESSORY DETAILS

Page 218: Bill Blass for Michael Forrest. About $4,000. Bonwit Teller, N.Y. and Chicago; Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin. Valentino Boutique. About $220. Valentino Boutique, N.Y.; Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Claire Pearone; Swanson's on the Plaza; Neusteters. Hair cord, Alexis Kirk. Earrings, SweeLo. Necklace: Harold Holliday, at Henri Bendel.

Page 220: Calvin Klein for Beged-Or with patch fox lining. About $550. Late Oct., Bloomingdale's; Strouss; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's. Calvin Klein sweater and pants. Sweater, about $58. Pants (Anglo Fabrics, loomed in America), about $90. Saks Fifth Avenue; Kaufmann's; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Campione boots, Lord & Taylor. (Continued on opposite page)

PARIS COLLECTIONS (Details of all the clothes on pages 206-215)

Pages 206-207: Saint Laurent—The Romance that Shook the World: 1. His hooded burnoose coat in beige-and-caramel stripes with piping, slightly dropped waist. Over a square-necked peasant blouse and ivory belted dirndl. Coat, Besson fabric. **2.** The chamois suède "waisted" coat, with passementerie and leather stitching. Plus the red fox version of the fur Tartar hat he showed with everything. **3.** The Saint Laurent signature jacket—square, collarless, sensational, in a striped tweed with loden-green passementerie. Over a mocha satin-striped crêpe de Chine blouse, loden-green skirt, and the new, wider suède boot. Jacket and skirt, Besson fabric; blouse, Taroni. **4.** The hooded burnoose over a striped jacket and suède-belted etamine skirt—everything in plums and violets. All, Besson fabric. **5.** The striped jacket over his new narrower pants, with a bow-necked crêpe de Chine jacquard blouse—shades of blue under a mulberry burnoose. Jacket and pants, Besson fabric; blouse, Gandini; cape, Moreau. **6.** The beige-and-brown striped burnoose coat, passementerie-trimmed blouse and striped skirt. Coat and skirt, Besson fabric. **7.** *The* suit!—the grey wool jacket, passementeried in brown over his velvet-yoked dirndl, striped in greys and browns. Worn with a printed crêpe de Chine blouse and gold-threaded scarf. At Holt Renfrew of Canada. Coat, Gandini fabric; blouse, Abraham; skirt, Besson.



SAINT LAURENT



SAINT LAURENT



UNGARO



DIOR



GIVENCHY, VALENTINO

Pages 208-209: Saint Laurent evening heroines: 1. The key collarless jacket in black velvet embroidered with gold passementerie, over a gold-dotted black chiffon blouse; ruby panne velvet skirt with black velvet yoke. And one of his wonderful shawls—black-and-gold lamé lined in gold. All, Abraham fabric. **2.** The Saint Laurent gypsy—off-the-shoulder chiffon blouse in pink, blue, green, and fuchsia over one of his full moire skirts in bright green with a black velvet yoke and purple taffeta underskirt. With it, multicolored lamé shawl, ruby panne velvet turban—two of his key evening accessories. Blouse, Abraham fabric; skirt, Taroni; velvet, Leonard. **3.** In black-and-gold Paisley lamé—the peasant blouse, ankle-length pleated skirt, and shawl. Bianchini fabrics. At Holt Renfrew of Canada. **4.** One of his beautiful gauzy wool peasant blouses embroidered in red, gold, white, and black beads with an ankle-length skirt in bias ruby velvet. Hooded black wool cape, piped in gold-and-black velvet. Cape, Moreau fabrics; skirt, Leonard; blouse, Staron. **5.** All-out seduction—his black velvet laced corselet with black satin puff sleeves over the palest-lemon yellow satin bouffant skirt and gold taffeta underskirt. Leonard velvet; Taroni satin. **6.** Glorious Saint Laurent color—orange satin jacket with puffed sleeves over an aqua satin dress with black velvet top, magenta sash. Jacket and shawl, Abraham fabric; Taroni satin; Leonard velvet. **7.** The luxury of an emerald velvet vest edged in marten over a blue-and-gold lamé peasant blouse and brilliant blue taffeta faille bouffant skirt with lavender underskirt. Leonard velvet; Bianchini lamé; Taroni skirt.

Pages 210-211: The Bravado of Ungaro! 1. The amazing mix of color and pattern—tobacco ostrich jacket over a flower-printed scarlet challis tunic and a front-slit, border-print challis skirt. Tunic, Gandini fabric; skirt, Isa fabric. **2.** The covering Ungaro invented—his sleeveless *couverture* that "cowls" under the arm. Here in a tiny cashmere check, deeply hemmed in white over a flower-print red challis tunic and skirt. Fournier fabric; print by Sonja Knapp. **3.** Perfect Ungaro layering—his side-closed wool check covering lined in flowered challis, belted over a matching two-piece dress. Blouse, Isa fabric; dress, Fournier fabric. **4.** Vibrant color at night—Ungaro's narrow lilac satin coat printed with bright pink rosebuds and lined in scarlet satin, printed silk crêpe dinner dress in fuchsia-turquoise-and-raspberry. Coat, Gandini silk lined in Taroni fabric: dress, Abraham. **5.** The striped chenille velvet coat—toggle-closed and belted—in a wonderful blend of olive, oyster, black, and cinnamon. Gandini fabric.

Pages 212-213: Dior—the barest, most sensuous evenings in Paris! 1. *The* figure-revealing dress—Marc Bohan's black-and-gold lamé sari cloth—shirred to the torso, slit up the side. With a matching drawstring "parka." Abraham fabric. **2.** The barest—deeply-plunged, deeply-slit bias-cut evening dress in black leaf-patterned silk jacquard. Under a long, matching cardigan, black feather boa. Coat and dress, Abraham crêpe marocain. At Holt Renfrew of Canada. **3.** The softest, thinnest black silk jersey evening dress with a drawstring halter blouson, deeply slit skirt. To slide over it—his evening parka in khaki-green taffeta. Dress, Racine fabric; jacket, Taroni.

Page 214: Givenchy! 1. Givenchy "peasant dressing"—the soft, narrow cardigan coat in charcoal-grey leather, braid-belted and trimmed. **2.** The casual fur at Givenchy—a fisher cardigan-coat with a "shirttail" hem. **3.** Perfect! The officer's coat—narrow, belted mocha wool with shirt sleeves and braided black suède "epaulettes." Petillault fabric. **4.** Beautiful suède, beautiful brown colorings—two Givenchy specialties: the mocha suède cardigan with woven patterns of brown, cinnamon, brick, and coral, over a narrow brown suède skirt, printed challis shirt. **5.** The sweeping black poplin rain poncho that reverses to brown poplin over a black sweater, pleated skirt. Rubberized fabric by Bucol.

Page 215: Valentino! 1: Key Valentino covering—his soft, rounded poncho-coats. Here, bright red double-faced wool over narrow beige gabardine pants. Poncho, Bises; pants, Scotland fabric. At Martha; to order, Holt Renfrew of Canada. **2.** The glamour at night—his poncho-coat in black cashmere over a black pailleted tunic and narrow black cashmere pants tucked into short satin boots. Bevilacqua cashmere. At Martha. **3.** Valentino pyjama-dressing—bright red and arrow-narrow! Side-slit crêpe tunic and pants; Taroni silk. At Martha.

(Continued) **Page 223:** Geoffrey Beene satin dress (Abraham Silks fabric). About $810. Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's; Jacobson's; Stanley Korshak; Dayton's; Hovland-Swanson. Diane of Denmark earrings. Harold Holliday cuffs.

Page 225: Genny. Top, about $150. Pants, about $85. Shawl, about $85. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Oggi, Miami; Bullock's Wilshire. Julianelli sandals.

Page 230: Keiser Sterling cuffs, Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; J.B. Hudson, Minneapolis.

Page 231: Earrings, Diane of Denmark. Barry Kieselstein cuff. Yves Saint Laurent belt. Bag by Dana. Round-The-Clock stockings.

Page 232: Ed Samuels earrings. Cuffs, Keiser Sterling. . . . *Upper right:* M&J Savitt comb. Samuels/McGrath earrings. Cuff, Sculpture To Wear.

Page 233: Diane of Denmark earrings. Necklace, Michael Moraux for Colony Designs. Cuffs, by Esther Gallant for Kruger Van Eerde. Bag, Whiting & Davis. Julianelli sandals.

Page 244: Bill Blass satin blouse (Lafitte). Cashmere pants and shawl (Amicale, loomed in America). Everything, $995. Bill Blass and Calvin Klein at all Lord & Taylor stores: Manhasset, L.I.; Garden City, L.I.; Westchester, N.Y.; Millburn, N.J.; Ridgewood-Paramus, N. J.; Stamford, Conn.; West Hartford, Conn.; Boston, Mass.; Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.; Jenkintown, Pa.; Washington-Chevy Chase; Falls Church at Seven Corners, Va.; Atlanta, Ga.; Oak Brook, Ill.; Schaumburg Illinois, Woodfield; Vernon Hills Illinois, Hawthorn Center; Chicago, Water Tower Place; Northbrook Illinois, Northbrook Court; Dallas, North Park; Houston, Galleria. Brass earrings, Nell Edwards, at Henri Bendel. Cynthia Savage for Cynthia Designs necklace, Bloomingdale's.

Page 245: Gold earrings, Alwand-Vahan. Necklace, Bill Smith for Lisner/Richelieu. Prado Designs watch. Gold bracelet, E & J Quintana Brothers for Prado Designs. Belt, H. Kauffman & Sons, N.Y.

Page 250: Beene Bag brown and cream wool turtleneck. About $98. Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; Frederick & Nelson. Boots, Campione.

Page 251: Calvin Klein oatmeal Shetland vest. About $38. Saks Fifth Avenue; Kaufmann's; Neiman-Marcus.

Page 252: *Left:* Ralph Lauren charcoal cashmere sweater, about $240. Bloomingdale's; Brittany Ltd. Gold and onyx earrings, Esther Gallant for Kruger Van Eerde. Vic for V.J. Gerarde necklace. Bangles by Bergere. . . . *Right:* Brown wool herringbone skirt, about $114. Bloomingdale's; Famous-Barr. Chloé silk tie. Round-The-Clock stockings. Campione shoes.

Page 253: Ralph Lauren brown wool skirt, about $120. At Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. Calvin Klein wheat Shetland sweater, about $40, and cable-stitch vest, about $38. Vest only, Lord & Taylor. Both, at Dayton's; Swanson's on the Plaza; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Earrings, M&J Savitt. Geoffrey Beene for Jewel Case scarf.

Page 254: Calvin Klein grey flannel pants, about $80. Bloomingdale's; Montaldo's; Hudson's; Marshall Field; Bullock's. Chloé silk blouse and tie. Minas earrings.

Page 255: *Left:* Halston's cream wrap halter top and grey cashmere pants. Top, about $85. Pants, about $150. At Halston Ltd. . . . *Right:* Calvin Klein white wool flannel pants, about $84, and white cashmere sweater, about $80. Saks Fifth Avenue; Kaufmann's; Neiman-Marcus. Pepi Designs for Nova Plus cuff. Bill Blass Shoes by Raybuck.

Page 256: Ralph Lauren brown herringbone wool skirt, about $114. Henri Bendel; Famous-Barr. Earrings, Pepi Designs for Nova Plus. Hermès belt. Julianelli boots, Lord & Taylor.

Page 257: Calvin Klein taupe wool tweed pants, about $90. Altman's; Woolf Brothers. Earrings, Chris Walling at Kruger Van Eerde. Chloé scarf. Belt, Anne Klein for Calderon. Shoes, Campione.

Page 258: Beene Bag shirt. $64. Bergdorf Goodman. Mulberry Company belt. Francine Hubert leather cuff.

Page 259: Valerie Louthan. Sweater, about $100. Cardigan coat, about $90. Jacobson's; Angie, Chicago; Bullock's, Century City. Richard Erker earring. M&J Savitt bracelet. Pendant, Lasher-Wertlieb for Sculpture To Wear. Hermès belt. Dreyfus International rings.

Page 260-261: *Center left:* Beged-Or Bis. About $64. Late October, Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; Bullock's. Barry Kieselstein necklace, at Bonwit Teller. Belt, from Coach Leatherware. Calvin Klein sweater and pants. Wool sweater, about $38. Wool pants (Anglo Fabrics, loomed in America), about $90. At Bloomingdale's; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; Bullock's. . . . *Center right:* Leonard Fashion trenchcoat. About $600. At Bergdorf Goodman. Crescendoe/Superb gloves. Campione boots, Lord & Taylor. . . . *Far right above:* John Anthony silk raincoat (Taroni by E.H. Sormani). About $340. Bonwit Teller; Rike's; Higbee's; Sakowitz; May D&F; Bullock's Wilshire. M&J Savitt cuff. Casadei shoes. . . . *Far right below:* Scott Barrie wool and mohair cape (Franetta fabric). About $220. Bloomingdale's; Saks-Jandel; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Claire Pearone. Casadei shoes. . . . **1.** Separate Thoughts by Nardis. Vest, about $30. Sweater, about $40. Main's Smart Shoppe, Hampton, Va.; Harris-Hart, Charlotte, N.C.; Streets, Oklahoma City. Bag by Quaker Marine Supply for George Graham. . . . **2.** McMullen. About $260. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Goldwaters; Frederick & Nelson. Mulberry Company bag. . . . **3.** Hazel Haire Ltd. About $56. Bergdorf Goodman; Saks-Jandel; Claire Pearone; Robinson's, California. . . . **4.** Geoffrey Beene for Jewel Case. About $40. Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's; Hudson's. . . . **5.** Umbrellas by Mespo. About $19. Bloomingdale's. Calvin Klein poplin trenchcoat (Tandler Textile). About $220. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. . . . **6.** Julianelli. About $130. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's Wilshire. . . . **7.** Alice Blaine Designer Sportswear. Blazer of Woolrich fabric. About $300. Lord & Taylor; Bullock's. . . . **8.** Safilo, Division of Starline Optical. Available through opticians and optometrists. . . . **9.** Halston Gloves Division of Kayser-Roth. About $25. Bergdorf Goodman; L.L. Berger; Woodward & Lothrop. . . . **10.** Shoe Strings boots. About $55. Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel and Lou Lattimore. . . . **11.** Adolfo. About $12. Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. (Continued on next page)



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FASHION AND ACCESSORY DETAILS (Continued)

Page 262: Ungaro suède jacket, about $485. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; Neusteters; Frederick & Nelson. Yves Saint Laurent scarf. Rosetti boots, Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel. . . . *Bottom left:* Harvé Benard Ltd. corduroy jacket (Crompton fabric). About $110. Bonwit Teller; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Jacobson's; Liberty House, Hawaii. Longines watch. . . . *Bottom right:* Dalton cardigan, about $48. Vest, about $36. Sport and Travel, N.Y.; Montaldo's; Hudson's; Bullock's; Liberty House, Hawaii. Cuff, Jennifer Aubrey Designs for Kruger Van Eerde.

Page 263: 1. Nahualá. Sweater, about $60. Scarf, about $23. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; T. Edwards; Country Club Fashions, Los Angeles. Omega watch. . . . **2.** SWI. About $37. Altman's; Hudson's; Harzfeld's; Goldwaters; Bullock's. Scarf, The Dunlop Weavers. . . . **3.** Bill Haire for Friedricks. About $58. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Saks-Jandel; Neiman-Marcus; Liberty House, Hawaii. . . . **4.** Ballantyne by Chester Weinberg. $170. Joe Frank, Oklahoma City. Joan Vass muffler. Omega watch. . . . **5.** Bonnie Cashin's Knittery. About $100. The Lancaster Shop, Staten Island, N.Y.; Kaufmann's. . . . **6.** Hansen Knits. About $7. November, Gimbels, N.Y. . . . **7.** Andrew Geller. About $56. Bonwit Teller; Goldwaters; Robinson's, California. . . . **8.** Joan Vass. About $25. Bloomingdale's; Claire Pearone; Balliet's. . . . **9.** Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. About $3.50. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Robinson's; California. . . . **10.** Joan Vass. About $55. Bloomingdale's; Claire Pearone; Dayton's; Balliet's.

Page 264-265: *Left:* Damon Sport. About $49. Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; Harzfeld's. Longines watch. . . . *Center:* Bill Kaiserman for Rafael. Jacket, about $206. Vest, about $86. Both, Joseph Magnin. Prado Designs watch. Sylvia Agostini bracelet. . . . *Right:* Calvin Klein for Beged-Or. About $600. Bloomingdale's; Harzfeld's. . . . **1.** L.L. Bean boot. $32.50. Freeport, Maine 04032. . . . **2.** Victor Joris for V & J Designs. Sweater, about $66. Bloomingdale's; Dayton's; Bullock's. . . . **3.** Bonnie Doon off-white Orlon tights. About $5.50. Bonwit Teller; Dayton's. . . . **4.** Goody Two Shoes. $48. At Tootsie Shoes, N.Y. . . . **5.** Bob Lee for Hunting World. $25. . . . **6.** Halston Ltd. hat, $60. . . . **7.** Hanro of Switzerland. Undershirt, about $22. Briefs, about $12. Bloomingdale's. . . . **9.** Bill Kaiserman for Rafael, cotton and polyester shirt. About $45. Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. . . . **10., 11.** Sierra Designs. Parka, about $53. Vest, about $34. Both, Kreeger & Son's, N.Y.; Sierra Designs, Berkeley, Ca. . . . **12.** L.L. Bean. Shirt, $20.50. Pants, $14.50. Freeport, Maine 04032. . . . **13.** Frank Tignino for Aquanala. Coat, about $180. Lord & Taylor; Bullock's Wilshire. . . . **14.** Cinnamon. About $50. Lord & Taylor; Balliet's.

Page 266-267: 1. Roberta di Camerino. $4,500. Roberta di Camerino, N.Y. and Dallas. Longines watch. Shalimar gloves. . . . **2.** Calvin Klein corduroy coat (La Viale fabric). About $380. Bonwit Teller, N.Y.; Hudson's. La Bagagerie bag. . . . **3.** Geoffrey Beene for H.B.A. Furs. About $3,000. Bonwit Teller, N.Y. and Chicago; Roberts-Neustadter Furs, Boston; Saks-Jandel; Barton/Sligh's; Swanson's on the Plaza. Barry Kieselstein gold chevron necklace. Aris wool-knit gloves. . . . **4.** Carol Hasselriis for The Celebrated Pork Pie Establishment. $44. Bloomingdale's. . . . **5.** Grosvenor Canada. About $2,500. Bonwit Teller, N.Y. and Chicago; Sakowitz; Mr. Roberts New York Fur, Vancouver, B.C. . . . **6.** Grandoe gloves. About $15. Trees, Cedarhurst, L.I.; Swanson's on the Plaza. . . . **7.** Golo clogs. About $25. Bloomingdale's; Garfinckel's. . . . **8.** Grosvenor Canada. About $4,500. Bonwit Teller, N.Y. and Chicago; Roberts-Neustadter Furs, Boston; Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; Bullock's Wilshire; Meyer Epstein Furs, London, Ontario. M&J Savitt cuffs. Corum diamond-and-tiger's-eye watch. . . . **9.** Handcraft Inc. muffler. About $25. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. . . . **10.** Goody Two Shoes. About $29. Lord & Taylor. . . . **11.** Pierre Cardin for Michael Forrest. About $1,295. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; Jacobson's; Lou Lattimore. Uno-A-Erre bracelets. . . . **12.** Christian Dior. About $325. Barton/Sligh's; Halle's; Frederick & Nelson. Chloé silk tie. M&J Savitt cuffs. Uno-A-Erre three-strand bracelet.

Page 268: *Left:* Bagatelle muffler. Longines watch. Belt, Mulberry Company. Cuff, Bottega Veneta. . . . *Top right:* Pendant, Allen Jacobsen for Peer Gynt, Pound Ridge, N.Y. Kruger Van Eerde cuffs. . . . *Bottom right:* Mulberry Company bag.

Page 269: Chloé silk tie, Saks Fifth Avenue. Cuffs, Jennifer Aubrey Designs. Ben King belt.

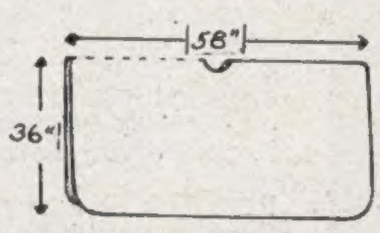
Page 270: Gloves, Crescendoe/Superb. Rosetti boots, Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel.

Page 271: *Left:* Bag from the Le Squiche Collection by Phillippe of California. . . . *Right:* Aris gloves. Longines watch.

VOGUE PATTERNS (Other views, yardages, details for pages 268-271)



1376



Do-it-yourself pattern



9580



9646

Page 268: Poncho, Vogue Pattern 1376. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 2⅞ yds. 58" fabric. $6; Canada, $6.60. **Do-it-yourself shawl:** Using 2 yds. 58" fabric, fold, slit one side as front, cut neck hole, hand-roll hems. **"Blanket" jacket,** Vogue Pattern 9580. Sizes 6-16. $4; Canada, $4.40. NOTE: We omitted collar. **Page 269: Hooded jacket,** Vogue Pattern 9646. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 2⅝ yds. 53" fabric. $3.50; Canada, $3.85. NOTE: We lengthened jacket 5".

Page 270: Pile poncho liner (not sketched): finish shoulder seams and edges with seam tape. **Page 271: Shirt,** Vogue Pattern 9665. Sizes 8-18. Size 10: 2⅝ yds. 35" fabric. $2.50; Canada, $2.75.



9665



8775



9586

Jeans, Vogue Pattern 8775. Waist sizes 24"-30". Size 25": 2⅜ yds. 44" fabric. $2; Canada, $2.20. **Windbreak,** Vogue Pattern 9586. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 2½ yds. 58" fabric. $3; Canada, $3.50. NOTE: We lengthened jacket 8".

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